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Alf Cte d'Orsay

THE

LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

BY

R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN THE EAST," "INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS," "THE MUSSULMAN,"
"SHRINES AND SEPULCHRES," "THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA," ETC.

> "L'homme marche vers le tombeau, trainant apres lui, la chaine de ses esperance, trompèes."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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A MEMOIR

OF THE

LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

THERE is one thing well worthy of observation, and that must strike every person who looks over the extensive correspondence of Lady Blessington, namely, the implicit trust that was put in her judgment and integrity, by the most eminent men of her time in politics, literature, and art. Statesmen of great renown for wisdom, judges and grave lawyers, men of letters and science devoted to philosophical pursuits, seem to have had entire confidence in her honour, discretion, and common sense and kindness of heart. They communicated with her with the utmost freedom, and evidently with a firm conviction that their confidence would never be abused. In their letters it is plainly to be seen, how fully sensible they were, the only account that confidence would be ever turned to by Lady Blessington, would be to promote peace where strife had sprung up; to make people who had been estranged think less unkindly of one another; and those who were at variance, disposed to consider that the state of nature in their several pursuits was not a state of war.

Lady Blessington's correspondents were not of one class, or country, or profession, or pursuit; they were of all orders of high intelligence, of all lands, of all positions ennobled by genius, of every science, art, or walk in literature, or in public life distinguished for talent, or deserving in her opinion to attain any distinction in it; and there were to be found amongst them likewise, persons who had no pretensions to intellectual gifts, or remarkable abilities of any kind, but who possessed amiable qualities, honourable principles and kindly feelings, bookish people not pedantic, amateurs of art without the airs of *dilettanti*, travellers more at home in a desert than a drawing-room, who had seen outlandish places, and could be drawn out a little on the subject of their peregrinations, on rare occasions.

Among the correspondents of her ladyship, we find princes and princesses, authors and authoresses of all lands, rich and poor, generals and critics, poets and politicians, publishers and diplomatists, play-actors, novelists, and ministers of state, lord chancellors and literary ladies, peers of the realm, nabobs of India, natives of Hindostan, hidalgos of Spain of "thirteen grand-fathers;" descendants of ancient Irish kings, and gentlemen, in fine, of no ancestors at all, renowned in literature, art, or science.

The lady who was engaged in this extensive correspondence could be no ordinary person. It was carried on for a long series of years with many of the master-spirits, not only of England, but of the world.

The qualities of mind and of disposition of this gifted lady, the influence of that goodness of heart that was diffused over every act and word of hers, the fascination of her manners, and all the collateral allurements of her external beauty, could surely be of no common order, that could procure for her not only the admiration and esteem of passing observation, but such long-enduring friendship and affectionate regard as we see, by this correspondence, she enjoyed to the close of life at the hands of many of the most eminent persons of our age.

There are many difficulties of an editorial kind to be dealt with in the present undertaking: and one of the most serious that presented itself was that of the arrangement of the correspondence.

The natural and usual course would be to introduce the letters generally in the order of their dates, and not those of each correspondent consecutively. There was, however, a disadvantage in such a course in this case to be considered, and a very great difficulty to be surmounted.

Lady Blessington's intercourse with eminent persons distinguished in literature, art, science, and politics, and her literary career, had three phases: one of these was included in the period between her marriage and her departure for the Continent—her early London life from 1818 to 1822; another was the period of her continental tour and sojourn chiefly in Naples—her Italian life from 1823 to 1829; and, lastly, that which includes the period between her return to England, her residence in Seymour Place, and the break-up of her establishment at Gore House, from the end of 1831 to the spring of 1849, a few weeks before her decease in Paris, the period of her second London career of nearly nineteen years.

Each of these phases in the life of Lady Blessington was distinct from the other, in the composition of the society in which she moved, in the development of literary tastes, the progress of intellectual culture, the nature of her literary pursuits, at one time engaged, in solely on account of the delight taken in them, at another for sake of distinction, and finally with a view to gain.

Her correspondence partook of the nature of those differences and distinctions, and the value of it seemed to consist, to a great extent, in that distinct individualism which belonged to the letters and the style and subjects of them in such numerous instances, that to separate and scatter the several letters of each writer over different portions of the work would have been to break up the interest taken in the several subjects, and the connection between matters frequently referred to in the letters of the same writers.

The difficulty above referred to, in the way of arrangement according to dates, was, in fact, insuperable. Literary men and artists are singularly prone to forgetfulness in regard to dates and addresses in their correspondence. A vast number of the letters addressed to Lady Blessington are without date or place of residence: a great many have the date of the week specified but not of the month, and where both are to be found, the year is seldom mentioned. In many cases the dates are determined by the post-marks, but in many more, where the letters have been written prior to the general use of envelopes, there is no clue whatever to the date, and the period can only be approximately arrived at by knowledge of the place where Lady Blessington was residing at the time such letters were received by her, or derived from matters referred to in them.

For the above-mentioned reasons, and some others which may readily suggest themselves to the reader, I have, as a general rule, inserted the letters of the different correspondents consecutively, as they appear to have been addressed by Lady Blessington.

In the notices prefixed to the letters I have endeavoured to bring before the readers of these volumes, the correspondents and friends of Lady Blessington, and the acquaintances especially of her Ladyship during her sojourn in Naples and Rome, in a way to make them recognisable, and to recall the particular traits of character which belonged to them.*

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* The want of a slight thread of descriptive illustration of the

In the letters of Lady Blessington, it will be in vain to seek for those excellencies in the art of epistolary correspondence, graces of style and composition, vivacity, esprit, and epigrammatic power of expression, which are to be found in the correspondence of Madame de Sevignè, and more or less in that of the Marquese du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, our own Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or Madame D'Arblay.

But, in one respect, the letters of Lady Blessington were not inferior to those of any of the above-mentioned letter-writing celebrities, namely, the manifestation in her letters of kindly feelings, as ardently expressed, as generously and unselfishly entertained. The best actions of mankind are the worst recorded facts of history and biography. Of the many generous acts of Lady Blessington, we find few records in her correspondence, but we shall find in her letters evidences enough (undesignedly furnished by her) of that natural and unaffected goodness of heart, which manifested itself in an affectionate interest in the welfare of her friends, an enduring, unselfish regard, that was never influenced by any change in their position or accident of fortune. It mattered not to her an iota, in her estimation of their worth and merits, however altered for the worse might be the condition of friends she had known long and well, however depressed by adverse circumstances, and fallen on that account in the opinion of the world, they were never forsaken by her—the feelings of Lady Blessington towards them were unaffected by any change in their fortunes. There was no "feigning of generosity," in the uniform kindness of this steadfast friend-

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position, character, or peculiarities of persons whose correspondence is introduced into the biographies of well-known persons, has been often felt and complained of. A brief notice of the principal productions or characteristics, traits of originality or remarkable qualities of many of those whose letters form a part of this correspondence, will be found prefixed to the letters of several of the writers.

ship—the same in adversity as in prosperity—no affectation of benevolence in this manifestation of genial feelings—these were part and parcel of a noble disposition naturally turned to goodness.

It has been truly observed that, "in addressing even a common acquaintance (in a letter), there is a kindlier feeling, a courtesy, which tends to endear and to familiarize; but in addressing a friend, there is evidence that one never loves one's friends half so well as when writing to them! Every act of kindness, every amiable quality, rushes on the memory and the imagination, softened by the real absence, and heightened by an ideal presence.

"*This constant sense of the presence of her correspondent is the greatest charm of that queen of letter-writers, Madame de Sevignè.* We feel throughout, that every thought, every word, is addressed to one individual, and to one only—the daughter, the idolized daughter, who filled that warm heart."*

Lady Blessington did not write to her friends for effect—she reserved that object for her conversation. She sat down in her dressing-room to talk on paper, naturally and familiarly with good-natured familiar friends, as if it was a relief to her to give expression unreservedly to thoughts *en deshabille*, and to feelings for which no domino of affectation was required. She wrote to those friends carelessly and affectionately, as if she felt that every trifle would interest, every slight allusion would be understood, every sprightly fancy would amuse, every word of kindness would be appreciated, and every expression of pain or sorrow, or reference to her own cares or anxieties, would meet with sympathy.

No attempt at fine writing is to be met with in the letters of Lady Blessington. There was too much heart in her epistolary correspondence, and too little disposition to enter into discussions in letters to her friends, on any topics but those which related to her own immediate affairs, and which concerned the interests or happiness of others, to give a literary character to her correspondence in general, that would interest the public in it.

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* New Monthly Magazine, vol. ii. 1821, p. 143.

For this reason, out of a vast number of the letters, or rather notes of Lady Blessington, none have been selected for publication except those which came within the limits of the last-named category. The number of her ladyship's letters is not large, but the few that are presented to the public will be found to give a favourable opinion of the writer's sound common sense, clear conception, kindly feelings and amiable disposition.

I have rejected a vast number of letters of mere compliment, on ordinary subjects of correspondence between friends, enquiries after health, references to private matters, intimations of intended visits, and apologies for long silence, non-appearance at parties, &c.

Sir William Jones, in one of his lectures, said: "For what I have produced I claim only your indulgence: it is for what I have suppressed that I am entitled to your thanks."

CHAPTER II.

SIR WILLIAM GELL.

THE name of Gell will recall to many minds very pleasing reminiscences of Rome and Naples—his small classic house at Rome, fitted for a scholar's home, that might have served for the abode of Petrarch, with its adornments far from costly, but its arrangements elaborately tasteful, with its pleasant gardens and trellised walks; his place of residence too, at Naples, in the latter years of his life—its picturesque locality, his drawing-room, library, studio, museum, all combined in one very moderately-sized apartment, with such a store of rarities, old folios in vellum, modern topography, and illustrated travels richly bound, caricatures, charts, maps, and drawings; the light guitar, which he had recourse to so often, in moments of torture, and for whose sweet remedial influences he had "thrown physic to the dogs," not, however, to the well-bred animals of the canine species, who had the entrée of his salon, and the privilege of his best chairs and sofas, so many models too, of ancient structures, so many curious things in so small a space—

> ——————— that still, folks wondered Gell
> Had one small room could hold so much so well.

In 1814, when Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales left England, and proceeded to Milan, via Brunswick, her establishment consisted of Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Elizabeth Forbes, maids of honour; Mr. St. Leger, Sir William Gell, and the Honourable Keppel Craven, chamberlains; Captain Hesse, equerry, and Dr. Holland physician. Mr. St. Leger remained at Brunswick. Shortly after Her

Royal Highness's arrival in Milan, Bartholomew Bergami was taken into her service as courier and valet. The Princess and her suite set out for Rome and Naples the latter end of October, and arrived in the latter city the 8th November, 1814. King Joachim Murat was then sovereign of Naples. Her Royal Highness gave a fancy ball to his Neapolitan Majesty, in which she appeared in three characters; first as a Neapolitan peasant, secondly, as "The Genius of History," and thirdly, as a Turkish peasant, in costumes by no means cumbersome, though not quite in accordance with the notions of some persons of her English suite. The Princess remained in Naples till March, 1815. She then took her departure for Rome, Genoa, and Milan, leaving four of her suite, Lady E. Forbes, Sir W. Gell, Mr. Craven, and Captain Hesse, in Naples. Lady Charlotte Lindsay had previously left Her Royal Highness at Leghorn. At Genoa she was joined by Lady Charlotte Campbell, who remained with her only two or three months. After her return from Palestine, Sir William Gell accompanied her from Naples to Rome, and continued with her there in attendance upon her as chamberlain, while she remained in Rome.

The following year he was again about three months in attendance on her at Frascati and Rufinellé; and again, on the occasion of her last visit to Rome, attended her for some days.

In his evidence on the trial before the House of Lords, Sir William swore, that it was on account of an attack of gout he had quitted her Royal Highness's service; and, "notwithstanding the opportunities he had of observing the conduct of the Queen and Bergami towards each other, never saw any impropriety pass between them upon any occasion."

Nevertheless, the opinion of Sir William of his royal mistress's habits, modes, and manners was not more favourable than those of Lord Malmesbury, of which he has left a curious record in his diary.

In 1815 and 1816, we find Gell, in his letters, under various signatures—"Blue Beard," "Adonis," "Anacharsis," "Gellius (Aulus)," and while still retaining the title, and occasionally filling the office, of chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, indulging in his sarcastic propensities—playing the part of a male gossip, conveying little bits of scandal in humorous passages, and making fun of his royal mistress, for the sport of the fair Philistines who had once been maids of honour and friends of Her Royal Highness.

But even at that time Sir William was a martyr to gout and rheumatism. In December, 1816, he wrote from Bologna, that he was then reduced to the necessity of confining himself to his fireside; but in giving the account of his ailments, he could not help having a fling at his royal lady's orthography:

"To a person of my romantic disposition, *reduit* by *di dizette* of legs and now of arms to the fireside, it is a great comfort to have escaped from the land of wine, houses, and carts, and wooden shoes, and neckless children (France), and to find oneself once more in Italy, and to be able to leave my painful leg or arm for a moment out of bed without finding it frost-bitten."*

Sir W. Gell and the Honourable Keppel Craven are mentioned in Moore's diary of August, 1820, as being "on the way from Naples to England, as witnesses for the Queen." "Gell still a coxcomb, but rather amusing—said the constitution of Naples came in a gig—(*corricolo*)—told some ludicrous things about the Duchess of Devonshire's sway at Rome: her passion for Gonsalvo, her admiration for the purity of the Roman government." (Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 137.) Moore's compendious opinion of Gell, "as a *coxcomb, rather amusing*," if relied on, would give not only a very unfavourable, but a very incorrect notion of his character and his acquirements.

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* Diary and Times of George the Fourth, vol. iv. p. 129.

He was a man of much erudition and artistic talents, and of great humour. Sir William Gell's literary tastes were chiefly devoted to antiquarian researches.

For the last twenty years, Naples was his head-quarters. There he was universally known and respected, and terminated his earthly career.

Sir William Gell was a man of very amiable character, extremely amusing and lively, fond of the society of young people, with much singularity of mind and originality of character, manners, and ideas.

His indolent easiness of temper had something in it of a philosophical calmness of an Epicurean character. The common objects of men's ambition, to him were not worth the trouble of the pursuit. He was at once indifferent, apathetic, and unimpassioned, in the society of men struggling for wealth, glory, or exalted dignities. He smiled serenely at the inordinate trouble they gave themselves, at all their great cares for little ends, at all the great weaknesses of little men of large desires. And yet this pococurante gentleman had many difficulties to encounter, to secure for himself—"les douceurs d'une vie privée et oisive,"—and many little harmless vanities and weaknesses of his own, to make him singular and eccentric, of which, however, he was entirely unconscious.

All his tastes were of a literary and artistic turn, and all were of a refined, scholar-like, and some of them rather sybaritic kind. Like Sir William Temple, "he loved painting, and music, and statuary, and gardening," and *embellishing buildings*. Health, and ease, and fine weather were the constituents of his happiness: Temple wrote—"Le seul homme que j'envie dans la monde c'est Milord Falconbridge, que son embassade va conduire dans un si beau climat, ou il va gouter tous les charmes attachès aux delicates et spirituelles conversations d'Italié. Il trouvera les jours et les esprits egalemens purs et brillants."

Though a martyr to gout, Sir William Gell's natural gaiety and good humour were little affected by his natural sufferings; and with the most profound knowledge and information he combined the utmost simplicity and playfulness.

Some of his topographical books were illustrated by himself, as, for instance, his Pompeii, Greece, and other descriptive productions of an antiquarian kind: works acknowledged to be the best of their several sorts and classes.

In June, 1834, referring to a conversation at Lady Blessington's, Willis, in his "Pencillings by the Way," 3rd edition, London, 1849, refers to some valuable notices of Sir William Gell, illustrative of an interesting portion of the latter part of Sir Walter Scott's career:

"She (Lady B.) had received from Sir William Gell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of weakened intellect and ruined health, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly-discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the 'Wizard of the North' was there, and a deputation was sent immediately, to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. 'No, no,' said he, 'I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come.' He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, 'Who was that you said wanted to see me?' The Doctor explained. 'I'll go,' said he; 'they shall see me if they wish it;' and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed; kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on; but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends, observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and, with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form."

The scene is described by Sir W. Gell, as one of the most affecting he had ever witnessed.

Sir William Gell died at Naples, the 4th of April, 1836.

His career of authorship commenced so early as 1804, when he published "The Topography of Troy," folio. Subsequently appeared "The Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca," 4to., 1808. "The Itinerary of Greece"—"Travels in the Morea"—"The Topography of Rome"—and finally, his "Pompeiana," the most interesting and extensively known of all his works.

Sir William resided in Italy since 1820; occasionally at Rome, but chiefly at his beautifully situated and elegantly arranged villa, in Naples, in the society of his erudite friend, Sir William Drummond, and that of his old friend and amiable companion, the Hon. Keppel Craven. After the death of Sir William Drummond, at Rome, in 1828, his friendship with

Craven appeared to have become more closely cemented than ever, and it went on increasing in strength to the period of his death.

Gell's notions of authorship were of a very aristocratic nature. All his works were brought out on so large and extensive a scale as to be out of the reach of that class of readers for whom his topographical and antiquarian researches would have been especially useful—for travellers in those countries whose remains were described by him. But it was the misfortune of this enlightened and accomplished man to be an aristocrat in all things, and to mar his attainments by *hankering* after great people—“ patricians born to greatness,” or parvenus having “ greatness thrust upon them,” thrust on “ good society”—and admitted there par droit de richesses ou lieu de naissance.

Sir William Gell, it must be admitted, frittered away his time and talents for upwards of twenty years on the fashionable fribbles of the little coteries of English travelling aristocracy, that customarily wintered in Rome, and passed the spring or autumn in Naples, or its vicinity.

Every one delighted in his society—in his conversation and correspondence he was equally amusing and agreeable.

When Sir William Gell died, Lady Blessington might have truly said—“ J'ai perdu en lui mon meilleur causeur.”

There is an admirable sketch of Gell in a letter of James Ramsay, Esq., a resident merchant of Naples, an old and valued friend of mine, addressed to the Hon. Richard Keppel Craven, in the spring of 1836, soon after the death of Sir William Gell, urging on Mr. Craven the task of composing a biographical sketch of his deceased friend, and eventually signifying his intention of writing such a memoir :—

“ I frequently urged,” says Mr. Ramsay, “ our inestimable friend to compose his biographical memoirs : to bequeath to posterity the ‘ personal narrative’ of a career in which the pursuits of science were so happily blended with the lighter occupations and brilliant attractions (distractions) of society. I said it would be a great pity if the rich fund of observation and anecdote which he had accumulated, should be lost with him, and that it might be screened from public view until the writer should be 'removed beyond the reach of criticism or of ridicule.' He sometimes appeared to be half inclined to adopt my suggestion, and owned that he possessed materials sufficiently 'piquant,' if he should determine to employ them. Will you forgive me for insinuating that the task which he failed, or rather neglected to accomplish, seems naturally and gracefully, when time shall have, in some degree, moderated the more poignant emotions of regret, to devolve upon you? upon you—his juvenile companion—the friend and fellow-traveller of maturer years, the depository of his inmost sentiments, and probably of many of a series of letters in which events and opinions have been faithfully recorded.

"Though enjoying Sir William's acquaintance and intimacy during a considerable period, I cannot presume to hope that I could furnish any important contributions towards such an undertaking, otherwise I should be most ready to co-operate with those who are so much better qualified. His correspondents would, I dare say, willingly communicate his letters or extracts from them, and the names of these correspondents are doubtless known to you.

"There is a peculiar charm in the unguarded effusions of eminent persons, when, casting off the artificial garb with which rank or other adventitious circumstances may have invested them, they paint their natural character and feelings, without any other reserve or restraint than those which discretion prescribes.

"Hume and Gibbon have left us interesting, though very different memorials of this description, and the familiar letters of Munro, of Collingwood, of Mackintosh, and of such as resemble them, will be fondly cherished, when their public achievements are perused with historical indifference. But I beg pardon for detaining you with remarks so obvious.

" If, on the one hand, it is to be regretted that Sir William did not finish his novel of ' Julia di Gonzaga,' it may, on the other, be permitted to doubt, whether or how far such a work would have added to his literary fame: of his powers of imagination and invention, I had no adequate opportunity of judging; but though the novel might have contained some lively scenes, some striking descriptions, some sparkling dialogue, I should be inclined to question—yet by no means conclusively — whether a profound knowledge of the human heart, of the intricate mazes, and complicated workings of passion, and feeling, and sentiment, were among his distinguishing attributes.

" He had not made a *study* of *composition*, and in the confusion of foreign languages, the purity of his own had still become considerably impaired. These observations, dictated by an affectionate and jealous attachment to his memory, are hazarded with diffidence, as they are with deference submitted to your taste and judgment.

" I am aware that the scope of the memoir would be chiefly limited to private circulation; and at a time when the novel and the romance usurp, if not the honours, at least the emoluments of literature, the noble-minded author would seek and find his reward in another disinterested offering on the altar of friendship. I am, &c.

" J. R."

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM GELL,
BY JAMES RAMSAY, ESQ.

" The merits of Sir William Gell, as an author, chiefly on subjects of antiquity and topography, are already sufficiently known and appreciated by the public. The fruits of much patient reseach, of ingenious conjecture, of great personal activity and industry, with admirable graphic illustrations, his works are valuable helps to the student, and an accurate guide for the traveller. In attempting the more difficult task of delineating his general and private character, as deduced from an intimate intercourse of many years, if I am conscious of any bias, it must be in favour of one with whom I have spent so many delightful hours, unalloyed by the recollection of even a passing cloud: for to me he was uniformly kind and attentive. Yet I will endeavour to be impartial, though at the hazard of incurring the reproach of being rather severe.

"Sir William started in life with the advantages of a handsome person—of a fine open, placid countenance—of a prepossessing manner—of a liberal education—of a remote ancestry, and of an extensive connection with the best society. He travelled at a period when travellers were rare, and thus early acquired a distinction which he continued to maintain. Possessing general, though superficial information, both literary and scientific, including some acquaintance with the oriental languages and hieroglyphics, he sketched beautifully, had a taste for, and some knowledge of music, and excelled as an easy, off-hand, unaffected correspondent; indifferent, indeed insensible, to the graces of composition, yet universally courted for a style of *naïveté* 'beyond the reach of art.' Although, however, led by the course of his studies into classical enquiry and reference, the character of a profound scholar will not be assigned to him, notwithstanding his general reading; he had little taste for literature, and never seemed to feel the beauties of poetry. I should say indeed, that, in other respects, his taste—meaning by this term a delicate and just perception of the beautiful—was far from being refined, and that that defect was apparent in all, even his personal decorations, by a preference for gay, gaudy colours, striking contrasts, and meretricious ornament.

" To depth of thought Sir William would have had no just pretensions. He rarely made a general reflection or observation; all his conclusions were particular. On many of the important questions by which the world is now agitated, he had no steady fixed opinions; he had neither the boldness to form, nor the courage to avow his sentiments, which were very liable to be temporarily influenced by the last speaker, the last writer.

" In his political principles he was decidedly aristocratical, with a strong predilection for ' rank, fortune, and fashion,' our besetting sin!

" But it is in a companionable, sociable point of view that the memory of Sir William Gell will be most fondly cherished, his loss most deeply lamented by his surviving friends and acquaintances: for there he shone without a rival, with a charm peculiarly his own. To a considerable share of wit and humour—to a natural tact and penetration, improved by a long intercourse with the great world, to the habits and bearing of a ' high-bred gentleman,' Sir William added an unceasing flow of lively, playful language, sparkling dialogue, and brilliant repartee upon every topic which formed the subject of conversation, and this, his great forte both in company and *tête-à-tête*, was endless. Placing people of all classes on a footing of easy familiarity, and thus unlocking their confidence, he drew from them a perpetual supply of materials for his own combination—' toujours variées toujours renaissantes'—his house became the resort of all ranks, ages, and sexes, and his mornings one continued levee. The equanimity of his temper under the pressure of bodily infirmity, often of acute suffering, enhanced the value of a cheerful, humane, benevolent, charitable disposition, and even the shafts of sarcasm and of ridicule in which he occasionally indulged, left no sting, because it was felt that they were the offspring of no malignant spirit. With all his resources, however, Sir William languished in solitude; he breathed only in the atmosphere of society; even his literary and other occupations were sometimes carried on in company, while conversing with those around him.

"He was fond of being looked up to, as a patron and protector, and somewhat jealous of the ascendancy which he thus sought to preserve.

"It has been said, that as in thinking so in feeling, he was a stranger to any great depth; and certainly he seldom betrayed much emotion, or even expressed much interest in the fate of others. It is a remark of his friend, Lady Blessington, in one of her books, that 'persons the most remarkable for general kindness are those who have the least feeling.'

"Emulous of fame, he aspired after notoriety and display: and the latter was sometimes evinced by introducing subjects with which his auditors were very imperfectly conversant, in order, as it seemed, that he might excite their surprise and command their applause.

"In an argument he was easily vanquished. In a forward remark as easily checked; by superior powers painfully eclipsed. Sir William liked to be the presiding genius. In his acquaintances, visitors, guests, with a few exceptions, he preferred variety, novelty; and when these had lost the power of pleasing, he willingly resigned them, 'like the last month's magazine,' for others more attractive.

"Hence he was deemed, by some people, rather selfish, not quite sincere, and not sufficiently mindful of past favours; but in endeavouring to exhibit the various traits of a distinguished character, we ought always to bear in mind that they include many from which no human being is entirely exempt.

"Amidst a boundless acquaintance, it may be questioned whether Sir William Gell had many really and truly attached friends: his affections were infinitely subdivided, frittered away; but he was a kind and indulgent master.

"He seemed to be a great favourite with the fair sex. They gathered, flocked around him; they confided in—they confessed to—they consulted him as a superior being! Yet all the youth, beauty, grace, accomplishments, whose homage he was constantly receiving, did rarely, in my hearing, call forth an admiring, never one enthusiastic, one impassioned sentiment. They might be 'well-looking,' 'well-mannered,' 'a pleasing person,' that was all. I often asked him *who* was the most beautiful woman he remembered to have met with? He replied, that 'he thought he should say Lady Blessington.' Still his behaviour, attentions to, correspondence with ladies, were excellent, polite, and kind. In estimating character, we judge partly from what people do and say, and *which frequently escapes them*, from what they do *not* do and say!

"In these peculiarities and other foibles we have, alas! only to recognize the imperfections from which none are free; but the verdict of an immense majority will decide in favour of the amiability, the charms of the character of Sir William Gell, and will confess he has left a blank which it will be difficult, if possible, to supply."

⁂ There are several busts of Sir William Gell, but none of them a good likeness. With the exception of a less aquiline nose, he bore a strong resemblance to the statue, said to be of Aristides, in the museum of Naples.

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.*

"Naples.

"My Dear Lady Blessington,

"A most horrid affair has taken place at Pæstum, Mr. Hunt and his wife having been murdered by robbers. Three parties were at Pæstum, — Mrs. Benzon and daughter, the Hunts, and a party of officers from 'The Revenge.' Mrs. Benzon was returning to Naples, and about two miles from Pæstum met four robbers, who with threats demanded and took all their money. They seem not to have ill-treated them otherwise. Mrs. Benzon gave the alarm at Salerno, and sent *gens d'armes*. About a quarter of an hour after, came Mr. and Mrs. Hunt by the same place. They tore off the vetturino the servant from the box, and were ill-treating the servant for having no more money, while Mr. Hunt was descending from the carriage. Mr. Hunt seems to have remonstrated in violent terms at this, and one of the thieves said he would shoot him if he continued. Mr. Hunt seems to have continued, and to have said he dared not shoot him: this the enraged thief did with two balls, both of which passed through his body, and he fell from the step. One of the balls took a side slant, and went through the body and lungs of Mrs. Hunt also. The thieves, seeing what they had done, immediately fled without any booty. The husband and wife, the first almost insensible, were carried back to Pæstum. The husband died at half-past seven o'clock of the same day. The act took place about one. Mrs. Hunt was carried to Mr. Belelli's, a decent house, and seemed for some time better, and the officers, sending Mr. Thompson here for assistance, remained with her. Dr. Watson went last night, about twelve o'clock, to see if he could do any good. It is almost certain Mrs. Hunt cannot live. I have written this in a great hurry, having merely had time to give you an outline, but a correct one, of the facts, which I heard from Mr. Thompson himself. I have sent certain documents to Lord Blessington about Lady Falkiner, which the Judge wishes you to see, because he says you are the person who knows most about the business. With kindest regards to the Count and the 'Lady Julia,'[*] believe me, most truly yours, dear Lady Blessington,

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* The Blessingtons arrived in Naples in July, 1823. They established themselves at the Villa Belvedere, on the Vomero, about the 23d of the same month. They remained there till March, 1825, and about the 25th of the latter month removed to the Villa Gallo, where they remained till February, 1826, when they left Naples for Rome.— R. R. M.

"W. Gell."

"à sua Eccellenza
"La Contessa di Blessington,
"Villa Belvidere, Vomero."

"Naples.

"Do your Excellencies dine at home to-day? If you do, I purpose an ascent to the Belvedere. You are in danger of being rivalled with the Archbishop,[†] by Mrs. Beaumont and her three daughters, for whom he has conceived a passion.

"Most truly yours,
"William Gell."

"Naples.

"When I had read Lord Byron, which I found very interesting, but most particularly the revengeful poem, which must have been written after some conversation with you about his wife, I found myself rather forlorn; but, recollecting my charge of the letters, I thought for some time what I should do with them, so I took the liberty of going into the drawing-room, and after some consideration, I put them carefully into a large red portfolio, on the Count's table, with a red riband, where pray go and take them, having made my apology for taking such a liberty with him. I am sorry Miss Power is angry with me, but I have nothing on my conscience. No Casorano came. I kiss your feet, and am ever yours,

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[*] The Lady Julia was Lady Blessington's sister, Miss Mary Anne Power.—R. R. M.

[†] The venerable Archbishop of Tarento.—R. R. M.

"W. Gell.'

"Naples.

"The devil has upset his inkstand in the clouds, and I think it therefore better to postpone my visit, as you were kind enough to say I might, if the world went upside down. Dr. Doratt having engaged me to write, sent also yesterday to say he had forgotten his engagement to the Hamiltons, brute that he is for his pains. I will come when the weather changes, and not to disturb you, will send the same morning to ask if it suits you. Kind compliments to your party. Perhaps you have got another Museum or other book.

"William Gell."

"Naples.

"I lost no time in consulting the Doctor, all the way down the hill, and as far as he goes there would be no difficulty, except his engagement with Sir William Drummond. He said at the same time what a fool he should look like, if Sir William D. died in ten years, and he found himself without a shilling. It was resolved therefore to talk to Sir William, and the consequence was, a declaration that five years was to him the same as his whole life; that he would give the other hundred a-year which I stated to be necessary for the present, and that he had left Dr. Watson £200 and some other things.*

"He said at the same time, that if Dr. Watson wished it, he was at liberty, and such a resolution should have no effect in changing his good intentions towards him.

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* Dr. Watson, the medical attendant of Sir W. Drummond, one of the most eminent linguists of Europe.—R. R. M.

"However, of course, seeing that Sir William listened to the reason of the case (which he always does, when properly explained), the Doctor would be very unwilling to give him any pain on the subject.

"You see you have been the cause of good, so let us console ourselves, and pray believe me, most truly and affectionately,

"W. Gell."

"Naples.

"According to your orders, I have told Mr. Craven that he has to appoint an early day to go to the Belvedere, and he will come on Wednesday.

"That being fixed, I have to inform your Ladyship that the weather seemingly consenting to relent, Dr. Watson and I have an idea of a trip to Pompeii to-morrow, and having had a sort of half agreement with your amiable party, I think perhaps you may not be disinclined to the excursion.

"Suppose we say we will meet there at or about twelve, and bring our dinners in our pockets, and dine either in the quarters at the great table, or any where else about three or four, for later it may be cold, but about three will be very agreeable, the place being sunny and sheltered. You can dine either in the Villa at the end of the tombs, in the Triclinium of the tombs, or on that of the Actæon, in the centre of the town, or in the Forum, which last will be sunny and warm, just as you please. If you accede to these propositions, let me know what dish or dishes I shall bring in my pocket for the public good.

"Would you be so good as to ask Count D'Orsay to let me have my camera lucida as without that I am not fitted out for my labours.

"William Gell."

"I think I myself will begin at the soldiers' quarters, and so ramble by degrees toward the Forum and the new excavations there. Thus we shall meet without doubt or difficulty even if you begin from the tombs, which is much the most striking, and consequently the best beginning."

"A. S. E. Madamigella M. A. P. à casa del Conti di Blessington, Palazzo Negroni.

"Naples.

"If I waited longer I might get a better piece of paper, but I have no patience, so this is just to let you know, madam, that your carnival pranks have all been watched, and that I have observed your tricks for the last five days.

"Tremble, then, when you see the handwriting of your jealous

"LAWFUL."

"Rome, April 5th, 1824.

"I really did arrive at Rome on the 12th of last month, having quitted your city on the 8th, and having experienced in the way every possible misfortune, except being overturned or carried into the mountains. In short, I know nothing to equal my journey, except the ninety-nine misfortunes of Pulicinella in a Neapolitan puppet-show. I set out without my cloak in an open carriage; my only hope of getting warmer at St. Agata was destroyed by an English family, who had got possession of the only chimney. I had a dreadful head-ache, which, by the bye, recollecting to have lost at your house by eating an orange, I tried again with almost immediate effect. Next morning one of my horses fell ill at the moment of being put to the carriage, and has continued so ever since, so that I have had to buy another, which is so very (what they call) good, that it is nearly as useless as the other, so that I never go out without risking my neck. When, at length, I got to Rome in a storm of sleet, I found a bill of one hundred and fifty dollars against me for protecting useless lemon trees against the frost of the winter, which, added to the expense of the new horse and the old one, have ever since caused the horrors of a gaol to interpose themselves between me and every enjoyment, and so much for the ugly side of the question.

"In other respects I am in very good health and spirits, and go out every day to dinners, of which the chief givers have hitherto been Lady Mary Deerhurst, Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, Lord Dudley, Lord Kinnaird, Torlonia, Mrs. Beaumont and Co.; and others, besides the same company, Mr. Irving or

Irvine, Mr. and Lady Selina Robinson, Lord C. Fitzroy, Lord Ashley, Captain Southill, His Highness the Prince of Mecklenburgh; Dr. Wilson, a most agreeable Scot, fresh from Egypt, Jerusalem, and all the East, and very talkative; Mr. Hare, Mr. Dodwell, and your humble servant, to which lately we add Sir William Drummond and Dr. Quin. Do not, therefore, imagine that in dinners or dinner company we are at all behind you at Naples, though all the strangers are supposed to have left this place, the Lord rest their souls. Since my arrival we have had nothing but misfortunes; first, the sad affair of Miss Bathurst,* and secondly, the death of the Duchess of Devonshire. Miss Bathurst's death really made every body unhappy, having been one of the principal delights of the society here, while living, and really beloved by every body. Lord Aylmer does not appear to be recovered yet as to spirits, and it seems that the idea still recurs to him every instant: at first his exertions in the water, and the agitation he underwent, seemed to threaten his senses for some days.

"Mr. Mills has been of the greatest use to him, having at length succeeded in persuading him to talk about the fatal business till he acquired by degrees a little calmness and fortitude. Mills eats his breakfast as usual, and desires your ladyship may be informed of the circumstance, adding, he will give you a breakfast at the Vigna Palatina, as he has done to Lord and Lady Aylmer almost every morning for the last fortnight. They go away in a day or two, to meet the unhappy Mr. Bathurst, at Genoa.

"The poor Duchess had every possible consolation at her death. By the most lucky chance the Duke and Mrs. Ellis were here, and Dr. Quin, coming here for a frolic, sat up with her eight nights, so as to have hurt his own health. He describes her as dying in the most calm and amiable manner possible, and the physicians having permitted her to see her friends when they had no longer any hope, the Duke, Mr. Ellis, the Duc de Laval, and Mr. Artaud, went to see her, to take leave of her, as well as Dr. Nott or Knott, who had a conversation with her very satisfactory to him on matters of religion, shewing that she did not die a Catholic, and would have taken the sacrament, but the doctors would not permit it on account of her weakness. Dr. Quin had been desired by the Duke of Devonshire to be present at the embalming of the body, which is to go by land to England. It was discovered that an ossification of the arteries had commenced, so that in a short time she would probably have died from that cause, had not an accidental cold, neglected by herself for too long a period, thus destroyed her. And now I will give you no more of the miseries of this life. I hope you have at length had better weather. Mr. Morritt says that for two months the thermometer has been seven degrees higher in London than Rome this winter. What will Lord Blessington say to an Italian climate after this? but when I recollect that I have been able to breakfast in my loggia, in a hot sun every morning, except, perhaps, ten, during the winter, I shall not be easily persuaded that we are not better off. I found two letters from Lady Westmoreland, who has already got at Malta £300 worth of things prepared for her voyage to and in Egypt, where she will probably never go. I have answered her with my own projects, but do not build much on the negotiation.

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* The lamentable death of Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber in February, 1824.—R. R. M.

" In the mean time, they say the Pacha of Egypt has declared himself independent; and others state that he is going in person to attack the Morea, which last is a folly he never will be guilty of, as the government of Constantinople would then catch him in a trap. If he quits the country, adieu to travelling there, and so says Mr. Wilkinson at Cairo, from whom I have another letter, saying, the Pasha has now 30,000 men armed and disciplined in the European manner, with which certainly he might bid defiance to the Porte, if the opinion or religion of the multitude be sufficiently changed for them to resist an imperial order to lay down their arms before the standard of the Prophet.

" Lord Dudley will set out for Naples the first fine day. I don't know whether Dr. Watson has had any success with the volume of Dr. Richardson lent to Sir William Drummond; his illness and his usual carelessness seem to have been our great enemies. I don't know what to do about it, except to pray that as Lord Blessington had the goodness to send for a copy for me, he will possess himself of that, and leave the other at Naples. I am so much ashamed of my neighbour's conduct, that I never will be responsible for him again. Alas! he is so accustomed to losing and destroying books, that he feels no shame himself on the occasion, and swears, though he conversed frequently about the book, he never saw it in his life. Indeed, he never does read a book except for the first five minutes. He seems in very good health and spirits, and his trip to Rome has already done him good. I am quite sorry you all hate this place so much, for I find myself better amused in general than at Naples, where there is nothing but eternal Toledo, Chiaja, and San Carlo. There can be no doubt that this is preferable for society; but for me, I think one great motive of preference is a large and shady garden, where I can hobble among and under my own trees of my own planting. I have already been on one, and I intend to go on several excursions to different parts of the country, where I make observations for the making of a map of the neighbourhood. Every body seems inclined to go on these excursions, so my researches appear as if they would become the fashion in the shape of morning rides and drives, with cold dinners brought to the point of rendezvous. I fear you see little or nothing of Craven, who seemed to me, when I left him, as if he was established for life, tacked to his mamma's apron, without benefit of clergy.

"I hope you will let me hear how you all go on, and what you are all doing, and that you have given up that tour in Sicily, where you will have more than the inconvenience of Egypt, with very little of the entertainment or profit. If the Egyptian journeys cannot be contrived, I have a sort of faint idea of a tour to Como, and the northern Italian lakes. I kiss your hand and feet; and with kindest regards to the Count and the great Mathews, believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, your affectionate and faithful

"WILLIAM GELL."

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Rome, 4th July, 1824.

"I was going on in much too flourishing a state of health and jack-ass riding, when I received an unlucky letter from Dr. Watson, congratulating me on the same, and singing the praises of Dr. Neiker, who he says has cured him of his infamous headache.

"This was a sort of triumph old Nic could not allow, so the same day, having invited Dodwell to dine under the trees in my garden in order to concert an expedition to Soracte, &c., which would have taken up three days, after which I meant immediately to throw myself at your feet, I was obliged to be carried to my post, and have never since the 27th of June made a single pace on my own feet, nor till this evening in any other manner. In the mean time I have really very little pain, though I have been so bewildered that I could not even sit up for two days, a great inconvenience, as it deprives one of so many amusements. At present I am better, or the scene is shifting, which it makes no scruple of doing between both feet, both knees, and a dozen or two of the elbows and fingers; and thus you have had a long and dull account of my enemy and myself.

"I have been, since I wrote last to your Ladyship, doing nothing but living in the country houses of the Romans. We had a week at Tivoli, at the Villa Santa Croce, after we returned from Bracciano. We next borrowed the Palace of the Duke of Tagerolo of that Ilk, and thought that though the thieves were already strong in the field, a population of four or five thousand souls, with the Ducal palace in the centre, would render the neighbourhood safer for us; and indeed so we found it, having the good luck to *assify* all over the country in all directions unassailed. Lady Mary Deerhurst, who is the lady of the castle on all these excursions, carries the whole household, children, tutor, governess, dogs, and the rest of the royal family, so that we made some show even in the largest of these mansions, that at Zagarolo being really a magnificent pile, and the place where the Pope of those days sent the learned men to consult on the best Catholic edition of the Bible, since published and called the Vulgate. Here we were joined for some days by Lords Kinnaird and Dudley, and Mr. Hare, to say nothing of Mrs. Dalton, and two beaux, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Stevenson, who Lady Mary found out one day by chance, as she was riding through Valmontone, the whole party and I believe three carriages, having only mistaken their way a little, and travelled through the whole territory of the thieves by Monte Casino, thinking they were going by the Terracino road, much as the lovely Bess Caldwell went half way to Vienna in her way from Brussels to Paris.

“ When we had seen every thing in that country we returned again to Rome, whence we fitted out several little expeditions for the day, and discovered several cities with good old Greek-looking walls of large blocks, which the wags and antiquaries had no idea of.

“ Probably the lost cities taken by Romulus and the Tarquins will all be found in time, if we all live and are well, which, as you very wisely observe, is doubtful.

“ I shall only give you one more of our tours in search of Cures, the ancient city of the Sabines, whence came Mr. Smith's cousin, King Tatius and all the Quirites to Rome. We found the place, though there are but few remains near the modern village and river Correse, a charming trout stream, running through the most beautiful country we had ever seen. Between the high range of Mont Gennaro (Lucretili according to Mathews) and the Tiber, is a country perhaps eight miles in width, interspersed with villages at short distances perched on the most romantic spots, perfectly defended by nature, but beautifully picturesque, with the remains of the ancient fortifications of the baronial houses. We had the palace of Prince

Sierra at Monte Libretti, one of those villages, and though we had it not enough to ourselves to be very comfortable, we managed to make our excursions with effect. Nothing can give you an idea of the infinite beauty of the country, which, generally speaking, seems an eternal forest of oaks and Spina Christi; yet every now and then, and just when you wish it, opening into a little cultivation, either in corn, flax, or gardens. Every half mile in crossing the direction of the great mountains which bound the whole, you have a descent by a precipice into a deep woody dell with its little stream, sometimes with a patch of cultivation, and forcing its way through the rocks; but I will say no more, lest you should think the gout is got into my head. How sorry you will all have been for Lord Byron. We have a little medal here of him, but it might as well have been of Cæsar, to my eye. They should have sent to Count D'Orsay for a profile. It is really a sad loss to literature, and an immense deficit of interest from the Greek cause. I am afraid the said cause is not very flourishing, as we begin to receive letters from ruined families of the Greeks, saying, that having lost almost all they had by the revolution, and no law existing, they fled with the little remainder, and now solicit your Excellency's support. In the meantime Lady Westmoreland, who had been nearly famished during the late scarcity of 'cases,' is quite set up again by Mr. Battier's case, and the death of Lord Byron before he had time to reform; and with these two she is now exercising her eloquence, first at Venice, and since at Vicenza, and other towns in the North of Italy, where Mr. Craven met her. Craven writes from the Lake of Wallensee on the 16th, and Munich the 17th of June. He finds no attempt at pease or even salad. At Wallensee several patches of snow down to the water's edge. The elder flowers not come out. The apple trees yet in early bloom, and a sharp frost every evening. Two days before, he was eating over-ripe cherries in Italy.

"I wish I could send you a good account of the robbers, but nothing has been heard of them lately, except that they are living like fifty prodigal sons at Montellano, on the product of the last ransom. When that is spent, of course they will send for more; and if I get well by the time they begin to infest the road, I must really take the liberty to escape by sea, for to be beaten to death because I cannot walk into the mountains, or being taken on an ass, to have to pay the greater part of my fortune for a ransom, would neither of them be advisable cases. I hope, at least, the Earl now likes the Belvidere better than in the winter, when the window curtains sometimes insisted on becoming part of the dinner company at the table. Speaking of a gun, do any of you want a groom, named Crispin, who has been all over this country with Lady Mary, but which Lady Mary is now gone to Leghorn with only an English groom for her riding-horses, and in consequence the man is left in my hands to dispose of? Now for a description. Crispin is of middle stature, slim, active, intelligent, and much in appearance like a real slang English groom. In feature like a baddish caricature of K—— C——— put into an oven, till his hair was a little singed. Born at Viterbo, aged about thirty, and I suspect concerned in divers serenades, sung in a high key, and not remarkable for precision, which I sometimes hear in the street. If any of the family of Belvidere want for themselves, or can dispose to their neighbours of a person so eminently qualified, he is now to be had cheap. I hope you will be able to read my writing, as it has only just occurred to me that I am obliged to sit in a posture which I cannot do myself, with my feet in the air. I have no news from England. A friend wrote to me in the greatest haste to help him to a Peerage, that of Darcy of ———.* I gave him his answer, and told him Darcy of Navan was what he had a claim to, and no other of that name. Yet I have had no answer, so conclude he has died of it, as it is now above three months ago. They say the Aberdeens are coming here, instigated, if true, I suppose, by Captain Gordon. We have long been without a single mylord of any sort or kind, but I believe there yet remain many of a tribe of both sexes, who are in want of money to go away next day to England, with a very pitiful story, which they take round every winter, without ever quitting for an instant the holy city.

"We have yet had not a hint on the subject of the learned

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* Word illegible.—R. R. M.

Faustus.' I hope and trust she has been exorcised long ago, and does not mean to be ill any more; but to be a nice little, neat sort of a tidy, discreet old sort of a body as usual, when fate allows me to come clumping like a parrot into her presence. I kiss the hems of your garments. I salute the whole company, and am most affectionately and faithfully,

"W. G."

"Rome, October 2nd, 1824.

"I am sitting in my garden, under the shade of my own vines and figs, my dear Lady Blessington, where I have been looking at the people gathering the grapes, which are to produce six barrels of what I suspect will prove very bad wine; and all this sounds very well, till I tell you that I am positively sitting in a wheelbarrow, which I found the only means of conveying my crazy person into the garden. Don't laugh, Miss Power. The fact is, that all those feelings which I had for two days at your house, most kindly contrived to resolve themselves into a fit of the gout on the very morning of my departure, so that I got into the carriage in torture, and was obliged to be borne out by two porters at Capua, since which time till to-day I have never put a foot to the ground. I considered, at Capua, that if I let Sir W. Drummond turn back, as he wanted to do, it was most probable he would fall ill before I was well, and he would be thus disappointed of his tour, so I was carried again to the coach, and after a drive of thirty-five miles to San Germano with the same horses, through a most beautiful country, and not very bad road, we found ourselves compelled at sunset to mount two wretched asses, and climb by a steep zig-zag road for an hour and a half to the monastery of Monte Cassino. All this, with a fit of the gout, was certainly rather an undertaking, but I was carried by some very good people, of the jackasses, up five hundred steps and forty corridors, and laid upon a bed, where the holy fathers, the very nicest of Thingumberrys in the world, were so kind to me that I could have been no where better. They gave us a fine supper in the next room, as I found by the number of good plates they brought, and tried to persuade me to eat. Sir William Drummond seemed quite pleased with them, and talked till a late hour, and they on their parts seemed equally delighted with him. The next morning, Tuesday, they took him to see their library, which is very good, and their archivio, or room of manuscripts; and finding I was not in a moveable state, they were so kind as to send five or six of their most curious MSS. to me. Among them was the MS. Virgil, which has all the lines filled up (by the Lord knows who), which Virgil had left unfinished, in his hurry to die. We remained there till Saturday, when I descended the mountain in a sedan chair, and we renewed our journey. On Friday, the fathers insisted on my seeing their wonders in the said sedan; and I went into the church to hear the celebrated organ, which, in the shattered state of my nerves, only served to make me cry. The church is really the most beautiful thing ever seen. It is entirely encrusted with the finest marbles, and neither stone nor mortar appears in any part of it. The pilasters are inlaid in beautiful arabesques of verd-antique, porphyry, and serpentino; and the whole so clean, so new, and so polished, that till I had seen it, I had no idea of the effect which might be produced by coloured marbles. The floor is also equally beautiful and simple, and the ceiling gilt and painted in the gayest and most elegant manner. Under the dome is the abbot's throne, and in the chancel the stalls are of carved oak, of the most elaborate and astonishing workmanship. When the first effect of the organ had passed off, I found it was really more like an orchestra than anything I had ever heard, and the organist was never tired of playing, and of setting it off to the *best* advantage. These people are really learned monks, and we found out of ten, three or four who were good scholars, and had even got as far as the Hebrew. In former times they had great revenues, and more than one hundred residents. They have now 16,000 ducats, or about £3000 per annum. Nothing could exceed their kindness to us, and we did our best to repay it, by showing them the sextant, camera lucida, and all we possessed, which might be new to them in science or literature. Quitting these good souls, we began our adventures, intending to go to Rome by the nearest way. We set out, therefore, with a vetturino for Ceprano, the first town in the Roman states. We found, near St. Germano, the remains of an amphitheatre; and we spun along a fine new road, past Aquino to below Rocca Secca, for two hours or more, with the greatest success, and there met with the river Melfa, almost dry, but at the bottom of a deep, rocky dell, over which a bridge is building—to get over the stream; it was therefore necessary to diverge to the right, and in about twenty minutes we regained the good road, only to quit it for ever on the left, and wander for the rest of the day in the wilds and vineyards, without roads or any fixed direction. It appears that, if ever five miles of the road be made, there will be no difficulty in reaching Ceprano in a direct line. As it is, however, the fine road runs to the right to Sara, and we were condemned to hunt our fortune in a large coach and four, and at last to make nine or ten miles out of the five. There were few absolute dangers, particularly as the weather had been dry, but it began to rain in the afternoon, and we passed a sort of devil's bridge between two precipices of slippery earth, which was not quite agreeable. We reached at length the little village of Isolatta, and soon after got into the Roman States, where we found a road, and a very good new bridge over the Liris, by which we entered the little town of Ceprano. Here we lodged at the house of a surgeon, to whom our friends of Monte Cassino had recommended us, and we were treated as well as, under a very humble roof, we could expect. In the morning of Sunday we set out again, and passing by a very decent but tiresome road, eternally mounting and descending, but in a well-cultivated and pretty country, through Frosinone, Ferentino, and Anagni, cities of Latium, with great remains of antiquity, we arrived at night at Valmontane, having gone forty-four miles with the same horses from Ceprano. As we came late, though the inn is very large, it was occupied, and after a good deal of waiting and trouble, we got two corn chambers, with damp beds to sleep in. Sir William could not sleep, but in the morning we proceeded to the Holy City, twenty-five miles, and arrived about two o'clock, having performed our journey through the whole of the thieves' country without any sinister accident. Lord Kinnaird we saw on our arrival, and Mr. Mills came the same day. Mr. Millingen was also here, and is gone on to Paris. Lady Mary Deerhurst came yesterday, and I expect her in my garden every minute. Craven arrives to-morrow, and the Margravine is hourly expected: a most wonderful coincidence of travellers. My companion voted me too crazy to accompany him to Albano, where he thinks he is going to ride about on the mountain, so I am sent to grass for a few days at my own Cassino, on the Quirinal. I expect in less than a week to be summoned to Albano, and so to return to Naples, when, as I already begin to hobble, I expect to be quite well—in my way, and where I hope to hear of you on my arrival; for I will not let you write, as I am most uncertain in my motions. I think I am the only person who sets out at the beginning of a fit of the gout on a party of pleasure, but I think it has succeeded, as I should not have been well any where; and I can say that, except starting, the pain of the gout seems to have very much worn itself out, or to have been conquered by Dr. Neiker. You will know poor Miss Bathurst's body was found the day we arrived. A flood seems to have removed the sand-bank which had covered it, near the scene of the accident. Having been always under water, the flesh had become like spermaceti, and the hat, veil, &c. were perfect; even the mouth was recognisable. I beg my kindest regards to the Earl, Count, Mousey, Mathews, and all your party.

"W. Gell."

"Naples, (1824).

"'The doughty Douglass' could not come because he was going away so soon, but will wait upon you in St. James's Square.

"I intend to come to-day, and will bring a specimen of the Royal Letters, and Mademoiselle Demont's journal, if you will be at home.* Your slave,

"W. Gell."

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* On the Queen's trial, in 1820, Louisa Demont was examined. Said she was a native of Switzerland, of the Pays de Vaud, a Protestant; engaged with her Royal Highness, as first *femme de chambre*, at Lausanne. Her testimony was the most damaging to the Princess of all the evidence of the crown witnesses. Sept. 1st, 1820, on her cross-examination, said she had been in England thirteen months, and could not speak English. Was discharged by the Princess, in 1817, for saying something which was in fact untrue. Did not go into other service, because in Switzerland she had funds of her own sufficient to live upon.

"Naples.

"I have been thinking of your learning Italian, and think at last that I could teach you in two hours to read; and as you are Professor of Pausanias already, would willingly have a set-to at a little bit of it with you; there can be no doubt that no modern language is equal to it, and when you have it, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese (to read) will be easy. I shall therefore bring Pausanias on Sunday, and hope you will not have company who will prevent my lesson. With kindest regards to the Count and Lady Julia,

"William Gell."

In a letter of Sir William Gell's, addressed to Lady Blessington in 1824, at the Villa Belvidere, the following observations on mythological emblems, ornaments, instruments, and vesture are inserted in the hand-writing, I think, of Mr. Craven, probably transmitted in compliance with the wishes of Lady Blessington, communicated to Gell.

"Certain wreaths were peculiarly given as rewards to the winners in particular games. Wild olive was the recompense in the Olympic games, laurel in the Pythian, parsley in the Nemean, and pine twigs in the Isthmic games. The diadem or fillet, called Credemnon, was among the gods reserved for Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, and Bacchus, and among men it was regarded as the peculiar mark of royalty. The radiated crown, formed of long sharp spikes, emblematic of the sun, and represented as issuing from the head of that deity, was first worn only on the tiaras of the Armenian and Parthian kings, and afterwards became adopted by the Greek sovereigns of Egypt and of Syria. A wreath of olive branches was worn by ordinary

A letter of hers, after her departure, was read to her sister, another servant of the Princess, named Mariette, dated 8th Feb. 1818, in which this passage occurs:—"You cannot think, Mariette, what a noise *my little journal* has made." In this letter, she says she spoke in her journal in the highest terms of the Princess. The whole evidence of this witness shewed her to be a very unscrupulous, intriguing, cunning, clever person, not deficient in education. Lord Brougham said of her, "This woman was the most perfect specimen, the most finished model of the complete waiting-maid."—R. R. M.

men at the birth of a son, and a garland of flowers at weddings, on festivals, and at feasts; in order that the scent might be more fully enjoyed, the wreath was often worn round the neck. As a symbol of power, gods, sovereigns, and heralds, carried the sceptre, or *hasta*, terminated by the representation of some animal or flower instead of a point. As the emblem of their mission, Mercury and all messengers bore the caduceus twined round the serpent.

"The car of each Grecian deity was drawn by some peculiar kind of animal or bird: that of Juno by peacocks, of Apollo by griffins, of Diana by stags, of Venus by swans or turtle doves, of Mercury by rams, of Minerva by owls, of Cybele by lions, of Bacchus by panthers, of Neptune by sea-horses. The Gorgon's head, with its round chaps, wide mouth and tongue drawn out, emblematical of the full moon, was regarded as an amulet against incantations and spells, and is for that reason found not only on the formidable ægis of Jupiter and of Minerva, as well as on cinerary urns and in tombs, but on Grecian shields and breast-plates, at the pole-ends of chariots, and in the most conspicuous parts of every other instrument of defence or protection to the living or the dead. The prows of Greek gallies or ships of war were ornamented with the *cheniseus*, frequently formed like the head and neck of an aquatic bird, and the poop with the *aplustrum*, shaped like a sort of honeysuckle. Two large eyes were generally represented near the prow, as if to make the vessel like a fish, to see its way through the waves. In religious processions of the Greeks, masks were used as well as on their theatres, and in order to represent the attendants of the god who was worshipped. Thus in Bacchanalian processions (the endless subjects of ancient bas-reliefs and paintings) the fauns, satyrs, and other monstrous beings, are only human individuals masked; and in initiations and mysteries, the winged genii are in the same predicament: and the deception must have been the greater, as the ancient masks were made to cover the whole head. Of these masks, which, together with all else that belonged to the theatre, were consecrated to Bacchus, there was an infinite variety. Some represented abstract feelings or characters, such as joy, grief, laughter, dignity, vulgarity, masked in the comic, tragic, and satyric masks, others offered portraits of real individuals, living or dead. The thyrsus, so frequently introduced, was only a spear, of which the point was stuck in a pine cone, or wound round with ivy leaves. Afterwards, to render the blows given with it during drunkenness, it was made of the reed called *ferula*.

"Of musical instruments, the *pharminx*, or large lyre, was dedicated to Apollo, and was played upon with an ivory instrument called *plectrum*. It was usually fastened to a belt hung across the shoulder, and sometimes suspended from the wrist of the left hand, while played upon with the right. The *cithara*, or smaller lyre, was dedicated to Mercury, and when the body was formed of tortoise-shell, and the arms composed of a goat's horns, it was called *chelys*. This was played upon by the fingers. The *barbitos* was a much longer instrument, and emitted a graver sound. The *trigonium*, or triangle, an instrument borrowed by the Greeks from Eastern nations, much resembled the harp. Besides these instruments with chords, the Greeks had several wind instruments, principally the double flute and the *syrinx*, or Pan's flute. To these may be added a certain instrument for producing noise, the *tympanon*, or tambourine, chiefly used in the festival of Bacchus and of Cybele : the *crembala*, or cymbals, formed of metal cups, and the *crotals*, or castagnets, formed of wood, shaped like shells.

"In attire, the *chlamys*, a short cloak, was a garment of gods and heroes, fastened over the shoulder or upon the chest. Such is the mantle of the Apollo Belvidere, and many of the statues of Mercury. Wreaths of oak leaves were consecrated to Jupiter, laurel leaves to Apollo, ivy and vine to Bacchus, poplar to Hercules, wheat ears to Ceres, gold or myrtle to Venus, fir twigs to the fauns and silvans, and reeds to the river gods.

"The *peplum* was a sort of mantle worn by the Greeks. The tunic a loose robe; Venus is the only one of the goddesses that is represented without a peplum, and Diana is generally represented with hers furled, and drawn tight over the shoulders and round the waist, forming a girdle, with the ends falling down in front. The peplum had small metal points attached to its corners, in order to make them hang more straight and even."

"Rome, 23rd March, 1825.

"I shall never have the pleasure of 'whipping the family all round most severely' again, if it be true that poor old Parr is really dead, as I see it announced in the newspapers. I am always for those living longest who contrive to be content with the world, and endeavour to make the best of it: and he was really one of those. I conclude he was by no means young, but it is a pity that two such scholars as he and Porson should have departed without having left something of more consequence behind them to perpetuate their fame. I continued to mend in my hobbling as I approached the Holy City, and for some days after my arrival; but, as fate would have it, all my friends lived up one hundred and fifty stairs, and I ruined myself by my premature activity so effectually, that though without pain, I have been forced to be carried by two people, one of whom is the great Pasquale, till three days ago. It would be natural that I should have therefore seen very few persons, but the good Lady Manvers, who protects me most especially, is so popular, that seated in her wheeling chair, I have seen almost all the good company at Rome, Lady Bute excepted, who threatens me with a visit in my garden to-day, as she does not attempt stairs. I have no doubt Dr. Neiker could cure her of that also. We have Sir George Talbot, who gives great and good dinners as I am told, for I was not well enough to go when invited. We have Lady Davy, who lives in the right horn of the moon, in the Valdombrino palace, up five hundred steps, who gives agreeable little dinners neither great nor good. We have Anna Maria Starke, who gives parties and misereres, if you are fond of music; Lady George Seymour, who has a very pretty daughter, and a very nice girl. Mr. Rose, the man of Greek inscriptions; a rich Mr. Ferguson, with one or two others, last from Persepolis and Bagdat; a Baron Uxscull, or Oxscull, from Finland, last from Egypt and Syria, with a collection of drawings; William Burrell, with a new waistcoat and neck-handkerchief of real Cashmire (or do you spell it Cashemire) shawl, for every day in the year, and a gold toilet; Mr. Dodwell, who has just cut open a mummy in public, and found it to be a lady of fashion three thousand years old, and his pretty wife, who has a party every Sunday, and I dine with them, to remain at it; Mrs. Singleton, nèe Upton, and Miss Upton, unmarried; Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, very nice people, from Ireland; Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Hall, the Dean of Durham from Naples, who seem good people, and a variety of others, fathers and mothers unknown. A little while ago every body was engaged in companies like Anglo-Mexican miners, to make excavations in secret; as nobody got any good by these speculations the taste seems at present all gone into the *miserere* line, and there really are arrived many pilgrims, and even prelates who do penance, much as I think I could do it myself, by arriving here in a coach and four, and under their oil-cloth dress and cockle shells, are clothed in real cloth of gold and fine linen. I believe the Duke of Lucca is also a pilgrim, and, in short, from what I understand, the plot begins to thicken, and the desert of Rome to be peopled. I cannot help thinking it would entertain you all exceedingly to make a trip for a week, particularly as holy years do not occur every day of one's life, and we shall end with an illumination and fireworks of the most brilliant kind.

"I wish I could say I would lodge, clothe, and feed you if you would come; but for amusement, the people, the quaintness of every thing, and the air of general decadence, are, after the bustle of Naples, things to ponder upon, and could not fail to strike you at the time, and to prove a source of recollections and reflections afterwards, not to mention the queer things you would pick up for the adventures in your new romance. I wish you would engage me in that to-be-celebrated work. Have you read the 'Travellers,' a book with some such name, with anecdotes of all the robberies, real or supposed, in the way between Rome and Naples? Have you got 'the Inheritance,' by the author of 'Marriage?' It is excellent, and very interesting. Think of poor Colonel S——— hanging himself, and the shocking affair of Lord Shaftesbury's son at Eton. The world is gone crazy. Lady Mary Deerhurst I see often, and she will come to Naples in May. She wants to send her son to school in England. Our spring is very backward, but nevertheless I find my garden, which is full of evergreens, in considerable beauty. When the weather is warmer, I shall begin my geographic excursions with Lady Mary and Messrs. Graham and Dodwell. We purpose going up Mount Soracte among other things, and to hire all the diligence, and go in it to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Corneto or Tarquinium. You will most likely think us all very crazy, but as Lady Charlotte Campbell said, if it be not right, it is at least very agreeable. Lord Kinnaird is by no means well, and it is supposed he must quit Rome. I hope Mesdames Lucrezia and Letizia continue to be the ornaments of their profession, and to draw the great coach with success. I beg to be most kindly remembered to my Lord and 'Lady Julia.' Pray tell the Count his particular friend Dr. Wilson has sent Lady Mary also some oranges, so he must not think the protection exclusive. I don't hear whether he called her 'Mary' in his letter, or added her title. I kiss your hands.

"William Gell."

"Drummond has given his word of honour to close his gates to the abbot,* and told Craven and Scarfe to announce it to the world. Captain Scarfe was a witness, and Craven says, quite eloquent, and without compliments.

"There does not appear to be any sympathy for the abbot at present, any where. Reilly seems a sort of helper, and S—— in the worst scrape as to the figure he makes, for he has unsaid and has to re-unsay. Most truly and sincerely,

"W. Gell."

"Naples.

"I could not answer your last kind letter, as I was wofully beset by banker's business at the moment, but I intended to have sent a letter this morning, when your man arrived. I must come to-morrow, as I don't like to refuse Craven at this moment, just after the tidings of Lord Craven's death. I will come on Wednesday to dinner, and at seven, if I do not hear that your hour is changed, if you can see me, and think then, with assistance, I shall be able to do without my chair, as to-day I can stand alone. I am quite well, but with such legs (in their best state), I am long in recovering the little use of them which remains.

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* The well-known Abbé Campbell.—R. R. M.

"A nasty man, Mr. R——: he has gone and bought a house in Piccadilly, on which I had £4000, or rather an annuity of £400 a year, which has thrown my money, or rather the interest of it, into a sad state.

"With kind regards to the Lady Julia and the Count,

"WILLIAM GELL."

"Naples.

"How do you do after your star-gazing? and have you got your treasures safe, and has the Count been angry at me for slipping them into his portfolio? for I am anxious to know all these circumstances. After waiting some time, I recollected that Lord Blessington said you were to wait for the moon, and that I might have remained many centuries listening for the wheels of your chariot; so I departed, hoping that I should meet you somewhere on the road to the studio, where you turned off to the observatory. I doubled up my note as curiously as I could, that no one might dare to open it, and learn where I had placed the letters, and I hope I succeeded.

"Verses by Payne Knight's ghost, to Mr. Sotheby:

"Dear Botherby, let me alone,
For as asses still scratch one another,
Every mortal that hears of your moan,
Will imagine that I was a brother.
Bad verses I wrote, but no cant,
Was a scholar, and wit as you know it,
While, in spite of pretension and rant,
You're a Quack and a Prig, but no Poet.

"Most truly yours,

"W. GELL."

"Naples.

"It is so many centuries since I heard of you from yourself, that I have thought it better to write than to go on longer in darkness. I have heard, however, that poor Miss Faustus*[*] is going on well, from Dr. Doratt; pray let me hear how she is to-day. It is so cold for the last three days, that I think of giving up the ghost myself, and Sir Wm. Drummond is not yet quite recovered. I fear you will have also suffered from the winter, which, in your exposed situation, must have been more serious than here. Nevertheless, I have always breakfasted on my terrace, for the abominable wind does not blow here till twelve or one. I expect Craven to-morrow evening, who has escaped with difficulty from his constituents, the actors at Rome, for they are quite ruined by his departure, and expect no more good benefits. Lady Drummond threatens us with a masked ball, and Mrs. Hamilton with another, at the end of the month. M. De Serre gives a ball this evening, and Count Jeniseo, who is just as fat as ever after the *liquidation* of his blood, according to Bess Caldwell, gives another in a few days. I shall certainly be danced quite off my legs. What do you think of my dining with the archbishop yesterday, at what he calls three, and not ending till seven, which made nine at night appear like twelve? He had two new dandy Counts from Sweden, one of which was a Count Hamilton, to dinner, and I took the Angell[†] with me to shew his precious sculptures. The archbishop says you are all most cruel people to come like an apparition, and then, after swearing eternal friendship, to come no more; however, he has turned off the Beaumont girls, and says he will deliver himself up to you body and soul, if you are inclined to return to his embraces and charities. In the middle of dinner the Angell put down his hand by accident, which was immediately seized and scratched by the great black cat, 'Othello,' who lies watching for such opportunities. He only climbed upon my knee once, by setting his claws into my pantaloons.

"I fear we shall end by falling into the arms of Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore, Mr. Rothschild's brother and sister-in-law, for our Egyptian voyage. They are now waiting at Rome, and mean to get a ship from England in September.

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[*] One of the numerous appellations Sir William was in the habit of giving his fair friend Miss Power.—R. R. M.

[†] Mr. Angell was an eminent English architect.—R. R. M.

"Pray let me hear how you all do; and with best regards to the Earl, the Count, and all the party,

"WILLIAM GELL."

"Naples, August 6th.

"I really don't think it would be fair to attack you a third time by the post, having already, as you ordered, first addressed you at Turin, and then at Geneva, particularly as before this arrives at Florence you will probably be in Ireland. First, his Lordship was very kind and very gracious about the map, which I wrote him word I accepted with pleasure, and his name as the Mecænas is already inscribed in the title, and I wrote by the same post to put off Lady Ruthven, who was likely to have been the map's protectress. Moreover, I wrote to his Lordship again, to say, that, as he told me, I had through Torlonia made a sort of draft on Messrs. Ransom at a long date, I think three months, as the map was almost finished. I have put down in the title at once that his munificence was the cause of the publication, for it seems better to write the real truth. So it begins, 'Munificentia Exc. Viri Carolus Johannes Comitis Blessington,' and set forth properly in capitals. Nobody can be offended at the puff, and his Lordship's modesty will not, and cannot be alarmed. I have also twice written to say my d——d £1000, which I have in London, is not yet cleared from certain houses, on which it is secured; and since then I have from Craven a letter, to say the time is by no means fixed when it will be forthcoming.

"Ye Gods, how hot it is! Mr. Lambton's vessel is here, and the sailors wanted to take the Neapolitan frigate, where it was launched the other day, because the English flag was placed the lowest, except the Algerine. There is spirit for you!

"W. G."

"Naples, 15th April, 1826.

"It was very silly of me not to ask one of you to send me one line from Florence, as I have been thinking ever since of the displeasure I should receive from losing a letter to you. However, I will proceed on the supposition that you are really gone on to Venice, unseduced by the wiles of Messrs. Strangways and Co. to detain you at Florence. Oh, what pens and paper one meets with in Dodwell's house, but I have mended it, for there I am waiting for dinner at four o'clock, on the 15th day of April, 1826.

"You left us in great tribulation at your departure, and the next day it seemed as if you had been gone a week, so heavily did the time pass. I immediately fell to map-making with great vigour, and it is positively engraving on a great plate of copper weighing thirty-six pounds, and costing the Lord knows what. The said plate arrived when I was out, and Squintibus, to whom I had mentioned my wish to put a metal plate behind the fire, mistook it for that, and was on the point of sacrificing my new copper to that purpose. I made the tour proposed with Messrs. Dodwell and Nibby, and the Conte di Monte Vecchio last Monday, but having wisely selected the only rainy day ever seen, we did nothing but fence off the bad weather with umbrellas, and after getting up at five to set out at seven, we dined at twelve in a cottage, at a place called Buccea, twelve miles from Rome, and returned without being much the wiser for our pains.

"On Tuesday next we set out for Antium, that is, Dodwell, Mills, and I, in two carriages; as Mills goes on a plant expedition only, and we go to flatter ourselves in vain, we shall find Corrioli with Caius Marcius and John Kemble on the wall. Sir William Dry arrived the day before yesterday, having deluded Lady D— to stay a fortnight longer in Naples. I have not seen him, but go to-night at eight, after dining at Dodwell's. He has brought Dr. Watson to take care of him, for he is by no means right, having a hind leg out of order; but he is getting well. They don't know how long they stay, or whither they are bound, except that they think Paris will be somewhere in their journey. I have a letter to-day from Champollion, who has found treasures at Leghorn, in Salt's collection, which the French Government have sent him to examine, and pack up. He has found, among other things, the great Queen of Egypt, Nitocris, not that of Babylon, and is very ingenious on the subject, having really a splendid talent at making silken purses out of sows' ears. Manetho, or Eratosthenes, I forget which, says the name Nitocris meant the victorious Minerva, so Champollion's Queen begins with the signs of Neith, the goddess answering to Minerva, and of the rest of the characters after Neit or Neith, he makes the word victory in Coptic, of which I believe every word (like a goose you will say), and quite worship the knowledge united with the talent he possesses. He says he will come here on the 15th of May, and certainly will be a great acquisition to me—

"The Strabo informs us."

"Miss Power has long ago left the room I conclude, but as she does not yet know Champollion, she can only call him a bore. Moore is really gone to Naples, and so is every body I ever heard of, except the licentious people who go by a vetturino to Vienna to meet 'my lawful.' My nasty friend has ended by declaring, that he cannot give the £400 he promised me two years ago, and I have yet £1,500 of my capital which my friends have not disposed of at Naples, and which grieveth the financial boss of my cerebellum full sore.

"I was sent for by Princess Geracè as I quitted your house, and she told me ——— was restored to Nelly, but I fear 'not no good won't come of it.' The Sagan woman was most uncommonly civil to Nelly, and last Saturday set out for Vienna with the Potocka girl. I saw for a moment the Margravine's Memoirs at Torlonia's. In the middle of them is a long essay on Etruscan art, written by the editor, Mr. Brett, out of Winkleman, a book I have often seen in his hands. The said lady has ordered C —— never to invite Luttrell to dinner again, because he never spoke to her. Mills says he is glad the *receipt* is at last discovered. Please to tell Miss Power that the Mr. Demetri, her friend, I have at last found out to be a person whom I never saw but once in my life for a moment, and not a bit a certain Athenian that I really did know. Mrs. Dodwell has agreed to take a box at the Theatre de Buratini, or Theatre of Puppets, next Saturday. This has long been a fashionable amusement at Rome, but they have now got up with splendid scenery and dresses Iphigenie in Tauris, and other heroic pieces, which are said to be very entertaining, particularly when the machinery goes wrong, and the heroes instead of striking a blow with their swords, thrust them through the train of their own robes. This operation is so long deferred on account of their journey to Antium, about which you have heard so much, and probably care so little. This letter is concluded the 16th of April, when I have had a long tea-party with Sir William Drummond, and very long discussions on divers points of history, and particularly that of Rome, by Niebuhr, the ex-Prussian minister here, which if you ever meet with in French, pray get it, as it is very curious. You have probably been overtaken by 'Puss in Boots' at Florence: at all events, last Friday he determined to set off, but I think my letter may overtake him yet, as he goes by a vetturino. The world is grown very wide, I mean there is quite room enough for those remaining in Rome, and to-day I have seen no one but Dr. Watson, Nibby, Mr. Petre, and Mr. Sykes, the first bound for Naples and the latter for England, where Pussey will wend for the sake of buying horses.

" I have now sent you a very long and very ugly letter; but Lady Westmoreland says, little queer letters are the only ones which arrive safe. I have neither announced myself in France or Portugal yet, in the persons of their ambassadors, not having had time, or perhaps the courage which sound legs inspire; but I will do so next week, that I may not be in that dinnerless condition described by Hare at Florence, which in the present dearth of company seems not impossible. By this time Miss Power may be returned, hoping my dull letter may be finished; but no, you have yet the loves of the Contessina Dodwell, who says you are all sympathetic—sympatica. Of Mills who loves you tenderly, and Dodwell, who eagerly asks every day for information I cannot give him. Pray let me hear from you ere long, not a letter, but a line to say how you all are, and whither bound. Dr. Robertson came a day or two after you went, and seemed sorry not to have caught you. I salute you all with a kiss, a little warmer than Dr. Parr's holy kiss on the stairs.

" Your ladyship's slave,

" W. Gell."

"Rome, June 7, 1827.

"I am gone to bed at nine, having a dozen gouts and as many agues, besides swelled glands, and every other species of agreeable sensation. It rained yesterday furiously, on account of which Lady Westmoreland gave a fête in a villa at Rome. Now I had no idea that Lord B— was with the rest of the family, imagining that he had departed some fortnight ago, for the purpose of appearing in Parliament; and, on this supposition, I ventured to ask the Count whether the mention of the map would be an imprudence or not. His lordship has solved my doubts in a very agreeable manner, so I shall, according to his order, consider him as the Mecænas of my map, and he must figure away with arms, coronet, and supporters, with a sort, I think, of Latin dedication in one corner, according to the custom of the modern Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Depend upon it I will contrive the thing in a few words, saying the truth, that his lordship is the cause of its appearance, by his munificent protection of the engraving. What I wish him to do, is to tell the Ransoms to answer my drafts for a sum not exceeding 400 dollars (and I hope not 300), which was the way settled with Lord Kinnaird by his own desire, and let me beg of him not to think of dying as he did, for it puts me in a fright, now the map is nearly engraved, quite indescribable. The next thing is the business of the £1000. Last year I was in high quest of a person to whom I might lend on annuity that or somewhat a larger sum; but it was disposed of to a certain Signore Pietro, lord of the manor of Porto, and after Torlonia, the greatest proprietor here, who pays one twelve per cent. for the same, and £500 more I lent to a friend on the same terms, that is, when I die, adieu to my rent. Now I have another £1000 in London, settled on houses for three lives, at ten per cent., but I can leave that in my will; moreover, the owner of the houses has delayed payment ever since the Fauntleroy affair, that is, he owes me £300 at this moment, and my lawyer has ordered the rents to be paid to him instead of to the said proprietor, and it is probable I am to expect my arrears and my principal soon.

"All the people here pay on the first of every month, which is very convenient, and they pawn their lands and houses. Moreover, there is an office in which you examine whether the said houses and lands have been pawned before; and if the thing be not registered there, the engagement would be the last to be discharged. If the money should be forthcoming, I will immediately let his lordship know; and as Craven is in London, it is not impossible that I should hear something shortly. It is true we talked about Mr. Galt, and Lord B— thought that at his instigation he might be able to dispose of the work on the Alhambra, but I am afraid he is gone to America; and by what I hear, the trade of bookselling and making, except in novels and plays, is quite finished in London. As to lithography, I am told no publisher can afford any thing else, and that nothing else appears. Lord B.'s belle, the Margravine, goes to Naples to-morrow, and Lady D. is retired to the Villa Riciardi, in spite of Sir William, who wrote to her not to come because it was so dull. The rest of the Neapolitan world are gone to Castelamare.

"Rocca Romano is, I believe, constant, but has made up matters with ———. He lives a good deal in the country. Caserano is still at Palermo. Mrs. Dodwell not quite so handsome, but more severe; and having heard of what that book contained against her, vowed she would never again enter an English house. She and her husband, who has the gout in his toe, desire kind remembrances to all your family, and they say they love them merely through fear. You will be gone when Mills arrives, though he hastened his journey on purpose. Lord B—— should come here as ambassador, not to Florence, which I believe is *infra dig.* for you, though not to an eldest son.

"The Pope will now be content to receive him as deputed to a temporal monarch, without talking of his divinity. Manage that, and you shall be my Magnus Apollo.

"Dr. Goodall, the Provost of Eton, is here, and we are such friends, that he sends me Latin verses on myself, which I shall put I don't know where to be seen, they are so flattering. When you see the Galt, do ask him what he can do about books, and when you have time let me know.

"W. Gell."

"Rome, 29 June.

"Most Illustrious,—I wrote according to your orders to Turin, but as it is by no means impossible that by delaying your journey, or changing your route, you may forget that my letter exists at Turin for you, so I shall recapitulate the marrow and pith of the same. First, I have caused his excellency's name to be inscribed on the map in a way that cannot offend his modesty, being only the simple truth in classical language, which runs somehow thus:

MUNIFICENTIA EXC. VIRI.
Comitis Blessington,
Hoc Tentamen Geographicum,
Exhibens
Latium Vetus Et Hodiernum, &c. &c. &c.
Romæ Kal. Sexti Anno. MDCCCXXVII.

Shewing that his Lordship's munificence is the cause of the production of the map. Please to tell Messrs. Ransom about it as soon as you can, so that when I draw through Torlonia, it may be all right. Now for the second proposition about the £1000 and the annuity. I have no money at this moment not disposed of, but I expect £1000 to be paid me by a certain Mr. Baxter, settled on houses in Carmarthen Street. Whenever it comes I will fire you a line, but I am not at all certain when that may be, yet I should say soon. Most truly and affectionately yours,

"W. GELL."

"Rome, June 6th, 1828.

"Any decent person, I mean any person with decent legs, would have got up and got a good sheet of paper, instead of writing to you on two leaves of a book of MS. Sermons. But I have given my people so much trouble in setting out the breakfast for two German Professors, who have just brought me a diploma, creating me member of the Academy of Thuringia, that I don't wish to call them again.

"Where the deuce is Thuringia? say you. Why, I hardly know myself, except that in the diploma I see it is in Saxony, and if literally translated, it would seem the employment of the society should be digging up the graves of their ancestors, to see what sort of fellows they were. I beg you would have and feel a proper respect, in common with 'my lawful,' for my new and budding honours. Moreover, the Prussian Academy has sent to say they thank me for my book on Walls, and will take care it shall be published with due care and honour.

"Now what have you all been doing in the mean time? I have been twice or thrice ill, and between the acts to the Torlonias, at Castell Gandolfo, and the Comptons at Frescati.

"I have got by Cavaliere Bunsen, the Prussian minister, just returned (and worth all the rest put together), the Hare and the Thirlwall's translation of Niebuhr's History of Rome. There is a good deal of information in the work, and several jokes and vulgarities not proper for history; but that is the author's fault; the translators seem to have been two Frenchmen. What think you of this? 'It were a great thing, if I might be able to scatter for those who read me, the cloud that lies on this most excellent portion of ancient story, and to spread a clear light over it.' Pray set 'my lawful' to turn it into English, with her well-known grammatical accuracy. One can make out what it means, but scatter instead of disperse, is not pretty, and Julius Hirsutus* can never have revised his work.

"Poor Mrs. B—— has lost her son, which I fear will go nigh to lose her, poor soul! She got the news before she reached England, where or whither she was going post haste. Lady Mary is going on the 10th to Naples, over the mountains—of China; so that Dodwell and I shall have the town to ourselves, as well as the Villa Borghese. But Bess Caldwell, by the way, who has been to see an old place, which she calls by a name which she mistakes for castellated, is to replace all deserters. Craven writes that he leaves England soon.

"I have a letter from Black Fox, at Naples, to-day; he has been hunting antiquities in Samnium, with great success. I wish, when you get to Paris, you would desire the Count to send for Champollion in my name, to dine with you. He may say, by way of introduction, that I have charged him to announce that I have received from Cairo for him, Burton's 'Excerpta Hieroglyphica,' which I will send by the first opportunity. He is a great friend of mine, certainly one of the most marked men of the time, and agreeable in many ways, and lively in society, and I know they will be mutually glad to have seen each other. I never know whether my letters reach you. Cover the people with affectionate kisses for me, not forgetting my dear tormentor, who I am sure will find no one to make such silly faces, say such foolish things, or sing without knowing the words, or having a voice, so readily as their slave in the Negroni,

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* Mr. Julius Hare. R. R. M.

"W. G."

"P.S. I have found a great resource in Mr. Manning, the Chinese scholar, since you went; he knows every thing by sheer study. Imagine that he does not know a note on any instrument, but has studied music out of a book—Chambers' Dictionary. I make him sing from the notes backwards and forwards, base and treble, at sight. I tried him in a difficult canzon, and he sung it all right the first time, singing la la, instead of words which he had never tried—a most curious instance of application; but he must have a good ear. The Barings at Florence have brought him for the summer. I hope with him I shall have concluded the Chinese museum for Naples. Since you went also, I have entirely painted my room, and you will think me crazy, when I tell you that people really come to see it—I mean people I don't know. I have done it in all the bright staring colours I could get, a sort of thing between Etruscan and Pompeii; and the son of the Duca di Sermoneta, much the most clever and agreeable person in Rome, but who I never got an opportunity of introducing at Blessington Castle, has had the patience, kindness, and ability, to come and stand on the steps of a ladder till he had finished, with much spirit, a frieze of one hundred men, women, horses and chariots, round the apartment.

"I beg to say few people possess rooms adorned by the hands of a Duke, descended from the Lombard conquerors of Italy, or with an estate ten miles long by fifteen, producing two pence a year. 'Adieu my duck,' says the Moore, love to you all.

"Once more ever yours,
"W. G."

The following letter, signed E., enclosed in a letter of Sir W. Gell to Lady Blessington, is thus addressed:

"FROM THE BEST BERKELY HUNDRED CHEESEMAKER.
"LA DEA CONSOLATRICE."

"Naples, 4th April.

"Your poetry is the best I have ever seen, and made us all laugh, while I admired the style. I am much better than I was, but not quite well, nor shall I be till these barbarous March winds are over, and I have taken some baths. Keppel has a bad cold. It is quite a disagreeable thing to have you at Rome while I am here. I heard last night at the Opera that Baily goes off for Rome to-morrow, and so I shall send this. I hope you have better health than we have, and better pens; this is the sixth new one I try to write with. Yours most affectionately,

"E."*

"Naples, July 5th (1828).

"I am resolved to write to you, though my hand refuse its office, and will probably be shared by its less practised fellow, before I have filled my sheet. I have been attacked with an abominable rheumatism beginning in the shoulder, and having well established itself in the neck so as to produce the most excruciating pains, sending a colony to establish itself in the elbow, wrist, and hand in the shape of the gout, that I have passed an entire week in purgatory, whence I am now only beginning to escape, with the loss of the little remaining hair, known by its 'couleur *mouchicide*,' as the Count used to say of it. Let 'my lawful' therefore prepare her spirits for the reception of her bald admirer, and no longer expect those beautiful ringlets which Lord Blessington so well remembers. Bless me! I have given you a whole page of my own misfortunes, when I only intended to say I have been and still am ill, but in the mean time have taken the measures for removing the remains of my person to the Holy City, to partake of the corner of the heterodox at the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

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* It is possible this letter, signed E., in the handwriting of a very aged person, is the production of the Margravine of Anspach, whose Christian name was Elizabeth.—R. R. M.

"So I have stolen from myself therefore the necessary money for the journey, and in wishing to lend my house to a most excellent person and friend of mine, Miss Whyte, in my absence, have found a tenant who insists upon paying rent whether I will or not, and with whom I can leave my goods and chattels all at sixes and sevens, just as they are, without any trouble or preparation. The gentleman Lord Blessington calls the training groom, has the politeness to be just as ill or rather worse than I am all the time; so that having been forced to give up going out, we are obliged to dine at home, much assisted by the frequent appearance of Fox, who having found out that the groom knows a trick or two beside training, has long courted his society.

"I am sometimes astonished by the wonderful knowledge of my companion on all political subjects, and do not depend on my own judgment, which has not been exercised that way, but on that of Fox, who is in every respect capable. I fear I shall lose my said friend at Rome, and then Lord Blessington will not have the trouble of being civil, though if you continue to repeat the kind things the groom has said of Lord B—, that may perhaps effect a change. The news here is, that the Holy City is so full of factious and fractious John and Mary Bulls, that the whole herd is split into four or five sections, and one party abjures the other. The universal complaint is, however, that there are two houses so much more pleasant than the rest, that the gentlemen of taste and intellect won't go to the others, which are comparatively deserted, and these houses are yours and Lady Mary's.* Here you have the sum and substance of all the letters from Rome to friends at Naples, and perhaps this may give you the first idea of what you are doing, which I dare say you were not aware of. I have a letter from Miss Agnes Berry at Paris, with snow and sleet, and the other 'agrèmens' of the season, and they return to England to be with poor Mrs. Dorner, who they think failing, and who wants them, otherwise they would have been at Rome with the Hardwickes. They write that they mean to be at Lucca baths with Lady Charlotte Lindsay in the summer, and vow I shall go, whether I will or not; while I, like a goose, feel more than half inclined.

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* The house of Lady Mary Deerhurst.—R. R. M.

"Mathias desires kind things to you—'God bless my soul!'* I have just got a letter from Egypt, where my friend Wilkinson has found at Thebes a whole list of *kings* not yet known, painted and carved on three sides of the room. He announces twenty-seven queens, ladies of high fashion in their time, two of whom were black, and one very ill-tempered. How he finds out their disposition I cannot tell. My nephew is, I find, arrived at Rome, and I conclude will be in scrapes, if he cannot get somebody to take care of him. I fear he would be of little use to you; but if you should feel compassion for his youth and innocence, order him to wait upon you, and say I did it, but I will not force him on your charities. When I have settled my affairs, I shall let you know the day when, after breakfasting at Albano, I shall hope to rejoice in the sunshine of your eyes once more.

"A Sua Eccellenza, "W. Gell."
"La Signora Contessa di Blessington,
"Palazzo Negroni, Roma."

"Naples, Dec. 29th, 1829.

"I have put off writing to you so long, day after day, that I almost feel ashamed at last of addressing you. One of the causes was the delay of 'my unfaithful spouse,' who has been for six months in my debt a letter; and another, that where no good can be done, one feels averse to mentioning the many subjects you must have encountered of an unpleasant and afflicting nature. I beg only to assure you that, though absent and distant, I have never ceased to think of you with regard and affection, and to have most anxiously enquired of all travellers from France concerning your welfare and proceedings.

"Nevertheless, till the unexpected arrival of Colonel Stewart,

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* A favourite exclamation of poor old Mathias, the author of the Pursuits of Literature.—R. R. M.

I had never been able to make out any thing satisfactory about you, for, though Mills seems to have known, yet a tour which he made to England seemed to put an end to his power of writing; and even Craven, who was in the habit of hearing from him, heard no more. Lately, I have an account of you from Mr. Hamilton, who sent me a Mr. Chester, to whom I was to give certain introductions to persons in Egypt. Since I saw you, I have, I think, written two or three books, none of which have as yet appeared in public. One is a little treatise on the walls and military architecture of the Greeks, with a view to the question about Cyclopean walls, with about thirty plates, which I have dedicated and given to the Royal Society of Berlin, out of gratitude for their unsought protection and election of myself when I was as yet young and unknown.

"This, I believe, they are publishing at Berlin. The other is a second series of Pompeiana, which was thought of when you were in Italy, but which is now enlarged to more than eighty plates, and is in the hands of Mr. Jennings, a bookseller in London, who begins to publish it in the Spring. In the mean time, I recommended to him the propriety of sending me £500, which he says he was very glad to do, and which I regret is now in a fair way of dissipation, having, however, stopped in its progress the mouths of my creditors, occasioned by Mr. Fauntleroy. I shall request that you will accept a copy of the new work on Pompeii, as a companion to that which used to be on your table.

"I suppose we shall soon hear some advertisement on the subject, so pray do not send for it if you feel so disposed, as I will order you to be served with one of my own copies. I did not much like the account I sent Count D'Orsay about his Sicilian money. The people are such thorough-bred cheats, that they have made a round-about plot to throw it upon the shoulders of the government, who are not troubled with a propensity to payment. We have fewer milords than usual this year, and at Rome there is also a deficiency.

"The Normanby plays at Florence seem to make that place the favoured residence. Here we have the Langford, Brookes, and Townley Parkers of Cheshire, very admirable people, and I don't know that I ever remember the society so pleasant as it has been for the last two years. Bess Caldwell was at Rome last year, and she seemed very much taken up with going every day to examine the Duke of Buckingham's exhalations. It is supposed she meant excavations. When she heard of poor Sir William Drummond's death, she asked whether that was not the man that died writing a history of oranges; by which she meant 'Origines.' She is a great loss, but I suppose you will have her at Paris this year. I was pleased and displeased to see by the papers that the Count had won a race. I am always in a fright at all sorts of sporting for money; and often one small sum won causes the loss of thousands.

"I fear you will none of you ever come into Italy again, unless you can contrive to ruin yourselves. The Roman disturbances are ended, and even Lady Sandwich has been to dine with Lady Mary. What geese people are, to say no worse of the trying to pull all one's neighbours down to get into their places. The poor Archbishop is by no means right; he has lost his favourite Annette, which is a severe blow to him, poor man! in his eighty-sixth year. Otherwise, I don't think he was more changed than his age would warrant. He always asks very kindly about you all.

"I saw the Filangieré the other night; he told me his wounds were breaking out afresh, and giving him pain. The Ricciardis spend their lives in getting up plays, but as it has rained three months, and now begins to snow, who can go to them? I must apologise for my horrid paper, the baseness of which I did not detect till it was too late to retract. Do you know old Le Chevalier, the author of the voyage to the Troad? he was formerly a great friend of mine, as was Barbia de Bocage, the Barber of the Grove, but he is dead, and, I fear, Le Chevalier is by this time grown old; but he is a very good man, and of the old school.

"My health is, I think, much the same, or, perhaps, on the whole, improved. Pray let me hear all about yourself, and remember me most kindly to the fat doctor, Sir Manly, and the Count—most kindly, poor little souls! to those two children.

"W. Gell."

"Sir William Drummond's book goes on slowly, on account of the writing. As to such drawings as you are kind enough to admire, they cost but little trouble, and have no value; but being taken from the antique, or being of places difficult of access, as you say, we shall be bound in calf together, with great éclat. Speaking of art, M. Ternite has at length seen the new pictures at Pompeii, and says of that of Achilles and Briseis—'Ah, c'est, unique.' Moreover, he swears that, compared to it, all that modern painters have ever done, are, in comparison, daubs. I really believe I shall be old fool enough to see it before I go to Rome, which must take place, whether I will or no. I fear the poor abbé has lost £500 by the failure of B—— and Company.

"W. Gell."

"Naples, March 20th, 1832.

"You have been on my conscience for at least the last six months, that is, I have been purposing to myself to write to you for at least so long a time; but I have been so much occupied in writing like a steam-engine for my bread, that I have been obliged to neglect everything else, till I could finish a work on the Roman Topography, in which there is nothing about Rome, but a great deal about the country, and which the Society of Dilettanti are undertaking, and for which I now expect, perhaps in vain, at least £500, to satisfy the claims of the Torlonias, who give one enough of credit to be one's ruin.

"Among the misfortunes of the age, cholera, reform, and rebellion, the poor dear old Countess Ricciardi, of Camaldoli, has been a terrible loss to her family and friends; she had the measles, (which the Italian doctors do not know how to treat, when of the kind called confluent), and just as the poor Princess of Butera died a year ago, our poor friend was killed, by the disease being thrown inwards by some imprudent exposure to air, and the total want of knowledge of the doctors. She died about two days ago. The unhappy husband left the house, and retired to that of Coriati, whose daughter married one of the Ricciardi's sons. I cannot tell you any more of the consequences, but every body was sorry for her, poor soul! and regretted her loss. You remember Mr. H—'s sudden attachment to her, and they have continued great friends ever since, and seen one another often, as he lives at the Belvidere. He is only yesterday returned from Persano, where he was pretending to shoot, by way of getting over the fêtes of the carnival. We have had a very bad winter, that is, it has never been very cold, but always too cold, and it has rained much more than usual. Even now it is not at all the climate for enjoyment, and the spring is three weeks later than it is in general. I hope you got, and continue to get, the new work on Pompeii; if not, let me know, I beg, that I may arm you with full powers against the publisher, Mr. Jennings.

"The world here is much altered since you left it. I should say, the society last year was better than ever, but I was prevented, by the probability of the *Trastoverini* sacking Rome, from going there. I intend to go this year, if they do not get up another riot between the French and Austrians, which seems not unlikely. In the mean time, the world is grown much more luxurious and expensive, for one is asked every day to dinners of sixteen and twenty, instead of ten and twelve, and there seems to be a ball, even in Lent, nearly every night, only not with fiddles.

"Yesterday I was invited to three dinners, Lord Hertford, Lady Drummond, and Sir George Talbot, and to an assembly at the two first, and another at Count Lebrettern's, the Austrian minister, so that the world here is really going on swimmingly. We are to have an omnibus expedition to Pompeii on Monday next, under the auspices of Lord Hertford. It carries twenty-four, and I think so great will be its fall, that I intend going in a carriage of my own, if I can. You know we have Sir Walter, and he is in much better health; in short, I should say recovered, and all the better since his arrival here. I took him to Miss Whyte's, in the way to Pæstum, and I see him almost every day, and dine with him to-morrow. He is very agreaable in a drive or *tête-à-tête*, but lost in parties of twenty, to which he is invited. I took him to the Archbishop's* to dine, and am to go again this week. The Archbishop is quite well, except an inflamed eye, which Dr. Hogg says they are treating ill, and which might be cured in a few hours; but he has recommended a proper cure to the Canonico, who will, I hope, persuade the Neapolitan doctor to apply it. Sir Granville Temple told me last night Champollion was dead. It is a great loss, as I believe he has no successor, unless Rosellini of Pisa may be so called. Our last accounts of your London cholera are alarming, but I trust untrue. Pray remember me kindly to the Count, and all who are faithful to you—to your sister of the long eyelashes—the Contessa ———, for I never can remember the name, pray also remember me. On the whole, Italy is quiet and uncholeric for the present, and I cannot but think you would be at least as happy here as among the turbulencies of Lord Grey and Co.

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* The Archbishop of Tarento.

"W. G.

"P.S. Among the curiosities, I was delighted to see Miss Skeene, who is the 'Miss Pratt' of the novel called 'Inheritance.' You remember, she comes to Lord ———'s in a hearse. I asked Sir Walter, before I saw her, if the character was like. He said, 'Well, I believe it may be, with a little ill-nature added to her.' She seems the very person. I was near calling her Miss Pratt twenty times."

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Naples, October 26th, 1832.

"I am become so much of a coffee-house, that I really have been two days beginning to write to you, and even now I begin with two people talking to me, so that it is not likely I should indite any thing coherent. You are right in saying I have been long in obeying your order to write. The besetting vice, after vanity of this world, is putting off, just as hell is said to be paved with good intentions. I have certainly put off writing for the last three months, having all the time suffered my duty to sit as an incubus upon my conscience. I have now, however, received your kind present, and your beautiful picture. Without compliment, it is a most lovely portrait, and, except the expression, is like you; there is something about the mouth which is not you ; and what is singular is, that most of the people who see it on my table, exclaim at the likeness to Lady Augusta Coventry, who is grown up into a beautiful girl, and makes many conquests among the heathen. The picture by Mr. Uwins is, I think, like me, but it is a little more unhappy than the original. Nevertheless, I must have a melancholy cast of countenance, for a Mr. Uwins, at Rome, has taken a small waxen profile of me, which has the same character ; and it would not be extraordinary, after thirty-two years of illness, if some twinges had taken a permanent lodging in some of my features. I am, however, except the loss of most of my hair, not so much worse than when you quitted Italy as might have been expected, and Lord Hertford's plan has saved me for the last eighteen months from the same degree of torment which I have suffered for the last ten years. I was in hopes your letter would have told me when you intended to revisit these countries; but your house, as Craven tells me, is so exquisite in all respects, that he thinks it impossible any thing can ever tempt you to move again. Mr. Powell, who seems a most agreeable person, I have already seen twice, and am to meet to-morrow at dinner at Craven's. He gives a good account of yourself, and tells me that the affairs of Count Alfred will soon be arranged to his satisfaction. I am delighted to see that the spirit of order which you always possessed, and which has done so much good on other occasions, has enabled you to take care of such of your friends as have less foresight than yourself. My preaching has the peculiar advantage of coming from a person who is always in debt, and always in the last stage of poverty himself. Either the cholera or the reform has so fettered the booksellers in London, that though the Dilettanti Society have engraved a map for me at their own expense, yet £300, which I want to get for the book accompanying it, from a bookseller, do not seem at the moment to be easily forthcoming. You say Mr. Uwins has given you my picture. Do you mean that you have not got my last Pompeiana, second series? If not, it is not my fault, but your own, for decidedly Mr. Chaplin and Jennings, in Fleet Street, have long ago put down your name as one of my copies *sent*. Pray send immediately about it, for I dare say all the booksellers will fail on the first opportunity. I am sure I sent you the order very long ago. By the bye, I wish there were any means of seeing your *Byroniana* here, where nothing ever arrives till five years after its birth. You are probably by this time an arbiter of the fate of more than one bookseller. Jennings told Craven that nothing sold but what would go into one of the Annuals. It is very disagreeable to a poor author to write without a certain way of disposing of his works. I have at present about seventy paintings from Pompeii, &c., which are coloured from the originals, and form a very beautiful and useful history of the art among the ancients. I wish I could find a bookseller to undertake it. Should you see any means of furthering my interest with your man of books, pray nail the said bookseller, if you can do it without inconvenience to yourself. I think I could make an interesting work on the Arabs of Spain, interspersed with translations of some of their poetry, which would suit one or any of the Annuals, but I must have introduced some views of the Alhambra, to make it more interesting.

"If I ever *come of age*, and am not obliged to write for money, I shall certainly, at all events, give the public an account of the Moors, with the Alhambra as an embellishment, as the last and most exquisite of their works. I have got notes without end on the subject, which I think would make a very interesting book. Our mountain goes on burning, and I think seems inclined to continue ejecting lava, till a little cone, which has grown out of the centre of the crater, you remember, shall be as high as the highest peak of the hill.

"November 2nd. I dined at Craven's with Mr. Powell and his companion Mr. Harcourt. They are going, under the protection of Lord William FitzGerald, to Cumæ, on Saturday, and I was asked to meet them at dinner on their return. In short, they go about sight-seeing, and they seem to have little occasion for any assistance from me. I shall try to get them a footing at Lady Coventry's, who keeps open house every evening both here and at Rome, and under whose auspices they may see all the world without trouble. I have already told you Lady Augusta is grown up one of the prettiest girls possible, and one of the best educated and well informed, and mamma has taken her to court; and, in short, she is come out, and the house is on a better footing, and has more company in consequence. We have Lord Ponsonby arrived as minister, but Mr. Hill is yet at the Belvedere, on the Vomero, for Lord Berwick is expected not to survive twenty-four hours. It is true he rallies perpetually, but by the time this reaches you, you may consider Mr. Hill to have become Lord Berwick. You were very kind in remembering my servants, and they were very much struck with your goodness when I told them, and desired to kiss your hand. Craven desires also a thousand kind remembrances. He is in bad humour, as he thinks he is more deaf than usual, but I think it only imagination. Nevertheless, he would soon become a sort of hermit if he had not some one to keep him always in agitation. The young Captain seems disposed to keep him in hot water every now and then; but it is a very agreeable, genteel youth, and he acts quite without a rival, both in French and English. We are to have private theatricals this winter, and I dare say shall do very well for company, though the characters supposed to be coming from England are, as yet, not named. A family of Colonel Vyse have settled in the Palazzo Paterno, one of the most agreeable that ever came to Naples, in my opinion. They are numerous, but seem to be rich, so as to have all in due proportion. It is said many are come to Rome, but I can learn no names. The Torlonias go on just as usual. You would scarcely know the father was defunct, except that you don't hear his tremendous cough when you go there. I suspect my finances are, however, arrived at that state which will render my visits to Rome more rare and more difficult. Mrs. Dodwell is at last by no means so ill off as we feared; in short, every thing considered, I hope she will be in a better state of finance than nine-tenths of the Roman nobility. Mr. Mills, who is gone to Sicily, and myself, were left her trustees, and I think, between coaxing and scolding, her affairs are in a fair way of being settled, insomuch that we have relinquished the business, our agency being no longer required. Pray remember me most kindly to Colonel Stewart, who has been expected here for the last three years by many. For my part, I conceive that Dr. Potter, who hates Naples, will not bring him here again. I hear of the ex-Lady Gell, La Comtessa di St. Marsault,* sitting with a disdainful air in a high fly cap in a corner of the room. My blessing upon her. The archbishop, who has got your picture, and is delighted with it, has been ill, but is now flourishing, aged ninety. Mathias is younger than ever, and more discontented.

"The Ricciardis I will see or send your message to, with all speed. They have not recovered their loss. My dog family consists of *Ticati,* who is my companion, his son and heir, *Monsu Qua,* a youth of promising talents. I have also a white terrier, *Monsu Bo,* of Craven breed. My house is really become quite pretty at the expense of £100 two years ago, and when finished, and I called for the account, I found it had been paid by Lord De Ros:—Sir Charles Monck also gave me a fine organ, so you would not know the place. My kind regards to Count Alfred, and pray continue to believe me very affectionately yours,

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* The Countess was the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, lately the Miss Mary-Anne Power, whom Gell used to call 'my lawful.' R.R.M.

"W. G."

"P.S. Ladies are so used to writing criss-cross, that perhaps you will not be displeased at this for your Byronian, and may put it in your own terms if my short note suits you. Lord Byron had once a vis-a-vis; I used frequently to drive out with him in it. One day, passing the Alfred Club, he asked if were a member, I said some one had put me down, but as I had never been there, I was going to take my name out. 'Oh,' says he, 'on no account take out your name.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because there are nine hundred candidates waiting for admission, and I should have taken out my own name, but that I found it would make one of these expectants happy. Only imagine,' said he, 'if you took yours off also, there would be two of these wretches delighted, and that would be really too much.' He then, as we had no auditors, laughed at his own affected misanthropy, which was only put on for the purpose of making the world in general believe there was something extraordinary about him, and which he found for many years a great recommendation in that sort of highly refined society, which is in perpetual want of new and extraordinary excitation. I believe I mean excitement. Adieu,

"W. G."

"I fear my letter is stupid, and has too much parish business, but I hope my next will be more entertaining."

"Naples, April 4th, 1833.

"I scarcely know why I have been so long in answering your amiable letter, and thanking you for your kind attention about books and booksellers; for though I have been frequently ill, and have passed the winter, which has been here remarkably cold, rather comfortably, I have somehow or other written a great deal, and when your letter arrived had just been employing myself, by the desire of the family, in writing those very same memoirs of Sir Walter Scott's residence in Italy, which you recommended to my attention. I have made use of the letter from the bookseller you had spoken to, so far as to direct Mr. Hamilton's attention to him, with regard to the disposal of my 'Roman Topography,' but I have not as yet heard the result. Not that I have, indeed, any great hopes of any thing favourable, for he writes that the booksellers are absolutely ruined, and that even [——] has been twice in danger of bankruptcy. M——, however, offers to print my book, and to give me half the profits, which is not what I want, as such profits, though guaranteed by the Society of Dilettanti, are never likely to be great to an author abroad. The odd circumstance is, that though the book was written at the desire of the said society, and they profess high satisfaction at its execution, they do not offer me the £300 which I want, and take the profits to themselves as they arise. Miss Scott wrote to me by the desire of Mr. Lockhart, to beg I would send him my reminiscences of Sir Walter, because I was 'the last of his friends.' The fact is, that I had generally the care of him while he was in Italy, and though I thought I was going to write only a page or two, I soon found myself writing my twentieth and thirtieth pages, without approaching the end of my materials, which finally reached a fiftieth page, and, considering all circumstances, the whole is by no means so barren of interest as I thought it would have been when I begun the narrative. It contains, even to a certain degree, information as to his future literary projects which could not have been recorded, I believe, by any other means.

"I shall send you a little bit of it with regard to Lord Byron, which I forgot to send you before, and you can mention it or not, as it suits your purpose. Your house at the Belvedere is just become vacant by the retreat of Lord Berwick, who is going to England. He wishes to buy it, and the price is only about £3000, so it is quite wonderful it is not already sold, as the windows have been renewed. The Dowager Queen has bought and beautifully fitted up your Villa Gallo, and the

Duke of Gallo himself died some two months ago, having left his family not ill provided for. It is hoped Diego Pignatelli will marry the widow. Of the Ricciardis, there is nothing new; they are well, and always ask most kindly about you. Naples has the advantage of Rome this year, in point of company; but after the holy week, we are to change sets. To-day is the holy Thursday, when carriages are not permitted in Naples, so I am going on an ass to dine with Lord Hertford, at the next house to the Paterna, and I hear he has either juggles or phantasmagoria at night. My pension as Vice-Chamberlain seems about to be granted, under the protection of the Lord Chancellor—that is, it would seem so, for the claim is established, and he promises his assistance; but I am not to be deluded by appearances, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who says she backed her application with a roasted turkey, and a bottle of well-iced champagne, says she is aware, like Lord Duberley, that 'fine words butter no parsnips.' The acknowledgment of my claim proves that I ought to have arrears, and if they did not acknowledge my claims, it might in the end be worse for their own people, and would serve as a precedent to cut them off. Nevertheless, I shall only believe in my pension when I see it. I have written all this while obliged to talk to company, who *sit* upon me, a penance to which I am very much subjected; and my house is really become so pretty by the expenditure of only £100 upon it, which has built a portico, and made all the rooms communicate in a suite, besides a fine organ which Sir Charles Monck gave me, that I am become a sort of coffee-house for the idle and the *nothing-to-doarians* of the place. I believe I shall not get to Rome this year, as my journey depended on the £300 for my book arriving, and that seems cut off.

"Now for Sir Walter:—I accompanied him to the convent of La Trinita della Cava, and in going he repeated to me the poem or ballad of Jock of Hazledean. In returning I desired him to let me hear it again, and on expressing my surprise at the clearness of his recollection, he told me he had a most remarkable memory, and had astonished many by it. On his first introduction to Lord Byron, some one (whose name I forget) was looking on with wonder at the apparent correctness with which he spoke, and the singular changes in Lord Byron's countenance as he proceeded. He was repeating to the great poet the whole of the poem of Hardyknute, which he then knew by heart, and which proved so highly interesting to his lordship. My notes also refer to a conversation I had with Sir Walter as to why he had left off writing poetry. When I asked this question, he said, 'Because I found Byron beat me, but I shall now try again.' These anecdotes, which may amuse some, are all found in my contribution, which I have sent to Hamilton to give to Mr. Lockhart, for as the family had requested them from me, I could not well dispose of them to my own advantage, which I was told I might easily do.

"I keep a copy, however, and if Mr. Lockhart does not use my materials, which I think he can hardly reject, as I have taken care to give due honour to his hero, they may appear hereafter separately. I have lately been very idle as to writing, for the penny magazines afford no encouragement to booksellers, nor they, in consequence, to me. I hear I am made a member of the French Institute, and so is Millingen, who is just come into my room, and sends his best respects to you. I hear of Count Alfred in the newspapers as hunting in Leicestershire; pray give my kindest regards to him. I have also lately seen a print of him on horseback, which is good. Lady Augusta Coventry and Henry Fox are to be united in the holy bands of matrimony immediately at Florence, whence they proceed northwards. She is become a very pretty girl, and he has at present a very bad fit of the gout at Rome. The houses at Castelamare are already taken for the summer. Lord Ponsonby was on the point of embarking for Constantinople in the Actæon, when the day before yesterday so violent a storm arose that he is yet on shore.

"My servants, who all cherish your memory, hearing me ask about the means of sending this letter to you, desire to kiss your hands, according to the custom of the country. My dogs, horses, and every thing else remain just as you left them, except that I inherited the Margravine's landau, which is more convenient for my disabled legs. My kind regards to the Contessa de St. M——, who I have heard of sitting silent in a corner in a high cap.

"William Gell."

"Naples, Nov. 19, 1833.

"Your friend Mr. Bulwer I have received safe with his friends, but not so your book, which in a box, with several things of their own, they have contrived to lose on the way, so I must put off the gratification I should have had in reading it till somebody here gets it, which may not be for months to come, for books are ages before they arrive in this country. Mr. Bulwer seems indeed all you have described, for though he has only been here some three or four days, yet we have contrived to get very well acquainted in a very short time. I asked them to breakfast the morning after I received your letter, and they brought me one at the same time from Lady S—— at Rome, by which I found they were fond of dogs; so that the first thing I heard in my outer room, and before I saw any person, was the exclamation, 'Oh, you dear creature!' addressed to my dog, who went to see who was come. We got on very well, and they ate maccaroni with great success, and positively bought a dog of the same species as mine before they went home, of a black colour, which they christened Lusio, and carried off to their lodgings. I have had a note from each of them since, and, on Sunday, I am to meet them at dinner at Mr. Craven's, for whom I believe you gave them also a letter. I have also told Lady Drummond to invite them to dinner, which she has promised to do; and thus so far I hope they will feel satisfied with my little attentions, bestowed according to your orders.

"I have made every enquiry as to the sale of books by a bookseller here, and not trusting to my own exertions, I have employed such of my friends as are most fitted for the purpose. There is nothing in the shape of bookselling in this town; the libraries are only just tolerated, and their owners can hardly exist. No bookseller here has a correspondent in London that I can find, nor do I hear of any purchase of such a book as yours, except the Duke of Cassorano, in the whole city. He immediately thought of making such a book himself, and filling it with princesses of Centola, Tre Cose, Monte Yago, &c. &c.; but he could give me no assistance, and certainly Naples is not a place for the advancement of literature, so I am unable to execute your commands. You had heard that I was in bad health, and so I am certainly, but I think not much worse than when you were in Italy, only that my hair is fallen off, and I shall be reduced to baldness or a wig in the course of another year, if I live so long. Here is Terrick Hamilton just arrived, but going shortly to Rome. He is well and merry, but when I meet him at dinners, where I die of cold, he is always complaining of heat, and is very amiable. Here also is Dr. M'G—, author of the last novel I read, called 'The Parson's Daughter.' At this moment, I received a little work of a few pages from the Archbishop upon Cats, on the occasion of a cat's mummy brought for him from Egypt by a friend of mine, Dr. Hogg, who is just come from that country. The good old soul is really very little altered since you saw him, though he is now ninety-one; but I cannot imagine how the machine is to go on much longer. He desires one thousand loves to you, and I am to take the Bulwer to dine with him shortly, though I fear if he is not quick at Italian, he will scarcely become very intimate, as I observed Walter Scott and Monsignore did not make it out very well together, for the Archbishop will not take the trouble to talk much or long together in French. By-the-bye, I observed to you that my life of Walter Scott in Italy, which I wrote by the desire of Miss Scott, was very entertaining in its way, and I sent it to Mr. L. by Mr. Hamilton. He has never, however, thanked me for it, nor even acknowledged the receipt of it, nor sent me Sir Walter's works, which he ordered for me with almost the last sentence he uttered that was intelligible, and if it does not appear in the work, it will be really worth publishing, and I shall send it to you.

"November 27th. I went with the Bulwer to the Archbishop's to dine yesterday. The good old man would be very polite, which I told him to submit to. He showed us several curiosities, and put off the dinner till four by so doing. We coaxed his cats, and Bulwer seemed much pleased with him, as he seemed with Bulwer. There was nobody but Cavaliere Venorio, the chief of the botanists here, and he seemed also to get on very well with the Bulwer, who is this day gone to Pompeii, luckily with fine weather. At this moment in comes the Baron de Billing, the

French Secretary of Embassy, who wishes to know Mr. Bulwer, and I have given him a note of introduction, as I had promised. The Baron de Billing has been ten years in London, and is a very clever person, and I think it probable you know him. The Craven's mother has bought and fitted up beautifully your old Villa Gallo, but your other house, the Belvedere, remains untenanted since Lord Berwick departed, and will want repairs, as I hear, before it can be habitable again. It is to be sold for only £3000, and Lady Drummond has given over £10,000 for the Villa, or Cake House, of Mr. Dupont, on the Capo di Monte. We have three or four of the Yacht Club here with their ships, which help to enliven the scene, and we expect Lord Anglesey with his. I have seen Lady Harriet and her sister, as also, another day, her aunt; she is so altered since I knew her as a girl, that I really should not have known her. They live at the Brettagna, but in such retirement, that I have never seen any of them out. The Acton Palace is so far finished, that they receive company, and give dinners and balls with great success. It is quite astonishing how many people come to Naples, and how the people whom I knew when I was a young man in London appear yet unexhausted, so that I have very often my whole morning taken up by visitors. Mathias, aged eighty-one, is rather younger than ever, but complains that he sees nobody. Craven had him to dinner, and remarked how clever he was at contriving to ask questions without ceasing, yet never to profit in the least by the answer. The Canonico is well and merry, and the Ricciardi in a good state. Cariati and Casarano desire *mille choses* to you.

"W. G."

"Naples, January 22nd, 1834.

"I am now roasting myself close to a large fire in my own house, waiting dinner for Dr. Hogg, a portentous name, you will say, but belonging to an exceedingly benevolent and amiable physician, who, after residing here for some years, is just returned from a tour in Syria and Egypt, with your friend Mr. Baillie. Though I am roasting, the necessity for it is only produced by my own cold nature, for a finer summer's day was never seen than this has been, and Doctor Watson, who is just arrived from Paris, where he has been five or six years, says he had no idea of the difference till he found himself again in Italy. He says, that except the three 'glorious days,' he has never seen the weather so fine since he left Naples. But that was not at all the thing I intended to say. My first object was to tell you that my man, Gennarino, who is only just saved by the English doctors from death, has been twice to see the boy in question, and that he is quite well and happy. He has fine light-coloured hair, which could scarcely be seen for the magnificent cap, made ornamental, which he wore on his head. He appears about six or seven years old, and is very lively, and they say very clever, and learns every thing with quickness. He is moreover remarkably clean and well clothed, and, as Gennarino says, is treated quite like a *Signore di qualita e parla Francese,* and is so well satisfied with his present treatment, and with those who have the care of him, that he ran away and hid himself when he found the inquiries were made for himself, for fear that my man might be sent to take him away. There is always a drawback to every story, and it appears that the little boy has some sort of defect in one leg, which may be perhaps in the hip joint, but is called in the foot, and it is said that Ischia waters will cure him. I confess, from the account, the cure seems to me doubtful, but in the mean time the boy is perfectly well in health, and by means of a shoe with a thicker sole, 'fatto dal meglio scarpayo di Napoli con molta cura,' he runs about just as well as any other boy of his age. As far as care goes, therefore, he has all you can wish, and his health is perfect. A letter is just arrived for his mother from the family, which I shall direct and send, as the letters sent before had probably failed from want of superscription.

"So much, therefore, for your commission, which I hope you will find satisfactory. I have consulted Casarano about the sale of your book here, and I find any attempt would be quite useless, as nobody has any money for books in the whole kingdom, nor will any one buy a book of any kind. I have heard only of four persons any where who read or buy. Two live in the mountains of the frontier, and thus smuggle into the State the few books they can obtain; the third is a Neapolitan cavaliere, who receives books of classic learning from Germany; and the fourth is the prefect of a provincial town, who longs in vain for books, but is forced to go without them. I shall keep a sharp look-out for Colonel Hughes, who, I suppose, is one of Lord Dinorben's family.

"You have done me a great kindness by sending me the 'Conversations,' of which I have hitherto seen only detached portions, which, by-the-bye, are so full of talent and of shrewd observation, that I cannot help congratulating the memory of Lord Byron on the fortunate circumstances which left his idea in such good keeping, that they have been matured and perfected before they saw the light. There were brave men before, as a Roman poet observes, but no Homer to celebrate them. The truth is, you see things in a much better, and fairer, and juster light yourself than Byron; you know more of the world than he did; and moreover, it is not part of your system to make yourself seem in an ill humour when you are not so.

"I beg to observe, that in 'The Conversations,' I reverence you infinitely more than the poet; indeed, as I have more respect for Homer than for *Agamemnon*, I have had this in my mind whensoever I have read the extracts from your work, but you have probably had the same feeling repeated many times, and better explained by a hundred literary admirers. As to Mr. L——, I fear much that he is not good for much, and I am certain he got the work, for I sent it to Mr. William Hamilton, who gave it with a request that he would not omit a word of it in printing. I kept a copy of it, however, and I will send it to you. There are no remarks except such as tend to explain away and render less ridiculous the total want of classical taste and knowledge of the hero, in a situation full of classical recollections, and which I have added, that I might not seem insensible to his real merits. They were written for the family, and by the desire of Miss Scott herself, and therefore nothing offensive could have been inserted; and when I had finished the anecdotes, I was surprized myself at the number of circumstances I had recollected, and perceived that the account of the last days of so distinguished a person was really interesting, when told with strict regard to truth. The circumstances of his illness having changed his mind, or deprived it of its consistency, which I myself much doubt, might be judged of from his way of treating the subjects of conversation which presented themselves, and this alone would be of consequence to his numerous friends.

"I think it scarcely possible that any of those most attached to him could be displeased at my manner of representing him, and at all events, I have repeated what he said, and related what he did in Italy, in a way that satisfied every one here, who was the witness of his sayings and doings. However, I shall send the copy to you, and if the Life is published by the said L——, without use and acknowledgment of my papers, the best way will be to sell it to the bookseller, and to let it come before the public. I will affix, or rather prefix, Miss S——'s request that I would write it, and will suppose that the original has been lost or mislaid, in consequence of her premature decease. In this case, I shall beg of you to make the most advantageous bargain you can, for a poor author under your protection.

"My book on Roman Topography, which will, I am persuaded, if it ever sees the light, gain me credit, still continues unsold and unprinted. M—— is calculating the expense, Hamilton and Co. and Vyse are interesting themselves, and the University of Cambridge offers to take one hundred copies, but I hear of no results at present. Mr. Bulwer has written to his man of bookselling in London, after having read my work, to recommend it, but the answer is not yet returned. The times are bad, or, as my royal mistress would have expressed it, 'O trumpery, O Moses,' for 'O tempora,' &c. I go on scribbling at you to the end of my paper, which you must rejoice to see arrived.

"I dine with the Archbishop to-day, who is well and merry, and sends his love. Lady H—— is leaving Naples for Rome immediately. I suppose at the end of March I shall see her again at Rome.

"William Gell.

"Mrs. Dodwell is really become Countess Spaw, or Spanker, and is Bavarian *Incaricato*, and is to be minister at Rome. She will now have a fair chance in life; her last husband was quite crazy during the latter part of his life."

"Naples, 30th January, 1834.

"I have scarcely had time to overlook a copy of my Scottiana before Mr. Bulwer sets out for England. It is written by the Sticchini mentioned therein, who does not understand English, and therefore I fear blunders may have escaped me and him. I have an abominable head-ache, so that I can scarcely sit up to write, and I can say little more than what occurs to me as right.

"With regard to the MS., if Mr. L—— has got the original, and has used it entirely in his Life of Sir Walter, nothing is to be done, I suppose; but if he has not got it, has lost it, and does not publish it instanter, I am for selling it to the highest bidder. In my own copy I have the portrait, most luckily like, in a good sense, and two Roman caricatures mentioned.

"The Galera, which I took when there with you; a view of the Castle of Bracciano, which I took while sitting talking with Lord Blessington; a view from the window of the lake, which I took while talking with Sir Walter; and the stair-case in the court, which I did for him: but these I do not send, as I hear London booksellers can no longer deal with plates.

"I am too head-achy to write more.

"William Gell.

"Lady Harriet is gone to Rome."

"Naples, March 9th, 1834.

"I feel as if I were going to write you a long letter, and to become very troublesome. Since you wrote to me on the 17th of February, you will have received from Mr. Bulwer the MS. of the notes on Sir Walter Scott, and may have, perhaps, disposed of it to some bookseller in London, so that it no longer rests with me to decide on what should be its fate. I was asked on the day I sent the original, why I sent it to Mr. L——? and I answered, because Miss S—— had asked me to write it; but that I was totally unacquainted with the gentleman, or he with me, and we had no friend in common.

"The truth is, that he ought to have been thankful for the information, and as the conversations chiefly took place in a carriage, these circumstances cannot possibly have been learnt from any other quarter. I dare say he thanked Mr. Hamilton, but as he thinks he has better information elsewhere, it is doing him no harm to keep my information for my own use; and when I consider that the whole about Rhodes can only have been said to me, and that I am the only person who could have given Sir Walter the information he wanted on that subject, I must think that interesting, and I could mention many other things in the MS. that could only be related by myself.

"However, I will beg of you to make a few changes, which I will write on a separate sheet, for I do not wish to offend any body, begging of you to wafer into the MS. at the proper places the few words about the publication at the beginning and end, and a few anecdotes which have recurred to my memory since the notes were written. I cannot but imagine that you will be disappointed on reading the work, because it will be found so much shorter than you expected, the whole being purposely as much condensed as possible. You will therefore not be surprized, if it does not produce in the market the respectable sum you have imagined as its value. I am not at all surprised at the wish to print it as if from another supposed hand, for I have seldom, out of the sixteen or seventeen publications I have made of maps and books, succeeded in securing to myself the fame of any merit they may possess.

"You would be surprized at the catalogue of literary thefts by which I have suffered. Yet, 'per grazia del cielo,' I find myself very frequently cited, both in England and on the Continent, wherever the subjects I have discussed are touched upon, and so much for that business. One shall be a great man among the little boys some years after one's death.

"Mr. Craven, with whom and the *Paterno,* and the Satriano Filangieris, &c. I have been to dine with Miss Whyte to-day at Portici, says he will get ready for you by the time appointed a story for your 'Book of Beauty.' Pray tell me whether a translation of a very queer old Portuguese book, 'The Travels of the Infante Don Pedro to the seven quarters of the Globe,' would not do for your work? It is very strange, and quite original, and the Prince goes, among other places, to the court of Prester John of Abyssinia. It might be divided, perhaps, into two or three parts, if it be too long, which I really think it is. Would you like some of the old Spanish Moorish ballads translated? for example, any addressed to the 'beautiful Zayda,' as yours is a 'Book of Beauty?'

"I had once an idea of publishing such things when I was younger and more romantic, before age and infirmity had put an end to all poetic illusions.

"Mr. Rothwell, by the bye, the great painter who was sent to me by Lord S——, and whom I have sent in a letter to you this morning, says, on looking over my book of the Alhambra, that a Moorish Annual or Album would be one of the prettiest things in the world, and might, with good engravings, become a successful work; and in such a case, the Moorish ballads would come in well, nothing certainly would be half so picturesque or so beautiful; but, like every thing of the kind, it could not be carried on with interest for more than two or three years. I shall see, in your 'Book of Beauty,' what sorts of subjects are fitted for it, and hope to be able to do something in some way or other to suit it. A little bit of an adventure, a journey in Asia Minor, would perhaps not be amiss, but we shall see. I don't think myself capable of exciting much interest, without having recourse to the pencil to aid my muse, whether poetic or historic. Lady H—— is gone, but it is possible I may see her at Rome, where I think of being on the 1st of April, and of remaining till the 1st of June. My house there is let to the 25th of March, to Mr. Brooke Greville, who is perhaps known to you. We have floods of company, and sometimes, between Lady Strachan and Lady Acton, two private plays in a week. We had three Italian comedies, like the French vaudevilles, last night at Lady Acton's, and they were got up by Neapolitans, with very great success.

"The young Duke of St. Theodoro, as a shy lover, won great applause, and Donna Olimpia Colonna, and the mistress of the house, the Duchess of Miranda, and the Duchess of Cajanello, with many others, showed much talent in the French plays. Craven is the only Englishman engaged, but his son is expected soon. The family of La Feronays, as usual, form the heroes and heroines of all the French pieces, and sing and act in perfection.

"The King and all the Court generally come to all these great entertainments, and besides being very expensive, they last till about two hours after midnight. Besides those amusements, we have tremendous dinners at Lady Drummond's and Lord Hertford's, with assemblies in the evening, to most of which I go in my wheeling chair, by way of seeing the world in my old age, and must say I find every one as kind and compassionate as one can have either right or hopes to expect in these hard times. Craven, as you know, has bought a large convent in the mountains, near Salerno, which he has fitted up with every sort of convenience, and where he receives in the summer all comers, four or five ladies at a time, with gentlemen to match, and is really very hospitable both to strangers and natives. If you ever return to this country, you will be amused by a trip to his valley.

"I have sent you, as I said before, Mr. Rothwell, the new Sir Thomas Lawrence, and I think a very clever person; so much so, that he is quite big enough to help himself in the world. But I mean to send you a most benevolent and good sort of person, not much known to fame, with the ugly name of Doctor Hogg, who has been here some years, and is just returned from Egypt and the Holy Land, 'where saints did live and die.' He makes the most wonderful faces, and has the strongest action with his hands you ever saw, and Mr. Hill used to ask him to dinner to witness them; but he will tell you how the world goes on here better than most people, and as you have round you many men of rank and fashion, you will not dislike, for a change, to see a traveller without pretensions, whose merit consists in a kind heart, and a very benevolent disposition to do all he can for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Speaking of which, Gennarino is become a great friend of the family, and the child in Strada di Chiaja, and sees them almost every day. He says they are all very well, and seem pleased at his coming to see how well the boy is taken care of. I forgot to say, that Doctor Hogg will not torment you much, as he is only going to England for a short time on business. Our Duke of Derbyshire is in Sicily, and very much recovered from his lameness. He is very kind hearted, and is the only person I have seen for years, who knows any thing of my family, which I don't believe flourishing. My nephew, that hopeful youth, is at Milan, and as Count Metri told me at the Archbishop's (who is quite well, and salutes you), he is not very flourishing. How glad you must be that my paper is ended, for curiosity will lead you to read the whole of my letter. So with kind regards to the Count, and thanks to Lord Durham, &c.

"Anacharsis."

"Lady Blessington is requested to insert in my MS., after the last of the notes on Rhodes, the following record of a conversation with Sir Walter respecting the Stone of Odin:—

"On our return to the Palazzo Caramanico, we passed Mr. Laing Mason in the street, and this brought to Sir Walter's mind the refutation of the antiquity of Macpherson's Ossian by Mr. Laing, who had shown that the names of the heroes were taken from the map, I think, of the channel between the Isle of Skye and the main land. 'One of these names,' said he, 'happens to have been given in the last century, and the date of that is well known. Mr. Laing knew those countries well, and his proof was striking and satisfactory. I think he said Mr. Laing came originally from Orkney, and he added, 'I once went to see him, and carried over in my boat a faggot of sticks for the peas in his garden, which were reckoned there a great curiosity.' He said, however, that elders would grow, and that the face of the country might be improved by them. From this he was led to compare the once flourishing state of those islands with their present forlorn appearance, and observed, that 'to a people from the furthest north, these might perhaps have seemed the abodes of the blessed. They were certainly, said he, esteemed holy, and there was a great circular building like Stonehenge, not far from Kirkwall, which proved the importance of the place. Saying this, he searched for, and presented to me a pencil drawing of the temple, which I preserve, and highly value. It is entitled, 'Standing Stones of Stenhouse in Orkney,' and has on the back inscribed the name of J. Keene, Esq., by whom it was probably drawn. Sir Walter mentioned another pillar, called the stone of Odin, which is perforated, and afterwards descanted on the ordeal, by which persons accused of crime were deemed innocent, if capable of passing through this species of aperture, in very remote ages."

"Lady B. is requested to insert the following passage, where Sir Walter has been speaking of his acquaintance here :—

"Before Sir Walter Scott quitted Naples, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Ball, a gentleman advantageously known to the society of that city as the author of two poems, of which the Baronet was pleased to express his approbation. His amiable feeling, on every occasion, led him to assist and encourage all younger authors, and he seemed totally devoid of every spark of that littleness and jealousy which sometimes actuates even the most illustrious and established literati."

"March 10, (1834).

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Bulwer, who writes that his first visit in London was to Ottley and Saunders, booksellers, and that he has succeeded in selling them my work, called 'Roman Topography.' How very good natured of him to have attended to my wants before he had settled himself, and rested from the fatigues of his journey. He writes me a kind letter to thank me for my little attentions at Naples. I did for him what you ordered, that is set him a going, by presenting him to the best people, or praising him as he deserved; after which he made his own way, of course, with success. I wish my means permitted me to be more useful. By-the-bye, a Mr. Reynolds sent by you seems very angry with me, but I cannot help it. I have no legs to go a visiting, and never go out but borne by two servants. So if you send me any one in a letter, pray tell them that I am a cripple, and can only be useful to them if they will take the trouble of coming to my house, as I cannot make calls. It only makes enemies, if the people will not recollect that I am lame. I have got another passage, which, I think, ought not to be omitted, about Sir Walter, and don't be angry at all the trouble I give you. I believe I can say, that Craven has already begun something in verse for your work. He will, I have no doubt, do it well as to execution, and as to story, he knows the history of all the odd things which have happened in Italy from the most remote period of the darkest ages. I have just discovered that I must have a little separate slip of paper for my last Scott anecdote, as the list about Odin's stone does not come at the end.

"March 12. Your maid's child is well and merry; but is to be taken to Ischia in the summer for this defect in the joints; he is very well taken care of, and delighted to see Gennaro. The Archbishop is quite well, and not a day older than when you left him.

"W. G."

"Naples, June 2nd, 1834.

"Here I am again, just returned from Rome, and agreeably surprized to find a long letter from you, which I expected the less, as I had not answered that which Messrs. Errington and Lyne Stevens, or Stephens, brought for me to the Holy City. For there I have done all that could be done under the existing circumstances, when all the 'milords' and 'my ladies' were disappearing, and leaving Rome and the Colosseum to their own resources. The best thing I could do for them was to sell them to Lady Coventry, with a request that they might be treated on a par with the most favoured nations, and to see that she executed her part of the treaty. I believe they will tell you I was as good as a grandmother to them, and I think it ended by their becoming guests 'at Coventry' almost every day in the week. Moreover, I dare say Lady Goodwin will arrive at Naples in a few days, and take them again under her protection here, and as she keeps open house at both places, they find her a very useful and a very agreeable acquaintance.

"I told you it had not rained for three months at Rome, and till the last few days I spent there, every thing was as yellow and burnt up, as if it had been August instead of May.

"I find this kingdom quite green, and every thing in a most flourishing condition, after that worn out, misgoverned, unfortunate representative of the Mistress of the world. I found here Craven, on the point of setting out for his convent of Penta: and I have scarcely seen any of my acquaintance yet, though Mr. Temple invited me for to-day, and I shall dine with the archbishop to-morrow. I have been so perpetually ill at Rome, that I am inclined to desert it, and as books will no longer sell in my line, it will be quite as well for my finances.

"You have had a great deal of trouble in fishing for a decent escape from the business of Mr. L——, and I thank you for it. I do not wish myself to do anything disagreeable to the family, but I think it very ill-judged of them not to place every thing in its true light, especially when I had suppressed every thing which might have been put in a ludicrous light, out of respect and regard to Sir Walter. They cannot revoke his two last novels, so it will be out of their power to get rid of the facts, while they lose all the merit they might claim for stating the case as it was. Besides, the whole philosophy of the business becomes tainted by that want of candour which spoils their book, without hiding the truth. They have shewn the man as he was in his glory (we will suppose); it was equally their duty to the public and to posterity to shew him in his decline. The whole is a dull piece of affected piety, which vitiates whatever they may publish of him; but, as far as I am concerned, I only care about it, as having taken the trouble to recollect and write down what was so little worth recollecting or writing, except as the sequel to something of more consequence, and the winding up of the story. I believe I discovered, during the time I was writing, that any biography of any contemporary must be amusing. And this brings to my mind your recommendation to write an autobiography of Sir William Gell. There is no doubt, if one dared to write all one knew, and all one had witnessed, the book would indeed sell, and be a great favourite for a time; but I doubt whether the author would find himself in a very agrèeable position in society after the publication.

By living partly in London and partly abroad, I have certainly met with, and have known a great variety of personages, not to mention Dr. Parr, and the Queen, of whose life and manners I could certainly make very good fun and much amusement; but I must treat them in a very different manner to that which I measured my account of Sir Walter, for the inspection of his family. I have a neighbour who often desires me, and urges me, to write my life, but I really do not see the possibility of making it true and entertaining, without committing half my acquaintance. I have some sixty or seventy letters of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Caroline; and 'Mein Gott!' what curious things they are, and how rightly it would serve the Royal family, supposing they had not quarrelled with her, to publish their wife and cousin's correspondence, as they have cheated me out of my pension. By no means, however, publish my 'Scottiana,' as you seem to think that L—— is inclined to behave well about it, though his reasoning is poor and false, and inconclusive, as a history of Rome would be, which finished at the Antonius's, or one of Buonaparte which ended at the taking of Berlin. Speaking of which, I dined in company with the Prince of Musignano, at Rome, the other day, who married a cousin, a Miss Buonaparte, which wife seemed as dull as the Prince himself seemed animated and interested in every subject. And so my paper is ending before I have finished my story. I will find a Spanish, or Arabian Moorish historico-romantic ballad for you, and I will set about Mathias to-morrow, who will disclaim all knowledge of poetry in Italian, but who will most probably end by sending you what you want. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Errington and Co. are here, for they overtook me at Mola, as they travelled post, and I with my own horses. So we dined together, and set out together the next morning; but as my said horses had only been at Naples some twelve hours before, they have been indulged in rest, and I have not seen your friends here yet. Mr. Errington said he had written to you. Lady H. I saw at Rome with Lord B.'s aunt. Our warlike king has taken the city by capitulation, and has spared the sacking of it, which would have taken place had it been taken by storm. Mr. Mills I left at Rome, but going to the lakes of Lombardy. Not a soul, except William Petre, will be left at Rome.

"The Torlonias are well. Kind regards to the Count, and pray believe me affectionately yours,

"Aulus (Gellius)."

"P.S.—I don't know whether you knew poor Mr. Coote, a young man of Wiltshire, and son of Sir Eyre. He had a yacht here, and is just returned from a voyage to Greece. After this, he would steer his ship in a storm of rain to Pæstum, and then dine in his wet clothes; the consequence of which was, that he died in a few days."

"Naples, July, 1834.

"Your two books of Byron and of Beauty are at length arrived, and I return you my most hearty thanks for the kind present.

"I see by the book that the ladies are sometimes only very slenderly attached to the letter-press, like the unpaid attachés of an embassy, so that as far as that goes, one of my Arab or Spanish ballads may be attached to the next lady you have in an Oriental costume, who may be called Zayda, as well as by any other name, equally sweet-smelling. This reflection gives me some hopes that what I have written may be of use to you, though it is terribly prosaic, because I want to prove that the world is deceived in calling the whole of that a romance, which is in great part true, and of which the circumstances are very peculiar. I think I have proved what I wished, and that as it all ends in specimens of Spanish and Arab poetry, it is not too heavy for your work. It is also very poor in style, but if you knew how many people that have nothing to do, call upon me in a day, so that the prose is all written in talkative company, and the verse with a pencil, as one takes an evening drive in a carriage on the *Strada Nuova*, you would pity rather than condemn the most humble of your slaves. Besides this, I am scarcely a day in tolerable health between gout and headache, though my spirits keep up most marvellously, and I am just as merry as my more fortunate neighbours. I know not when my letter was begun, but this day, July 15th, I have finished all I mean to write for you, and given three or four romances in limping verse, and I end with an anecdote about a king, who sent his enemy with a letter of recommendation, which authorized the receiver to cut off the bearer's hands and feet, and to bury him alive.

"If I had thought it sufficiently serious, I would have terminated by a parallel passage in my own life, which I suggested. I received a letter thus—'Dear Gell, I send you my friend Mr.———; you will find him the greatest bore, and the most disputatious brute you ever knew. Pray ask him to dinner, and get any one you know of the same character to meet him.' This was brought me by the man himself, and I found him in every way answering to the character. Pray add or subtract any thing you like from what I send you. I see plainly that it is not quite right, though the intention is good, and I have given a full proportion of love, mixed with a proper degree of bloodshed, which the genius of the time requires. Pray also correct in the verse, according to the fashion of the day, the words oppress't or oppress'd, and such like words, to your taste, and if you think it all a bore, as very likely you may find it, you may put it in the fire altogether, with my compliments.

"I have no doubt, however, Craven will send you some sort of Italian story of the middle ages worth having. He is at Penta, his country house, and can have nothing else to do, when tired of gardening. I have written to him to have it ready, and my chief object in writing this, and sending it by the post, is, that you may know that you are sure of some thirty pages of my little scribble, and something from Craven also.

"Mr. Temple being with the Count for some days at Palermo, I have no means of sending you so large a packet as my Arabo-Spanish lucubrations will make, so I only send this to apprize you that we have executed your commands. Young Craven vows a contribution from himself or his wife, Mdlle. Pauline La Feronnays, but he is so much engaged in making love, that I dare say he will write nothing. They are to be married in September, or sooner, if possible. As to that gay man, Mathias, now in his ninety-third year, he is as obstinate as twenty pigs, and vows he will never write another line, as it is time he says to leave off making himself a fool in public. I thought at first I could persuade or bully him into it, but he is too resolved for the present. If he relents, we will put his sonnet into the 'Book of Beauty' for the year 1867, when Mr Irving says the millennium is to begin. Here is my neighbour Mr. Ramsay who writes much, but it is all on the corn laws and political economy, so he cannot help us much. They say Don Miguel is coming here, but in the mean time is consoling himself by feasting and making merry with the Duke of Lucca. I have been forced to give up my Roman establishment as I could afford it no longer, and I believe Dr. Watson is going to live there instead of at Paris. You remember how it amused you that I had begun to take the necessary steps when I thought I was ruined by the hanging of Fauntleroy, since which my finances have always kept me in a state of alarm.

"Mr. Mills is gone toward Switzerland for the summer, and Mrs. Dodwell, now Countess Spour, and Bavarian minister at Rome, is just brought to bed with a fine boy at Albano. I beg you will remember me most kindly to the Count, who, I hope, did not lose his own money, but that of his neighbour, at a shooting match, which I saw an account of the other day in the newspaper. I cannot make out as yet who brought your two books, for which I again thank you. Mr. Lyne Stephens is gone, but has left Mr. E—— in the good graces of Miss M——, so that they go gallivanting all over the country. I have not seen them lately. I hope your friends will tell you that I set them a going with all my might when they first appeared. They are very amiable children. Love to your sister the Contessina.

"W. Gell."

"Naples, August 6, 1834.

"I have written to you so often lately, that you will begin to think me a nuisance. But I now write on business, to introduce to you my little Essay on the 'Romantic History of Spain,' which will, I believe, be presented by my friend John

Auldjo, Esq., celebrated for his excursion to the summit of Mont Blanc, and as much celebrated for the interesting and unaffected account which he has published of his ascent and descent, which makes you think you know the mountain as well as he does. He will give you an account of all that is going on at Naples, what we are doing, and who is going to be married. The Ricciardi send their loves to you. I saw the two girls at old mother R——'s, at the Villa Rugina, on the Vomero, the other night, where they sung, and two nights ago I saw them again, and had a long conversation with their father at a ball, concert, and supper, given by Dominico Catalano, the great lawyer, on St. Dominic's day, at which all Naples was present. There Madame Nicolas, who yet seemed to retain all her beauty, sung, but with perhaps less voice than formerly. The other sister has become a regular large dowager, and did not sing; so I conclude her voice has departed like a mist on the hills of Morven. The whole world came from Palermo the other day—the St. Theodoros, Actons, Kings, Princes, and Queen; so that Naples, which had been deserted, begins to be inhabited again; and at Catalanos there seemed to be between three and four hundred persons, many of whom jigged away, just as if the thermometer had not been up to eighty, and afterwards ate as if there had been no fear of an hereafter. Coriali, Pepe, Filangieri, are well and merry.

"Torlonia, now Duca di Ceri, was to have been married to a grand-daughter of the Paterno, a Mdlle. de Moncada, but they quarrelled, and broke off the match. Craven is living at Penta, and receiving company, having established a house with twenty beds, stables, and all that tends to reception. I have been there once this summer, and am going again with Lady Coventry. The Archbishop is very well, perhaps better than usual, but paler and more bent, and desires loves to you. I go and dine there about once in ten days.

"The Actons have finished their house, and live very hospitably and agreeably in it, and give balls, dinners, and plays. Young Craven marries Mdlle. Pauline La Ferronage, on the 28th of August. The happy couple have each a rent-roll of trois mille francs, but K. Craven will give £600 a year, so they will have about £900 to begin with, and I hope they will contrive and be prudent with it. Your old Belvedere is to be sold, and the Queen will, if you like also, sell you the Villa Gallo: the Belvedere for about £3000. I could find no earlier method of sending you the Spanish Arabic article, but I hope it will be in time. I have got a most beautiful lady really, the Princess of Monte Vago, in Sicily, who would do for Zayda's picture, if you wanted a new face for your book, and if you are in want I would contrive to send it for engraving. Mr. Auldjo has in his Constantinople journal a beauty or two of that country, whose faces he copied with an instrument, and they are not only good in themselves, but very different from anything European, and might consequently be very useful in your book, and prevent a sort of nationality that will be observed when all the artists are from one country. Lady Coventry gave the Archbishop a copy of your 'Book of Beauty,' which delighted him much.

"You may cut down my dissertation or print it all, just as you like, change, burn, or otherwise destroy what you don't like or the whole together, and put my name or that of any one else, just as you find it convenient. I lent it to Captain Basil Hall to review, and he says it should have my name. But judge for yourself. Craven has got an Italian story for you, and I am sure you will have it soon. Augustus Craven has something else, and I should not wonder if one of the Stewarts sent you something also. *What is become of that most amiable Stewart, the Colonel of Killymoon?* Not to intrude more on your time, and having the gout myself, I must stop, but with love to La Comtessa de St. Marsault and Count Alfred.

"Yours, &c.

"WILLIAM GELL."

"Gennaro sees your maid's child very often, and he is well."

"Penta, June 23rd, 1835.

"It was not so much because I had been ill myself, as because I had heard that you were ill, that I have delayed writing so long. I trusted that I should get some fresh intelligence about you, and from day to day put off writing accordingly. I conclude, from your silence on the subject, that you have not been much indisposed; though it is not for me, who have been six months laid up, to glory in the strength of my constitution, which broke up, like the ice on the Neva, about the middle of November last, and left me a prey to all the diseases into which gout has been known to resolve itself, when it is fairly tired out with the common symptoms and pains. Among these, dropsy is generally the most prominent and the most fatal, and the next is asthma; with which two agreeable companions I have, since November, passed my time, sometimes suffering from one, and often both the complaints united.

"I found my talent for sleeping in company much improved, and I can give you no better specimen of it than these two last lines, where you will observe the —— words united, and very much disguised, by having fallen asleep three times while I was writing the following sentence: 'I had turned up the shortest road to Pento.'

"I will let it stand as it is, for it will explain to you why I could not write before, and why I might as well not have written now. I cease writing, or write nonsense, or the pen goes on scribbling, but I cannot guide it. I will now begin again, three hours later. Well, the symptoms of asthma and dropsy continued, and I could not lie down horizontally, for fear of suffocation. Nevertheless, with four doctors, Dr. Strange, Dr. Heath, Dr. Knight, and Dr. Watson, I am alive, and one might almost say recovering as fast as possible from the physic and the disease. The most curious symptoms are the going dead asleep all at once, and the dreaming, when wide awake, about eating, and helping my friends to eatables. I gave Lord Aberdeen a large slice of cold ham this morning about five o'clock, but when I came to repeat it, I found he had no plate. I rung the bell, and by the time the servant really came, I was sensible there was neither ham nor any other eatable in the bed. This sort of thing happens twenty times in the twenty-four hours, and sometimes produces the most ridiculous combinations. However, the other day I was alone at Mr. Temple's, looking, as I believed, at some prints in a book, when falling asleep, I pulled over my chair in trying to save myself, and fell on the pavement, in a manner which makes the idea of a repetition of my gambols frightful. Not having had time to save myself with my hands, I fell with all my weight on the floor—a most abominable crash—and the hip-bone, of course, and all that side, suffered most severely, nor am I yet well of that accident, which has much retarded the cure of the original illness. The only wonder was that it was no worse.

"I was ordered to move about a little, which I do with grief and pain; and am now at Craven's, at Penta, thirty miles from Naples, to which place I came on a sort of trading voyage, beginning with a visit of four days to Lady Barbara, who is at Castella Mare. I stay here four days, and then take two more with the Ponsonbys, and then, after some four days at Naples, shall do the same over again, changing Lady F. Barbara for Mrs. Locke, or her daughter, ... perhaps at Castella Mare. I give you the history of my life, as it is a good way of letting you judge of my health. You see that I might do tolerably well, were my one hundred and forty diseases curable. Dr. Heath, who is with the Ponsonbys, seems, I think, to be satisfied that I shall shortly be better, and possibly much better than usual; and that my grand climacteric, which usually falls at the age of sixty-three, has been hastened by length of illness, and fallen upon me at fifty-eight instead, after which the constitution might change for the better. I thought till now that the age of sixty-three was required for the change, but he says no. So you see, my dear Lady Blessington, I have given you a long statement of my case, and the results, as far as we know them. You tell me of your bad weather, and if this be in due proportion, you ought yet to be in Siberia, for I have at this moment a tolerable fire, by which I am too cold, and without, it is raining cats and dogs, and seems likely to continue to do so. The consequence is, the most wonderful verdure I ever beheld, the vines in unusually large leaf, and the Indian corn, flax, and hemp, shooting into thickets below them. I never saw anything so verdant as the world is here, whenever we have an hour or two of sun to enjoy so green and beautiful a scene. What is become of the English I know not; the spring was forgotten, the season for summer is half over, and the winter yet remains, and the Milords seem to have forgotten to come to Italy. There may be three families of no note at Sorento, and about as many threaten to come to Castella Mare for the month of July, so that the houses are for the present empty. The Salsa has, however, worked herself into Dorchester House, as the papers say; and as far as her own account of things goes, she finds no difference, but all goes on well; at all events, she is not the person to cry stinking fish, and would say that harmony existed as long as possible.

"We have at Craven's a tremendous large old convent, with cells for as many as can be got to fill them; and Craven himself, out of perverseness, is as hospitable and as open to all comers here, as he sometimes appears the contrary at Naples, where society might be had without the trouble or expense of maintaining it. I am glad you have seen Dr. Hogg. He writes remarkably well, and will, I doubt not, make a pretty book from very scanty materials. When he was here, he used to go crazy on the subject, which I hope will not be the case in London. Pray order him to return here directly, and tell him that he would find plenty of room to practise, if so disposed.

"Mr. Wilkinson I am glad you admire, for he must by this time be one of the most learned men in Christendom.

"You say people speak kindly of me. I assure you, since I have been so ill, I have found great consolation in observing how far the world in general exceeds in kindness what one had any right to expect from it.

"As to that ugly old Abbot, I suppose he had imbibed a false impression, and never could get rid of it.*

"My romance has not advanced a step. I thought, during my illness, I could at least have written that; but it is *historia*, and requires facts and dates; and I never could guide my pen, as you will have said many times before you get to the end of this long and dull letter. A thousand kindnesses to Count Alfred, and the young lady, your sister. I hope your young friend will return pleased with Naples.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. GELL."

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* The Abbé Campbell, I presume, is alluded to.—R. R. M.

"I got both your novels by Mr. Stanley, and thank you much. I think I was most entertained with the 'Repealers,' and you certainly speak out. Poor Mathias is very well, but is querulous and old, and thinks himself deserted, so much so, that nobody can undertake his society, he is so discontented and curious.

"The Archbishop is as well as ever, and dined with me a few days ago, when he laughed and was as gay as ever.

"The Ricciardis are doing well also."*

* This remarkable letter was the last, I believe, which Sir William Gell addressed to Lady Blessington. The date of it, is about nine months before his death. The singular account of the breaking-up of his mental powers, of the consciousness of their failure, and of those waking dreams of his—when he imagined himself in the society of old friends then far distant, and fancied himself discoursing with them, as if they were present—is painfully interesting. Before taking leave of poor Gell, perhaps a letter of introduction, addressed to the Admiral of the Egyptian fleet, of his, and one very characteristic of him, which he furnished me with when I was setting out for the East in 1824, will not be found misplaced in this collection.

"From Sir W. Gell to the Grand
"Admiral of the Egyptian Fleet.

"Napoli, 16 Agosto, 1824.

"MIO CARO AMICO GRAND' AMMIRAGLIO DI' EGITTO,

"Con questa V. mando un amico mio, il Signore Madden, chirurgo, di gran talento, il quale va viaggiare in Turchia, per osservare tutto quello che si trova di bello o di nuovo nella sua arte, e por mostrare quanto e bravo se stesso nella operazione di chirurgio. Trovarete se avete l'occazzione assai capace, e forse, siccome ve ne sono tanti medici ma pochissimi di veri chirurgi sera questo Signore di grande utilita a Sua Altezza il Pasha o el armata per terra o mare. Dunque vi prego asser quanto potete utile durante la sua dimora nella terra dei Mussulman.

"Pensai tutto quest' anno fare il viaggio d'Egitto, ma fra l'incertezza della guerra con Algieri, la guerra Greca, ed il non avere bastimento sicuro per trasportasmi ad Alessandria di Misir, sono qui per ora, e veramente non vedo mezzi, al momento, a fare il tragetto con commodo e siccurezza, ad essendo Zoppo, ed alquanto in vecchiato doppo il nostro celebre viaggio nella Vostra fregata L'Africa, non vale per me la pena viaggiare se non con commodo e siccurezza. Ho gran desiderio

andare per qualche giorne a Gerusalemme ed a passare l'inverno in Egitto se abou Gosh ed il Diavolo me permettessero, ma quando questo sara non so.

"Se avete l'occaggione e sapeta di qualche bastimento che viene in questi paesi vi prego scrivermi e far me sapere como vanno gli affari vostri e quelli d'Egitto perché da vero qui ve ne sono certe volte delle conte ed istorie falsi, che non ci permettono sapere il vero.

"Non so se il figlio resta anchora in Malta altrimentri da lui potrei Io recevere una vostra lettera. Spero che voi riuscite in ogni cosa che vi tocca personalmente, e che sarete gia diventato il piu ricco della famiglia di Giblachtar. Non so se avete in compagnia fin ora il vostro fedele Turcomanno, ma supponzo che il Tenente Osman non resta piu in vorta equipaggio. Hassan Bey di Rhodi sento esser morto. Mi fara grandissimo piacere quel giorno che posso rivedersi.

"Spero al fine vederui, un altra volta in questo mondo, siccome; non essendo Turco il vostro grand Profeta non permette che Io andarse al settimo cielo nel altro.

"Wilkinson ha fetto grande progressi nello studio delle anticheta d'Egitto. Sento che la povera città di Atene e tutta distrutta e tutti quanti gli amici miei morti tanti Greci quanti Turchi, Osman Mollah Ibrahim Aga e Compagnia. Vi prego fatta la pace e non mazzata piu gente, e trattata i vostri prigioneri con clemenza per l'amor di Dio e su Profeta.

"Credetemi sempre,
"Carissimo Amaraglio,
"Amico e servitore vostro fedelissimo,
"GELL."

CHAPTER VI.

In the preceding letters of Sir William Gell, there are some persons referred to, of whom a more detailed account may be desirable than can be given in the limits of foot notes. Of some of these persons, moreover, frequent mention is made in the Diaries and Letters of Lady Blessington, which have reference to her sojourn in Naples, and the acquaintances she formed there and in Rome.

The brief notices now introduced, will enable the reader to comprehend more easily and fully, observations on passing occurrences, only slightly glanced at in those letters, and allusions to persons, which may only suffice to excite curiosity, and leave a desire to know something more in relation to them.

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

The Right Honourable Sir William Drummond, a Privy Councillor, formerly H. B. M.'s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Two Sicilies, and subsequently at the Ottoman Porte, died at Rome the 29th of March, 1828.

His first work was published in 1794, "A Review of the Governments of Sparta and Athens," 8vo. In 1798, he published "The Satires of Persius," translated; in 1805, "Academical Questions," 4to.; in 1810, in conjunction with Robert Walpole, "Herculanensia," &c., containing a MS. found at Pompeia; in 1811, in 4to., "An Essay on a Punic

Inscription found in the Island of Malta;" in 1818, in 4to., "Odin," a Poem; and in 1824, "Origines, or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities," 2 vols. 8vo. He also printed, but not for sale, a remarkable work, entitled "Œdipus Judaicus," of very anti-Christian tendencies, reducing Scriptural histories to mere astronomical allegories.

In 1811, Byron, in a letter to his friend Hodgson, says:—"I have gotten a book by Sir William Drummond, printed but not published, entitled, 'Œdipus Judaicus,' in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a Theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly."*

Byron was then in his twenty-third year, and no doubt the veteran theist's erudition was not thrown away on the young impressible mind of Byron. How much unhappiness may not the author of the erudite infidel work of this accomplished writer have to answer for, even in the single instance I refer to?

Lady Blessington makes frequent mention in her letters and diaries of Sir William Drummond, as a profound scholar, whose classical lore was united with scientific knowledge of various kinds, in modern literature, mineralogy, chemistry, and astronomy. His conversation was not only erudite, but brilliant and playful. He had the imagination of a man of original poetical genius: a capacity fit for a philosopher, a statesman, or a metaphysician. He was a polished, high-minded gentleman, moreover, with all the *politesse de la vielle cour*.

Sir William Drummond and his lady were of very opposite tastes. He passed his days, and the greater portion of his nights, in reading or writing. The tables, chairs, sofas, and even the floors, were loaded with books. "He seldom saw

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* Moore's Life of Lord Byron, p. 157, 8vo. ed. 1838.

Lady Drummond except at dinner," says Lady Blessington, "surrounded by a large party. She passed, as she passes still, her time in the duties of an elaborate toilette, paying or receiving visits, and playing with her lap-dog. A strange wife for one of the most intellectual men of his day! and yet this dissimilarity produced no discord between them; for she was proud of his acquirements, and he was indulgent to her less *spirituelle tastes*."*

It might be a question difficult to answer, whether "the most intellectual man of Europe" benefited his species more by erudition turned against Christianity, than the lady "of less spirituelle tastes," though occupied occasionally with the duties of an elaborate toilette, but habitually devoted to works of charity, profuse in her liberality, and making use of her vast wealth as she did in Naples, for the relief of the poor and the distressed, served her fellow creatures.

When Lady Blessington met Sir William for the last time at Rome, he was then evidently verging fast towards the close of his career. Ill as he was, however, he came to see her at her hotel. His death-stricken, pallid features, the utter feebleness and extraordinary emaciation of his frame, shocked her. He was taken from his carriage in a chair by his servants, and as he was thus conveyed into her *salon*, she was forcibly reminded of the sitting statue of Voltaire, executed shortly before his death, which is placed in the vestibule of the Theatre Français at Paris. His mental faculties remained unimpaired. His conversation was the same as ever—delightful to listen to.

"He is conscious," says her Ladyship, "that the King of Terrors is fast approaching, and awaits his presence *with all the dignified composure of a philosopher of old*. He spoke to me of his approaching end with calmness; said he should have liked to have had time to finish the work in which he is engaged; and observed, that it was a blessing, for which he was penetrated with gratitude to the Most High, that his mind still survived the wreck of his body, and enabled him to bear, if not to forget, the physical sufferings entailed by disease."

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* The Idler in France, vol. i. p. 148.

Speaking of his approaching end, he said, "There is something in Rome, with its ruins, and the recollections with which it is fraught, that reconciles one to decay and death. The inevitable lot of all things seems here so strongly brought before one, that the destiny of an individual is merged in that of the scene around him."*

It was not long before Lady Blessington's fears for her friend were realized. In May, 1828, she visited his grave, in the English burying-ground in Rome. The massive pyramid of Caius Sextus cast its shadows over the resting-places of Shelley, Keats, and Drummond; but the remains of Drummond were to be removed to Scotland in the course of a few months. The fair pilgrim who visited his grave, thought of the happy hours passed in his society, the brilliant conversation of that highly-gifted man, the deep reflections she had heard from those lips, that were now silent for ever.

THE ABBE CAMPBELL.

"The English in Italy," from 1820 to 1829, acquainted with Naples, the resident *Inglesi* of Naples especially, cannot fail to remember the celebrated *Abbatè*, an ecclesiastic not renowned for his learning, remarkable for amenity of manners, or agreeableness of appearance or address; not venerated much for sanctity, or sought after for the excellence of his example, the purity of his morals, and the influence of his life and conversation before men in his spiritual character—but distinguished for a sort of mysterious *prestige*—an apprehension of his power over people in high places, in several courts, and in various continental capitals, a nondescript influence seldom exercised for any good-natured purpose: and courted even in the best society, on account of the fear with which the unbridled license of his tongue inspired it. The Abbé had to be petted, caressed, abundantly fed, and propitiated with good dinners, by all new-comers of distinction and of discretion.

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* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed. 1839, p. 391.

In Naples particularly, and in some other continental courts of absolute Princes, he was without a rival among *parvenus* and hangers-on of great men in power or authority.

There was nothing in his education, his natural position, his antecedents, or his habits, to conciliate men's favourable opinion of his companionable qualities. In the latter part of 1821, when I first met him, he was, I think, upwards of sixty-eight years of age, low of stature, exceedingly bulky, unwieldy, and ungainly in his movements. His features were large and heavy, coarse and vulgar; his complexion was of an obfuscated, lurid red, with a predominance of the purple of the grape in it. The expression of his face was all animal. His look was cunning, and there was a leering, frolicsome twinkle always in it after dinner, that contrasted unpleasantly with his age and dilapidated appearance. His head was enormously large; and his neck, extremely short and thick, was always buried in a profuse quantity of cravat of a dingy hue. The head and trunk merging into one, with so little of intervening neck, reminded one of the conformation of some of the larger lizards. His clothes, generally be-daubed with snuff, hung on his large person, as if they had been pitched about him casually and carelessly, by an old servant of his—Pococurantè, as great an oddity as his master.

In Naples, his intimate relations of friendship with the minister, Medici, and the terms of acquaintance on which he was with the old King Ferdinand, gave an importance to his "undefined and undefinable position in society," which contributed very much to an influence exercised over it by him, that was certainly one more of fear than love. The Abbé was said to have a pension from the Neapolitan Government, and an annual stipend also from some official source in England, and for some public services that were of a very private nature.

He had been, at a very early age, a chaplain to a Neapolitan ambassador in London, about the time of the marriage of the Prince Regent with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and rumour assigned the perilous duty of the performance of the marriage ceremony to the young chaplain of the Neapolitan ambassador.

I have heard this rumour mentioned in the presence of the Abbé, and it remained not only uncontradicted by him, but so far acquiesced in, at least, as to leave an impression that he knew the priest by whom the marriage was celebrated.*

In the second volume of "The Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," by Lord John Russell, we have the principal circumstances related of the Prince of Wales' marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. First comes a letter of Mr. Fox to the Prince, in the strongest terms dissuading him from the rumoured intention of the marriage, dated Dec. 10, 1785; next follows a reply of "the true Prince," and truth-loving heir-apparent, dated the 17th of the same month, solemnly denying the rumour, that "*there not only is, but never was, any grounds for these reports which have of late been so maliciously circulated.*" Then comes Lord John Russell's statement, that ten days only after this solemn averment, his Royal Highness had married Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The marriage, it is stated by Lord John, was performed in private by a clergyman of the Church of England, in the manner prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, and the certificate, dated Dec. 21, 1785, was attested by two witnesses. This is only half the truth; it would have been no satisfaction to Mrs. Fitzherbert's scruples to have had the marriage ceremony performed by a clergyman not belonging to her church, unless the ceremony had been previously performed by a Roman Catholic clergyman; and I have been assured by the late Mr. Thomas Savory, of Sussex Place, Regent's Park, the confidential and long-loved friend of the Duke of Sussex, that he knew of a certainty that the ceremony had been performed by a Roman Catholic priest, who was connected with one of the foreign embassies in London, and who thought it prudent to fly the country after the marriage ceremony had been performed.

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* When Mrs. Fitzherbert was married, in 1785, the Abbé, who was born about 1754, must have been rather more than thirty years of age.

Lord Brougham, in his "Historical Sketches," (George IV.) says: "Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Roman Catholic; sincerely attached to the religion of her forefathers, she refused to purchase a crown by conforming to any other; and the law declared, that whoever married a Catholic should forfeit all right to the crown of these realms, as if he were naturally dead. This law, however, was unknown to her, and, blinded by various pretences, she was induced to consent to a clandestine marriage, which is supposed to have been solemnized between her and the Prince beyond the limits of the English dominions, in the silly belief, perhaps, entertained by him, that he escaped the penalty to which his reckless conduct exposed him, and that the forfeiture of his succession to the crown was only denounced against such a marriage if contracted within the realm."

And his Lordship adds, in a note: "Some affirm that it was performed in London, at the house of her uncle."*

The Abbé's recollections were no less vivid than entertaining, and some gravely interesting; of Lord Nelson and of Lady Hamilton, of his social intercourse with the latter, and of the admirable old port (rarely to be met with in Naples), which gave a particular charm to her dinners, the pleasures of which were generally of a prolonged description, and extended sometimes far into the night.

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* Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III. page 222.

The Abbé was at Naples at the time of the execution of Carracioli and his associates, and was cognizant of many of the circumstances relating to that infamy—the court intrigues—the connection with them of Lady Hamilton, and the unhappy influence that lady brought to bear on Nelson.*

The Abbé stated, that some days after the execution (which he spoke of, to his credit, with reprehension, though all his sympathies were with Cardinal Ruffo and his party), the body of one of the persons executed, said to have been that of Carracioli, was found floating under the stern of Nelson's frigate, and was visible to the Admiral from his cabin windows. On one occasion of a controversy on this subject, the Abbé said, *He knew for a certainty, that Nelson had seen one of the bodies of the executed men, some days after the execution, floating near the stern of his ship with the face upwards, and he knew that Nelson was shocked at the spectacle, and well he might be.*

The Abbé was on terms of close intimacy with the late King of Hanover, and with the Duke of Cumberland; and seldom visited England, that he did not enjoy the Duke's hospitality.

It was something more than amusing to hear this old man, of an obscure origin and humble rank, of no very prepossessing appearance or courtly manners, vaunting of his intimacy, and terms of familiar intercourse, with Kings and Princes, and Ministers of State :—" My friend Cumberland ;" " My old acquaintance the King of Sardinia ;" " Mio Cara Amico Medici," &c.

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* "The 20th April, 1799, Cardinal Ruffo, at the head of the Neapolitan Royalists, and some Russian auxiliaries, entered Naples. Soon after, a confederate force of English, Russians, Italians, Portuguese, and Turks, entered the port, under a convoy of Lord Nelson, and invested the Castle of St. Elmo; Capua and Gaeta were afterwards taken by the assistance of the English. A severe vengeance was afterwards inflicted, in contravention of a solemn treaty, on the Neapolitan patriots, with the culpable connivance of Nelson, acting under the influence of the profligate wife of the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton."—*British Chronology*, by Wade, Ed. 1839, p. 615.

In Naples, after the abortive attempts at revolution in 1821, there was a very strict surveillance of the police over foreigners, especially the English, in Naples. Their letters were opened and examined at the post-office by authority. The services of an Englishman, or of some person well acquainted with the English language, were required for this private duty of foreign correspondence examination, and on more than one occasion the Abbé was openly charged with the performance of this duty. Secrets became known to him, which could only be obtained from this source of information. They might certainly have been communicated to him by his confidential friend, Medici ; and the direct duty of opening the letters might have been performed by some other person. My own opinion is, that such was the case.

Sir William Gell for some time adopted a formula for the more speedy transmission of his letters through the post-office ; the following words, in larger characters than the rest, were usually written at the top of the page of every letter of his— " *When the Abbé Campbell has read this private communication, and replaced the broken seal, he is requested to send on the letter to its destination.*"

This was a dear joke to Gell ; it was the cause of a deadly feud in English society in Naples, a feud in which, on one side, was ranged the redoubtable Abbé, and occasionally, and at a convenient distance, an ally worthy of a better cause, Charles Reilly, the well-known surgeon of the Chiaga ; and, on the other, Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, Keppel Craven, the Count D'Orsay, Dr. Watson, the celebrated linguist; and, on the confines of the field of battle—Ridgeway, the secretary of Sir William, and "The Master of the Horse" of Lady Drummond.

Ridgeway was a man of worth and integrity, of a remarkably staid and solemn aspect. He had the soul of a "gentleman usher of the time of Elizabeth;" penetrated with solemn conviction of the grave importance of old ceremonials, and set formulas, and stately etiquettes.

In flinging dirt, the Abbé Campbell was an incomparable belligerent. There was nothing in the shape of an offensive missile too foul or too heavy for his hands. The Abbé was a ferocious hater, savagely sarcastic, and strangely jocular in his furibond movements. There was something terrible in his rancour when he was drunk with passion, and in his revelry, when he was inebriated, as he was "wont to be of an afternoon," with wine.

Few people could tell the place of birth, parentage, or antecedents of the Abbé. He passed for an Englishman with Englishmen, a Scotchman with Scotchmen, and anything but an Irishman with Irishmen in general. To Reilly and myself, Dr. Quin, and one or two more, he was known to be an Irishman, a native of the north of Ireland.

He was pleased to promise me, on divers occasions, when in "the superior condition," the inheritance of his papers, and amongst the rest, some fragments of a Memoir of his Life, which he had written some years previously, and had condemned to the flames—no doubt very judiciously, when the Carbonari had got the upper hand in Naples.

In attempting to destroy the MS. in a place suitable enough for it, a sudden puff of wind scattered the burning papers about the Abbé, and, according to his humourous account of this *auto-da-fé* of his Memoirs, he was in danger of suffering death, by his own life.

The few pages that were unconsumed the Abbé was obliged to carry off, and to take beyond the frontier, with his own valuable person.

Lady Blessington observes, "It is not easy to imagine how the Abbé's influence is acquired, for his talents are of a very mediocre kind, his manners coarse, and his reputation not honourable; mais n'importe, he preserves his ground, and is received, though abused, in every great house in Naples.

"This is one of the many extraordinary instances one often witnesses, of a man rising from a low station, without one quality to justify his ascent or maintain it, yet whose presence is tolerated by those who decry him."*

The "German Prince," Puckler Muskau, whose travels in Germany, Holland, and England, were published in 1831, makes mention of a celebrated wit of a sarcastic turn, "once a patentee of puns," whom he had met in one of the first circles of fashionable life in London, whose every word was extravagantly admired and extolled, though the liking for the facetious cynic was feigned and pretended to, out of fear of the waspish tongue of the sarcastic humourist. "I have a mortal hate," says the Prince, "for the whole tribe of such wits, especially when, like this person, they combine a repulsive interior with gall and sarcasm unredeemed by grace of any kind. In human society they appear as poisonous insects, whom people, out of a pitiful weakness, help to nourish with the blood of others to save their own."†

The Abbé's head-quarters at Naples, in the latter years of his life, were on an eminence called Capo di Monte, and occasionally at the Albergo di Crocelle, in the Chiatamone. He made yearly journeys to England, and sometimes more frequently visited London, and during his stay there (often a very prolonged one) installed himself in the house of my old friend, Thomas Field Savory, in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. On one occasion of a visitation there, he had dined out, and done ample justice to the viands and the wines of his entertainer. He sallied forth at a late hour, after some unsuccessful attempts to procure a hackney coach for him. He had ordered a vehicle, which was not to be found. There was a large party at a house adjoining his entertainer's, and there was a long line of carriages in front of the house, and among them a solitary sedan chair, of large dimensions. The drivers of the coaches and the bearers of the sedan chair were probably regaling themselves. It was a wet night in every sense of the term. The unfortunate Abbé no sooner espied the sedan chair, than some unaccountable impulse sent his great bulk of body bundling into the ancient vehicle, and no sooner had he plopped down and was seated, than he fell fast asleep, snoring loudly.

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* The Idler in Italy. † Travels of a German Prince.

The bearers on their return found a fat snoring gentleman in the sedan, whom it was impossible to rouse or to eject, by any exertion of their lungs or efforts of their arms. A crowd collected, among them some mischievously-minded individual, an anticipator of the hydropathic system, pointed to a spout, from which torrents of water were pouring down from the roof of a neighbouring house. In an instant the poles were thrust into their places, the sedan chair with its enormous burden was uplifted, borne to the spot, and placed under the spout; the head was then lifted, and the Abbé was suddenly awakened, drenched, bewildered and dismayed, imagining the end of the world was come, and another deluge was taking place.

A compassionate jarvey, seeing the prospect of getting a good fare, contrived to elicit from the thoroughly soaked gentleman his address. He was conveyed home, cool, but not comfortable, and not in a very seraphic state of mind.

The Abbé on various occasions had given Savory to understand, that nearly all he possessed should go to him (Savory) at his death. He held out solemn promises also to the nephew of that gentleman, Mr. John Savory, that he would find his name had not been forgotten in the disposition of the property of Henry Campbell.

He broke all his promises to the elder Savory, to whom for many years he had given a vast deal of trouble about his pecuniary and other private affairs; but he kept faith with Mr. John Savory (the present head of the firm of Savory and Moore, of Bond Street). A short time before he left London for the last time, and about three or four months previous to his death, in the early part of 1830, having made some arrangement of his affairs, he called on Mrs. Savory, and with some signs of emotion, and marked solemnity of manner, placed a small package in her hands, and spoke of his tender regards for her husband. He went away very much affected, and never was seen more by his kind friends. The small but precious package was opened with all due care when he was gone, and some twenty yards of old Mechlin lace were taken from the paper and laid on the table.

The next news from Naples brought the intelligence of the Abbé's death, and a very lamentable account it was, of the close of a career that was in keeping with the whole of its bad course. While the wealthy, friendless, dying man was still conscious of what was passing around him, his servants were plundering his house, ransacking the room even where he lay dying, for objects of any value that he kept there.

At his death, his money was found lodged in several hands, with bankers and others. He had left no regular account showing how his property was placed. Mr. Thomas Field Savory discovered that there were several thousand pounds of his lodged in the bank of Messrs. Wright of Henrietta Street, which his representatives had no knowledge of. A young gentleman who had been acknowledged by the Abbé to be his nephew, inherited the whole of his property—about £16,000—and in a few years, managed, I believe, to get through the greater portion of it.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES REILLY, ESQ. SURGEON, R.N.

Of all the medical men in Naples of the *forestieri,* Charles Reilly, a native of Ireland, a retired medical surgeon, who had accompanied the Oxford family to Naples in the capacity of travelling medical attendant, and had settled down in practice in that city in the time of King Joachim, was in the highest repute when I was there, in the latter part of 1821, 1822, and 1823, and the spring of 1824.

Reilly was, in every sense of the term but one, a thorough Irishman. He was full of humour, jocose, good natured, with something of a lachrymose expression in his serious, business-like, corrugated features, till some odd fancy would flash across his mind or some ridiculous object present itself to his eye, or droll expression meet his ear, and then that lugubrious physiognomy, with all its deep traces of worldliness, would brighten up as if by magic, and beam with hilarity, that literally made every feature of his face glow with joyousness. Reilly's humour and gaiety were peculiarly Irish, and as "racy of the soil" he had abandoned some twenty or thirty years previously to the period I refer to, as if he had only quitted it the day before.

Reilly was not only funny himself, but he was the cause of fun in others. He was as essential to the jollity of the old Abbé Campbell, as the jolly Abbé was indispensable to Reilly whenever he exercised the rights of hospitality, which was seldom less than twice a week. On these festive occasions, Reilly was to the Abbé what Boswell was to Johnson, in some respects. He tickled the great bear, and jumped with his humour. He bore with an odd growl from him, and an occasional cuff of his big paw, as if he was complimented by the notice of the great animal he had the care of.

The Abbé loved Reilly as much as it was in his nature to love any body. He never failed to perform his awkward gambols at those weekly entertainments. Gulosity and gaiety went hand in hand at them.

Some years before Reilly's arrival in Naples with Lady Oxford's family, while serving as assistant surgeon on board a vessel of war at Lisbon, an adventure occurred in the vicinity of that city of a very profligate nature, which was attended with calamitous results. A first-lieutenant of the name of S——, and the surgeon of the ship, made the acquaintance of two ladies in a convent at Belem, adjoining the city, who consented to leave their nunnery, the means of escape having previously been devised and prepared for them.

The first lady, who descended from a window by a rope ladder to the street beneath, reached the ground without accident, and was carried off by the lieutenant. That lady I was in company with about ten years later, at a ball in Naples, the wife of the officer just referred to—then a Post Captain in the navy; and Mrs. S——, the mother at that time of three or four children, bore the character of a most exemplary wife and mother.

But the other lady, who attempted escape on the same night, had fallen from the frail ladder to the ground, from a considerable height, and broken her leg. The cries of the unfortunate person were heard in the convent. People came to the spot, she was discovered and carried back to the convent. The gentlemen who had occasioned this disaster, fled to the boat that was in waiting for them a little way below the convent, and effected their escape, leaving the wretched victim to her doom, whatever it might be.

Reilly's acquaintance with Naples, in the time of Murat, when Lady Oxford and her lovely daughters * were the bright stars round which revolved not only the fashion, but the political intrigues of King Joachim's court, was fraught with reminiscences highly interesting, and were never-failing subjects of conversation with him.

Having ceased to be the travelling medical attendant of the Oxford family, he commenced practice in Naples, and proved so eminently successful in it, as to have realized a very large fortune so early even as 1821.

He had married in Naples an Englishwoman in affluent circumstances, a very thrifty and money-making person, but withal amiable and kindly disposed, the widow of the maître-d'hôtel of the Duke de Gallo. This lady, far advanced in years, had two children, a son named Marzio, a young man of good talents, a fiery temperament, and ungovernable disposition, and a daughter, an amiable and pretty girl, who grew up to womanhood a highly accomplished and attractive person (the belle of the Chiaja), who eventually became the bride of a young English surgeon, the successor of Reilly in his professional business.

Reilly and his wife (and his daughter, I believe), a second wife also, whom he had married about ten years ago, all have

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* The Right Hon. Edmund Harley, fifth Earl of Oxford, born in 1773, married in 1794 a daughter of the Rev. J. Scott, vicar of Ichen near Southampton, and had issue three sons and four daughters. 1. Edmund, Lord Harley, born in 1800, died in 1828. 2. Alfred, Lord Harley (the present Earl), born in 1809, married Miss Nugent in 1831. 3. Jane Elizabeth, married in 1835 to Henry Bickersteth, now Lord Langdon. 4. Charlotte Mary, married to Colonel (now General) Bacon, a distinguished officer in the service of Don Pedro of Portugal. 5. Anne, married in 1835 to an Italian gentleman, the Cavaliere San Giorgio. 6. Frances, married the same year Henry Vernon Harcourt, Esq. 7. Madelaine, who died in infancy.

passed away; and of the English, Irish, and Scotch—not a few remarkable persons, I may add—whom I remember in the habit of frequenting that pleasant and hospitable house of his, with two exceptions, those of Dr. Quin, now established in his profession in London, and my worthy old friend, Mr. Ramsay, living in Mordaunt College, Blackheath, none, I believe, are in being.

DR. QUIN.

In 1821 my acquaintance with Dr. Quin commenced in Naples. He was then a young rising medical practitioner, in great vogue with all fashionable English visitors, and sojourners in Naples: full of life and spirits, of excellent address, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a great zest for merriment. But Quin had solid worth and good sound sense to bring to the aid of his professional talents, though some of the invalids of Naples, accustomed to grave lugubrious doctors, seemed to think the philosophy of Heraclitus was more becoming physicians than that of Democritus. We are told by old Burton, that when Hippocrates came to Abdera, he found Democritus "busy in cutting up several beasts to find out the cause of madness and melancholy." And while he pursued his studies he laughed ever and anon, and the public thought he was mad. But when Hippocrates conversed with him, he discovered there was a great deal of philosophy in his laughter. And he told the Abderites, though the little man laughed more profusely than other people, 'That Abdera had not a wiser, a more learned, a more honest man, and they were much deceived to say that he was mad.'

"Thus Democritus was esteemed (drolly) of the world in his time: and this was the cause of his laughter, and good cause he had.

"Olim jure quidem, nunc plus Democrite, ride
Quin rides uita hæc nunc mage ridicula est."*

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* Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Ed. 1827, vol. i. p. 34.

Three and thirty years have had little effect in subduing Dr. Quin's high spirits, or making inroads on his vigour of body or vivacity of mind. The same quickness of apprehension and observation, unfailing humour, ready wit and repartee, characterize the most eminent homœopathic physician of London of the present day, that distinguished the young travelling physician of the Duchess of Devonshire, in those early days of his and mine, which I look back to with feelings of pleasure, and recall among the reminiscences of times and scenes the most agreeable of my life.

In his profession Dr. Quin is zealous and discreet, mindful of the sanctity of the sick chamber, and of the obligations it imposes on the physician. In private life he wins and retains the confidence and esteem of those with whom he becomes acquainted. His practice is chiefly among the aristocracy. The present King of the Belgians reposed the highest confidence in his skill. The late Duke of Cambridge left no means untried to induce him to accept the post of physician to his family on allopathic principles, but those efforts were in vain. Yet I remember when the Doctor made a *burla* of Hahnemann and the infinitesimal dose system. At an early period of his career in Naples, professing to write against homœopathy, he went to Germany to enquire into the system; and he who went to scoff, remained to study, and to become a convert to the new theory of medicine.

Those persons are not likely to forget Dr. Quin, who remember Naples and its society in the time of Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, the Hon. Keppel Craven, Sir Frederick Faulkner, the Margravine of Auspach, the well-known Abbé Campbell, the Blessingtons, Sir Richard Acton and his lady; Dr. Watson, the celebrated linguist; Ramsay, the Scotch merchant, with his elegant tastes and classic lore; Cottrell, the wine merchant, of Fallernian celebrity, renowned for his *lachrymachristi*, and his efforts to rival Francis, and to render Horace into better English than all previous translators; Reilly, the true Hibernian; Dr. Milne, the skilful Scot, and accomplished gentleman of the Chiatamone; old Walker, of the Largo Castello, the expatriated Manchester reformer, who, in the good old times of William Pitt and George III., was tried for sedition, and narrowly escaped the fate of his reforming brethren, Muir and Palmer; and though last, not least deserving of remembrance and of honourable mention in the list of worthies from foreign lands, who figured in Neapolitan society some thirty years ago—the venerable Commandant of the Castello-D'ovo, General Wade, the old Irish warrior, one of the brave old souls of the Brigade, renowned for his hospitality, and beloved by all who knew him, English, Irish, and Italian.* Maurice Quill should have lived in Naples in those days, and Lever should have recorded all the extraordinary scenes and ridiculous occurrences, the reminiscences of which are connected with the names of Reilly and the Abbé, Quin, Mahon, the redoubtable Milesian; Thornton, the Irish tutor of the Duchess of Eboli; Ridgeway, the Secretary of Lady

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* General Wade, in all probability, was a member of a Westmeath family of that name, which gave a Field-Marshal to the British army in the reign of King William. That distinguished officer had gained his first military honours at the battle of Aughrim, in 1691; and commanded in the Highlands, as a general officer, from 1726 to 1737, during which period he had caused roads to be made through mountainous districts previously impassable for troops, for which works he was immortalized by a Scotch poet in the verse—

> "Had you travell'd these roads before they were made,
> You'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade."

The grand-father of the Field-Marshal had considerable grants of land in the neighbourhood of Tyrell's Pass, conferred on him by Cromwell in 1653. The Field-Marshal, of Westmeath, who died in 1748, aged seventy-five, reposes in Westminster Abbey. The Field-Marshal, of Meath, who died in 1852, rests after the labours of eighty-four years, in St. Paul's.

Drummond; young Edward Molyneux, and his friend, the incipient surgeon, in those days of nature, not unfit for scenes of gaiety and humour, nor unfamiliar with them.

SIR FERDINAND RICHARD E. D. ACTON.

One of "the celebrities" of Neapolitan society in 1823 and 1824, was Sir Ferdinand Richard Edward Dalberg Acton, the seventh baronet, of Aldenham Hall, in Salop. He was the eldest son of Sir John Francis Edward, the sixth baronet, for some years Prime Minister of the King of Naples, by Mary Anne, daughter of Joseph Edward Acton, Esq. Sir Ferdinand Richard, in his tenth year, succeeded to the title in 1811 (in which year his father died at Palermo). He married in Paris, in 1832, the only child and heiress of the Duc de Dalberg, by which marriage he obtained large possessions in Austria. He died in Paris, aged thirty-five, in January, 1837.

SIR FREDERICK FALKINER.

Those who were acquainted with Naples about thirty years ago, will remember an Irish gentleman, tall and portly, a fine specimen of one of the old school of Hibernian gentility, of prepossessing appearance and elegant manners, *degagées et debonnaires*, and free from all restraint; who was exceedingly poor, and might have been extremely rich; who lived from day to day by borrowing from all his friends, and yet made an appearance in society; dined out a great deal, and passed for an Irish landlord, ever on the brink of prosperity, sure to get rents which never came to hand, and in daily expectation of remittances which were always coming; but, alas! which came not. Sir Frederick Falkiner was this unhappy gentleman—a person abounding in anecdote, most agreeable in society, and singularly inconsistent in his character.

Gell talked of founding an hospital at Rome, for genteel persons of decayed purses, and discontented, disappointed, agreeable people.

Sir Frederick would have been a most agreeable inmate of such an institution.

Nothing could induce Sir Frederick to violate his public principles, but in private life his principles were violated every day; his poverty, but not his will, consented to the violation. He borrowed daily, without any prospect of being able to pay what was lent him. He made solemn promises day after day, which were invariably broken by him.

For many years previous to the Union, this gentleman was a Member for the county of Dublin,* and one of the most strenuous opponents of that measure, though in very straitened circumstances, and having had divers overtures made to him of a very tempting nature for his support. He terminated a career rendered miserable by pecuniary embarrassments, in Naples, by suicide, in 1822. Sir Frederick married, in 1798, Miss Anne Frances Gardiner, daughter of Sackville Gardiner, second son of the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, the grandfather of the late Earl of Blessington.

THE DUKE DE LAVAL MONTMORENCI.

This antique remnant of the ancient aristocracy of France, was ambassador at the Court of Rome in 1825, when Lady Blessington had taken up her abode in the Palazzo Negrone. The Duke, whom I had subsequently met in Rome, on several occasions, at their abode, was a remarkable person in society. Occasionally lively and spiritual, frequently and suddenly somnolent, and always when awake, extremely gallant and complimentary to the ladies. But his compliments and eulogies were generally *mal-apropos*. All his senses, and a few of his faculties, were defective; some impaired by age, one naturally imperfect. In these particulars he resembled an old Chancery barrister, Bell, whom Lord Eldon used to commend, though he could neither talk, walk, think, or write, like any other man.

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* In 1807, at the general election, we read in the papers of Mr. Frederick John Falkiner, the former Member for the county of Dublin, being defeated by Mr. Talbot, of Malahide.

The Duke's talent for diplomacy was said to have outlived all his other capabilities. He was respected, however, by all who knew him, for his sterling worth and his generous conduct, especially to Pius VII. when in France, whose wants were liberally supplied by him.

The name of this gentleman is connected with a very melancholy occurrence, frequently referred to in Lady Blessington's Journal and Correspondence, which took place in Rome, in the month of February, 1824.

MISS BATHURST.

Miss Bathurst was a grand-daughter of the late venerable and excellent Bishop of Norwich. Her father, some years previously to the calamity above referred to, in his travels in Germany, unaccompanied by his family, had disappeared, and was never more heard of by them, leaving a young widow and two infant daughters to deplore his loss. Miss Bathurst, the subject of this brief notice, grew up to womanhood—a lovely girl, strikingly beautiful. She was travelling in Italy, and sojourning in Rome in 1824, with her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer. She had gone out, on one occasion, on horseback, escorted by Lord and Lady Aylmer and the French Ambassador, the Duke de Laval Montmorenci. The groom of Miss Bathurst had been sent back to Lord Aylmer's on some message, and when they approached the Pont Motte, over the Tiber, the Duke de Laval took them by a path he was in the habit of riding along, on the banks of the Tiber. Finding this path difficult, the party were in the act of retracing their steps, when Miss Bathurst, in turning her horse, approached too near the edge of the bank; and, in an instant, horse and rider were plunged into the river. Lord Aylmer made two ineffectual attempts, though unable to swim, to rescue the young lady.* The Duke de Laval was incapable of affording any assistance. Miss Bathurst managed to keep her seat after the horse fell into the river, till his violent plunging caused the girths to burst, and then she lost her seat and sunk, but rose once more to the surface, and then disappeared to rise no more. The remains were not discovered for months; they were interred in the English place of burial in Rome, where the ashes of Shelley and of Keats are deposited. The vast sepulchral pile that stands there in honour of the memory of Caius Cestius excites less interest than the small marble monument, of snowy whiteness, well fitted to recall the purity of that fair creature, whose melancholy fate it commemorates. The monument erected to the memory of Miss Bathurst is the work of Sir Richard Westmacott, and alike worthy of the mournful subject, and of the skilful sculptor.

From W. S. Landor, in relation to the death of Miss Bathurst:—

"Dear Lady Blessington,

"I have just requested Mrs. Paynter, to let me send your Ladyship what Lord Aylmer says about the drowning of Miss Bathurst, which shews that Mills is not quite correct. Lord Aylmer is remarkably so on all occasions, and is a most amiable and most intelligent man, greatly (of course) hated and injured by the people in power.

"W. S. Landor."

"Kindest regards to Miss Power and Count D'Orsay."

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* Lord Aylmer died in 1850, in his seventy-fifth year.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF LORD AYLMER, REGARDING THE DEATH OF MISS BATHURST.

"When at Bath, it did not occur to me to mention to Mr. Landor an error, into which Lady Blessington has been led, in her 'Idler in Italy,' when describing a certain dreadful event, at which Louisa and I were present at Rome.

"She says that I was prevented by Louisa from rendering any assistance to that poor girl, who there perished, to our indescribable anguish; whereas you knew I made *two* distinct attempts to save her, and was very nearly drowned myself in doing so, more especially in the last, when I gave myself up as lost. Do you think it worth while to mention this to Mr. Landor, who is, I believe, in habits of intimacy with Lady Blessington?

"AYLMER."

PIAZZI,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET CERES.

Joseph Piazzi, President of the Royal Society of Sciences of Naples, of whom mention is made in Lady Blessington's Italian Journals, died at Naples, in July, 1825, in his eightieth year. He was born in the Vatteline in 1746. He entered into the order of Theatines in 1764; and after enjoying the Professorship of Astronomy at Malta, he was made Professor at Palermo in 1781. In 1787, he made several observations, in conjunction with Lalande, at the Parisian observatory; and afterwards he visited England, to purchase instruments. It was on the 1st of January, 1801, that he discovered the planet Ceres, which led to the discovery of Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. In 1814, he printed a catalogue of 7500 stars, a work which gained for him the medal founded by Lalande. In 1816, he published at Milan, the first volume of the "History of Sicilian Astronomy," and completed his "Elements of Astronomy."*

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* Annual Register, Appen. 1826, p. 269.

SIR AUGUSTUS D'ESTE.

The Duke of Sussex, in 1793, married the Lady Augusta Murray in Rome. A few months later, the marriage was resolemnized in London, and the year following, in 1794, it was declared invalid in the Court of Arches, being contrary to the Royal Marriage Act. The union, however, was uninterrupted till the year 1806, when a separation took place, and the ill-used lady took the name of Madame de Ameland, and the two children by this marriage took the name of D'Este, after that of the illustrious family of Ferrara, which was nearly connected with the house of Brunswick.

The eldest child, Sir Augustus D'Este, entered the army, and obtained a commission in the Royal Fusileers; he served at New Orleans in 1814, and at length obtained the rank of Colonel. He retired on half-pay in 1824. In 1830, he was appointed Knight Commander of the Bath, by King William, and in the same year he claimed succession to the titles and honours of his father, the Duke of Sussex. He had previously memorialized the King on the subject. The matter was brought before the House of Lords, and a judicial committee finally decided against his claim. Sir Augustus travelled extensively on the Continent, and in 1828 was sojourning in Florence, in very impaired health, where I had the honour of making his acquaintance. He died unmarried in 1849.

His sister, Miss Ellen Augusta D'Este, married Serjeant Wilde, in 1845.

CAPTAIN HESSE.

The following account is given by Lady Blessington of a young military officer, of much notoriety in Naples, as a man of gallantry and extraordinary adventures in royal circles, at the period of my residence there, some thirty years ago.

This account is taken verbatim from one of the common-place books of Lady Blessington, entitled "Night Thoughts," which I have had occasion already to refer to.

It may be well to observe, that Captain Hesse was one of the gentlemen, attached to the household of Queen Caroline, who left her Majesty's service, and remained in Naples, after the departure of the Queen in 1820.

"Captain Hesse," says Lady Blessington, "was the son of a Prussian merchant, who acquired great wealth by various contracts, and more especially for clothing the Russian army.

"When a youth, he was sent to England, to be educated under the auspices of the Margrave of Anspach, then residing in this country. Being a good-looking, lively youth, he was taken much notice of by the Margrave and Margravine, (formerly the celebrated Lady Craven), and was invited to pass his short vacation with them. His education being completed, he returned to Berlin, where his father then became a banker, lived in considerable splendour, and was expected to leave his son a large fortune. Napoleon's campaign against Prussia blighted these prospects; for the banker, Hesse, having contracted to clothe the Prussian army, their defeat, and its consequent result, precluded the King from paying Hesse, and occasioned his ruin. Under these circumstances, young Hesse was sent to England, in the hope that, through the influence of the Margravine (the Margrave was then dead), some situation or provision could be obtained for him. A letter, detailing the ruin of the family, and entreating the commiseration of the Margravine, was dispatched to her; and with great good-nature, she received young Hesse beneath her roof, and so successfully used her influence in his favour, that the Duke of York granted him a cornetcy in a Dragoon regiment (I think the 18th), and the Margravine and her son, the Honourable Keppel Craven, fitted him out for joining his regiment in a suitable manner.

"The Duchess of York, herself a Prussian, and knowing his family, felt interested for her youthful countryman, and spoke in his favour to her kind-hearted husband. Meeting, at the Margravine's, the most distinguished persons, young Hesse was received into good society. Gay, amusing, good-looking, a good horseman, and with an easy address and manner, he soon rendered himself conspicuous by a certain coxcombry in dress, originating in his besetting and only sin—vanity. This weakness induced him, when scandalous reports assisted to account for his good fortune in England, to allow it to be believed that he was the son of the Margrave and the Margravine previous to their marriage, to rather encourage than discountenance the rumours. The calibre of his mind could not be better proved, than by his preferring to have it believed that he was the illegitimate child of persons of high rank, rather than the legitimate son of a respectable banker at Berlin. His dashing appearance, and his desire to attract the attention of the fair sex, drew him into notice; and when sent with a portion of his regiment to the neighbourhood of Bognor, where the Princess Charlotte of Wales was then staying, he attracted her attention by riding constantly in front of her window, until the youthful and self-willed girl, captivated by his appearance and horsemanship, condescended first to bow to him, and then to write to him. The correspondence was supposed to be carried on through the medium of the Countess de F—, then Miss M. E., though afterwards several letters were conveyed to the Princess through General Garth, who was imposed on, and led to believe they were from the mother of the Princess. Portraits were exchanged, and young Hesse, vain and elevated, was perhaps less cautious than he ought to have been, and the matter got talked of, and reached the ears of the Royal Family.

"The princess was scolded, watched, and guarded. Hesse was sent to Spain with his regiment, where he was wounded; and it being discovered that he still possessed the letters and portrait of the Princess, an awkward thing, when her marriage with some princely suitor might be soon looked to, the Margravine and Mr. Keppel Craven were applied to, to use their influence with Mr. Hesse, to have the letters and portrait returned: the application came from the Princess. The Margravine and Mr. Keppel Craven, justly offended at Hesse's having encouraged the false reports of his being the son of the former,—a report which their great kindness had given a colour to,—had marked their displeasure to him; and more especially, as the romantic interest attached to his position as the supposed son of a Prince and an English Countess, had greatly influenced the girlish fancy of the Princess Charlotte in his favour. Hesse, when applied to, was very reluctant to return the letters and portrait, but at length yielded to the representation of Mr. Keppel Craven, on the impropriety of retaining letters which the writer reclaimed; he sent Mr. Craven an order to have the sealed box containing them, (which had been left with a friend, with injunctions that should Hesse die, the box and its contents, unopened, should be consigned to the flames), delivered to Mr. Craven. The latter gentleman living out of England, the box was transferred to the Countess de F., in whose possession the letters still are, as that lady assured Mr. K. Craven a year ago.

"Gratified by Hesse's surrender of the letters, the Margravine and Mr. K. Craven, when he returned from Spain, overlooked his former folly, and received him into favour. The Princess Charlotte, at a ball at Carlton House, saw the unmarried sister of Mr. K. Craven, whom she had never previously met, and walking up close to her, said—'I am glad of an opportunity of seeing you, and I request you will tell your brother, Mr. Keppel Craven, how truly obliged I feel to him. He will know to what my obligation refers.'

"This, with Hesse's after-scrapes at Naples, in royal circles, was told me at my house, on the evening of the 31st of August, 1846, by the Honourable Keppel Craven.

"M. B."

CAPTAIN GARTH.

General Garth, the father of Captain Thomas Garth, Colonel of the 1st or Royal Regiment of Dragoons, was a grand nephew of the celebrated Sir Samuel Garth, physician in ordinary to George the First. Some unfortunate circumstances, about thirty years ago, made the marriage of General Garth with a royal princess of the house of Hanover, a matter of notoriety. The issue of that marriage was Captain Thomas Garth. The General died in London in 1830, in his eighty-fifth year.

Captain Garth was one of the foreign celebrities of Naples about 1821 and 1822, and made his sojourn there sufficiently remarkable.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HONOURABLE RICHARD KEPPEL CRAVEN, AND MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

Mr. R. K. Craven was the third son of William, sixth Baron Craven, by his marriage, the 18th May, 1767, with Elizabeth, daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkely, (born in 1750), by whom he had issue several children.

Lady Craven separated from her husband in 1781. In the "Dictionary of Living Authors," published in 1816, it is stated that Lady Craven had been so cruelly treated by her husband, that her friends were obliged to interfere to effect a separation. This event took place in 1781. The succeeding ten years were spent by Lady Craven on the Continent, and in the Levant. In 1789 she published, in 4to., "A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople."

Horace Walpole, in November, 1786, wrote to Lady Craven, then scouring the Continent and the Levant, *skurrying* over Italy, Germany, Poland, Russia, Turkey, and Greece, on the difficulties she had occasioned her friends by the rapidity of her movements, and the impossibility of finding out "in what quarter of the known or unknown world she might be resident or existent at any particular time." On receiving a note from her at Strawberry Hill, offering to call on her for a moment, he tells her, "a whirlwind I suppose was waiting at your door to carry you to Japan, and as balloons have not yet any settled post-office in the air, you could not, at least, did not, give me any direction where to address you, though you did kindly reproach me with my silence." In his justification he observes, "I heard from you from Venice, then from Poland, and then, having whisked through Tartary, from Petersburgh, but still no directions. I said to myself I will write to Constantinople, which will probably be her next stage. Nor was I totally in the wrong, for there came a letter from Constantinople, with a design mentioned in it of going to the Greek Islands, and orders to you at Vienna, but with no banker or other address specified.......You had been in the tent of the Cham of Tartary! and in the harem of the Captain Pacha, and during the navigation of the Egean, were possibly in the terrible power of corsairs. How could I suppose that so many despotic infidels would part with your charms?"

Shortly after Lord Craven's decease, his lady, in 1791, married the Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth. This Prince, some years after he had gained the hand of the English lady, disposed of his German principality to the King of Prussia, and retired to England, where he died, in 1806, at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith. The festivities and fashionable *divertissmens follatres* of Brandenburg House attracted no little notice in their day.* A private theatre was fitted up in this palace of pleasure, and many dramatic pieces, written by the Margravine, were produced on this stage. Some of these had been written previously to her separation from Lord Craven.

"The Sleepwalker," a comedy, printed at the Strawberry Hill press in 1778: and "the Miniature Picture," a comedy, written in 1781. "Nourjad," a French comedy, was written by her Ladyship during her residence in Anspach, and printed there in 1787. She published a translation of Cibber's comedy of "She would and she would not." Also a very singular composition, a satirical piece, in 1779, in 12mo. entitled "Modern Anecdotes of the Family of Kinkvervantotsdarsprakengotchderns, a tale."

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* The Margravine, in her Autobiography, alluding to the magnificence of her establishment at Brandenburg House, says, "We had thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horses. Our expenses were enormous, though I curtailed them with all possible economy."

The letters of Lady Craven addressed to her son, translated into French, are noticed in Grimm's Memoirs (of the year 1788).* Grimm observes, that "a superior intelligence, and sentiments the most just and delicate, are obvious, in the lessons which this enlightened mother gave to her son, with regard to the consideration due to the sensibility of the sex."

In 1802 she published also, "The Soldier of Dierenstein, an Austrian story," in 8vo.

Boswell speaks of Johnson's "dining with the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven." Ah! if the admiring lexicographer could have looked at the same lady through a telescope of sixty years' power of looking into futurity, how he would have been astounded at the haggard old woman, wrinkled and withered as she was in her latter days, retaining nothing of the former belle but the sprightliness of her nature, and that vivacity contrasting very painfully with the wreck of pristine beauty and comeliness.

During the latter years of her life, the Margravine resided altogether in Naples.

Her well-known villa in the vicinity of Pausillipo, on the Strada Nuova, was furnished with taste and elegance; the grounds were laid out with great care, under the immediate direction of the Margravine.

I have seen her, a few years before her death, working in her garden, spade in hand, in very coarse and singular attire, a desiccated, antiquated piece of mortality, remarkable for vivacity, realizing the idea of a galvanized Egyptian mummy, or one of the weird sisters working at "a charm of powerful trouble." She died in Naples, in June, 1828, in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

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* Memoires Par le Baron de Grimm, vol. iv. p. 164. 8vo. Lon. 1813.

Lord Charles Murray, who had known the Margravine in England, was in Naples in 1822. A short time previously to my first acquaintance with him in that year, he had been seized with fever in Sicily, which malady was followed by temporary insanity. He was brought to Naples, and there a great improvement took place in his health of mind and body. When his Lordship was beginning to recover, he was in the habit of making excursions, suitably attended, in the vicinity of the city.

Lord Charles, on one occasion, had begged me to accompany him to the residence of the Margravine of Anspach, as he was desirous of paying his respects to the old lady, whom he had formerly known in London. Unfortunately, the Margravine did not receive us in her house, or in such costume as ladies usually receive visits in. Indeed, her costume and appearance would have suited admirably for the character of one of the weird sisters in the scene in Macbeth, where the witches are introduced performing incantations dire.

We were conducted to her in the garden, where she was in the act of digging, and we found her attired in a manner not calculated to encourage gravity, or keep an excited person's mind long in an undisturbed condition. For a few minutes after introduction and recognition, things went on very agreeably. The Margravine made many enquiries after old friends, and Lord Charles answered them with all possible courtesy.

But at length a cloud began to gather on his brow, when he surveyed the poor old lady, in her singular costume, from head to foot. I endeavoured to hasten our departure for Naples, but all my efforts were in vain; Lord Charles burst out into a perfect hurricane of reprehension, calling up reminiscences of a disagreeable nature, rumours of strange occurrences in various quarters of the globe, on which he enlarged with extraordinary vehemence and volubility, to the great amazement of the Margravine, till such time as I found an opportunity of explaining the unhappy illness under which his Lordship had been lately labouring. It was with no small difficulty I brought the unpleasant interview at length to a termination.

The Margravine accompanied us to the gate of the villa, and there a new scene was in store for her. Lord Charles insisted on showing her a new mode of entering a carriage, which he recommended her particularly to adopt; he then made a rush towards the carriage door, and putting his hands on the window frame, made a jump of that kind which harlequins and clowns are wont to make in pantomimes, through panels representing clocks, and fairly launched the upper part of his body through the window, leaving his long legs on the outside, kicking furiously in all directions.

The consternation and astonishment of the Margravine was beyond description. I succeeded, with a great deal of trouble, by opening the opposite door of the carriage, to get his Lordship's legs dragged in where the rest of his person was sprawling; and not without a great deal of violence on his part, ending in the demolition of all the glass in the vehicle, managed to get him back to Naples.

That access of mania appeared to me to have been produced mainly by the Margravine's strange aspect and apparel. I thought I could read Banquo's enquiry in poor Lord Charles's searching gaze when he first set his eyes on her:

"What are these so withered, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her chapping fingers lying
Upon her skinny lips."*

The present Dowager Duchess of Athol was the mother of two children, Lady Catherine, who died young; and Lord Charles Murray, who, having volunteered in the cause of Greek independence, died at Gastonini in Greece, August 11th, 1824, aged twenty-five. The circumstances of his decease are recorded in vol. xciv. p. 465, of the "New Monthly Magazine." The following particulars are taken from a later number of the same periodical.

"Lord Charles Murray, an amiable and benevolent young man, who had been bred up in luxury and ease, underwent every species of fatigue, and submitted to every possible privation, in order to encourage the Greeks by his example, and to be able to furnish them with means from his far too limited income. Nothing seemed to him degrading that could contribute a mite to the cause, and the noble son of a lofty Scottish Thane has been seen, day after day, giving lessons of the broad sword to a pack of ragged Greeks! So active was this young nobleman's charity, so little did he care for self, that after an inflammatory disorder, brought on by his constant exposure to an unhealthy climate, and under a burning sun, he expired on a solitary pallet, far from all his friends and connections. An Englishman, who had arrived just in time to close his eyes, on taking an inventory of his effects, found them to consist of nothing more than two old shirts, a pair or two of stockings, a brace of pistols, a sabre, and a bible. Every thing had gone to assist the impoverished Greeks, and the distressed Frank volunteers in their ranks. The gentleman who had paid him the last sad offices had, a few months before, owed him his life. Lord Charles, though at the time a perfect stranger, waited unremittingly, with the care of an affectionate brother, at his bed-side, until he saw him rise from it with recovered health."

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* Poor Lord Charles perfectly recovered his reason; about two years later, I met him at Marseilles, quite restored. He was then about to embark for Greece, where he died a little later.

Some interesting particulars of Mr. Craven's early history are given in a publication to which literary men who have to treat of their cotemporaries, are more largely indebted than to all other periodicals of their times—" The Gentleman's Magazine."

" When Keppel Craven was about three years old, his father took leave of Lady Craven, never to see her more; and when she shortly afterwards went to France, she was allowed to take Keppel (being her youngest child) with her, but it was under a promise to return him to his father when he was eight years of age. This condition was not fulfilled; but she afterwards placed him at Harrow, under a feigned name.

" ' While Keppel was at Harrow,' says his mother, ' a lady saw him in the master's private library, and when she was stepping into her coach, she asked the master who the boy was.' He answered, ' A German.' ' It is the image of Lady Craven,' she said. Keppel, who at this time was about thirteen years old, spoke English perfectly, without any accent, although he had been so much abroad. The lady's remark struck the master forcibly, who went back to the child immediately, and told him he suspected he was Lord Craven's son; and it was better that his uncle, Lord Berkley, who was left to direct his brother, then at Eton, should know where he was: and, after his first confusion was over, the child consented to it.' In consequence, Keppel passed the next vacation with his brother Berkeley, in Dorsetshire.

" Mr. Keppel Craven, however, was not by this incident permanently estranged from his mother; who shortly after came to reside in this country with the Margrave of Anspach, to whom she had been married in 1799. After the Margrave's death, in 1805, he fixed his residence with her at Naples."*

When her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales set out in 1814, on her foreign tour, she was accompanied by several English gentlemen, and two English ladies, in her suite. The Princess quitted Naples, in March, 1815: her two chamberlains, Sir William Gell and Mr. Craven, and her only remaining maid of honour, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, stayed behind, as did likewise her Royal Highness's equerry, Captain Hesse.

Mr. Craven, in his examination on the Queen's trial in 1820, said, he was in the Queen's service as one of her Chamberlains in 1814, but left it at the expiration of six months, in conformity with previous arrangements. Was aware of the presence of a spy from England, whose business it was to watch the conduct of the Queen. He saw no impropriety in the conduct of the Queen, at Milan or Naples, or improper familiarity on the part of Bergami. He (witness) left her at Naples, and proceeded to England.

Mr. Craven having fixed his abode in Naples, became intimately acquainted with Sir William Gell.

Their tastes, habits, pursuits, and inclinations were identical. There never were friends more united in sentiment and affection.

Mr. Craven was a good classical scholar, had an excellent taste for drawing, was a great lover of books, and had all the feelings, refined manners, and the gentle, winning, easy address of an accomplished gentleman.

One of the earliest and most highly-esteemed acquaintance made by Lady Blessington, on her arrival in Naples, in July, 1823, was the Hon. R. Keppel Craven.

Mr. Craven (says Lady Blessington) possesses a highly-cultivated mind, manners at once dignified and graceful, and exercises an elegant hospitality, that renders his house the most attractive here.

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* The Gentleman's Magazine, Oct. 1851, p. 429.

She speaks of him in her letters and diaries of 1823 and 1824, as " one of the most agreeable persons in Naples," " a person of the greatest versatility of knowledge," " a scholar," " a musician," " a draughtsman of much merit," " a comic actor of considerable ability."

In 1821, Mr. Craven published in 4to., " A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples," to which is subjoined an Account of the Revolution. This work is embellished with views from his own sketches.

Mr. Craven's principal work is, " Excursions in the Abruzzi, and the Northern Provinces of Naples," in 2 vols., published in 1837. In that excellent work, worthy of the taste for art and antiquarian lore of his old friend and companion, Sir William Gell, there is one description, which alone would render the " Excursions" of no ordinary value; the detailed and most interesting account of the Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino (the original foundation of St. Benedict), and its valuable library, and precious archives, diplomas, chronicles, and early monastic records, and its innumerable documents, illustrative of the early history in those regions of the Lombards and Normans ; the original copies of Leo Ostienses and Richard of San Germano, as well as rare manuscripts of the works of Homer, Virgil, and Dante ; and lastly, the celebrated vision of Alberica, a monk of this fraternity, from which that poet is supposed to have taken the first idea of the " *Divina Commedia.*"

Mr. Craven died at Naples, in June, 1851, aged seventy-two, the last of a triumvirate of English literati, scholars, and gentlemen of refined tastes in art, and excellence in antiquarian pursuits, who resided for so many years in Naples in the closest bonds of friendship—Drummond, Gell, and Craven.

The respect and affectionate care paid by Mr. Craven, throughout his whole life, to his mother, was one of the most remarkable and amiable traits in his character. No amount of eccentricity, or waywardness, or restlessness on the part of the Margravine, made the slightest difference in the undeviating and uniform dutifulness and tender devotion to her of this favourite child of hers.

She was fully sensible of this kindness, and returned her son's affection to some extent. I have never observed, except in a single instance—that of the filial homage, affectionate regard, and dutifulness of Sir Moses Montefiore to his venerable mother—the same deference, honour, and child-like love shewn by a man advanced in years to a parent, as was exhibited by Keppel Craven to his mother. And in this particular case the merit of the son's conduct was certainly enhanced by a great deal of eccentricity on the part of her whose happiness and comfort were the chief objects of his care.

Mr. Augustus Craven, the only son of the Hon. R. Keppel Craven, was attached to the Mission at Naples in the latter part of 1830, and to that at Frankfort in 1833; was appointed paid attaché at Lisbon in 1836, at Brussels in 1839; was made Secretary of Legation, at Stuttgardt, in 1843.* He acted, for a short time, as Private Secretary to the Marquis of Normanby, at Paris, in 1846, and resigned his post at Stuttgardt in 1852. A little later, he was a candidate, on the liberal interest, for the representation of the county of Dublin, and was defeated.

LETTERS TO LADY BLESSINGTON FROM THE HON. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

"Pente, near Salerno, August 29th, 1835.

"Your last kind letter, and the very flattering expressions it contained, ought to have received an earlier answer than I have bestowed upon it, but I am not the less grateful; and you will admit the validity of an excuse for silence, when I inform you that it has been protracted from a desire of giving you a better account of our friend Gell, than I could have done two months ago. Then, indeed, his state of health was such as to excite considerable alarm, but about the beginning of August a crisis appears to have taken place, and a considerable improvement has been the consequence; he is now here, where he has been staying a week; but that would prove nothing in favour of his amended condition, as even at its worst period his courage and activity of mind never drooped, and he went out just as usual.

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* Foreign Office List for 1854, p. 54.

"I wish I could add to this, that I am free from all apprehension; but as long as a tendency to somnolency continues, the only symptom which has not disappeared, I feel uneasy. This affection is considerably diminished, that is, modified in its form and periods, but still it exists to a degree that must undergo great alteration before his friends can find their minds totally reassured with regard to the consequences; that this may occur I am assured by his physicians is probable, and Heaven knows I am but too well disposed to believe them. In addition to this fund of uneasiness, I have had some occupations of an annoying nature in the uncertainty which arose and hung over my son's departure, who, with his wife, is gone to France for some months. This had been decided some time back, but the approach of the cholera southwards, urged them to anticipate their intended departure, for fear of finding themselves shut in to the north of Italy, and surrounded on all sides with sanitary cordons.

"I have just heard from them in date of Milan, and there seemed no obstacle to their having reached Switzerland in safety, so their difficulties are at an end. With regard to the malady itself, there seems no doubt that it has declared itself at Nice, Genoa, Corsi and Leghorn, but it has not been very violent, and seems just now to be suspended. Measures are taking in this kingdom to present obstacles (if that is possible) to its approach, and to attend to it in the most effectual manner if it does come; but the panic it had caused at first appears to have subsided, and its effects seem confined to the innkeepers and laquais de places, who foresee a sterile winter for them, as it is not probable that as long as any lurking remains of the malady are supposed to exist in any part of Italy, that strangers will voluntarily select it for their next winter's residence; at present there are very few, who will most likely soon depart. I have been staying here ever since the beginning of June, occupied much as usual, with additions and improvements, which, however, have somewhat changed their form, as I begin to reap the enjoyments of past labours, instead of undertaking new ones. I have had some visitors, enough to break upon the unwearied tenor of my usual habits, but not too frequently to prevent the resumption of them. The summer has been variable, therefore, for this climate, cool; and now, heavy rains and thunder-storms seem to give us a foretaste of the equinox, a month before its natural time.

" I ought before this to have thanked you for your offer of assistance with regard to the publication of my last journey, a proposal which I should most gratefully avail myself of, should circumstances favour its appearance; it is now completed, and copied out in a fair legible hand, therefore accessible to the inspection of any bookseller, who, of course, will choose to examine it before any stipulations are made. I will seek an opportunity of forwarding it to England, and if I find one, will take the liberty of addressing it to you, as its guardian; in the mean while I may as well state the nature of the work and its contents, which are the result of various excursions in the northern provinces of this kingdom, that is the Abruzzi; to these are added others less extended, in the district of Samnium and Basilicata, and other less remote parts, but certainly not better known. The whole would form a quarto volume about the size of the last I published relative to the South, and, as far as I can judge, written in the same manner—that is, in that of an Itinerary, principally useful to such as are inclined to examine those regions, but not arriving at any details of science or statistics. There are some drawings annexed, but I would leave the expediency of adding them to the work, to the publisher's decision, though I think they would add considerably to the effect, as they are selected from many, represent spots entirely unknown and of some interest, as well from their locality as their picturesque accompaniments, all which I state, in case any previous enquiry should be made as to the general nature of the work. Gell, in whose room I am now writing, requests his kindest regards to you; may I beg you will add mine to Count D'Orsay, and believe me, dear Lady Blessington,

"Yours most obliged and sincerely,
"R. Keppel Craven."

"Naples, April 17, 1836.

"I hope you will not judge of the impression your last kind letter produced upon me, by the tardiness I have observed in replying to it; but for this I shall offer no apology; acquiescing in all your friendly expressions regarding the loss I have sustained,* is but a poor way of denoting my thanks, and I deferred offering them till I could at the same time inform you with some certainty of my intended movements for the summer, which I now can do, having determined to leave this very early in the ensuing month, and to proceed as rapidly as a weary-spent and not a very robust state of health will allow me, resting only a few days at Paris, so that I hope to be in London in the first week of June, when I need not say you will be very shortly apprized of my arrival. I have been very busy in arranging the memorials I preserve of our excellent friend, so as to have them constantly under my inspection. You know that there are various ways of finding relief, which differ according to the disposition and habits of the sufferer in similar cases, and I own that flying from, or destroying every record which recalls the person lamented, does not appear (to me at least) an efficacious mode of obtaining consolation; for surely it does not require such tangible mementos of departed excellence to remind one of an irreparable loss, the conviction of which will intrude itself at all times, and through every circumstance of social or solitary life? I have, therefore, amalgated the books of which I have possession with my own, in a manner that no eye but mine can detect; and they serve to adorn, and give additional value to, the apartment I always inhabit. The drawings I have placed in two cabinets, in drawers, excepting those forming a series of his 'Travels in Greece,' which I knew he wished to be finally bestowed upon the British Museum; these are all in one case, with his initials, and at my death shall be removed to that destination, more worthy, perhaps, of their merits than their present position, but not more honoured by the owner.

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* The death of Sir William Gell.—R. R. M.

"We had a beautiful month of March, which has been followed by an April reminding us of January, the rigour of which still endures in the shape of cold winds, stormy showers, melted snow, and other irregularities, as ill suited to the season as to the latitude.

"There are numerous arrivals from Rome, but few of name or note. S. Carlo is closed altogether, and the season more than usually dull in every respect. I fear your friend Count Matuschewitz must be singularly struck with it, but he seems in high good humour, and does not complain; he has favoured me with his company to dinner a few times, and I find him everything you describe; he has taken the Palazzo Fernandina, and is getting it up. There could not be a better selection, and I have no doubt he will find it so; but he is still at the inn, the house not being yet ready for him. The King is at present enjoying the honours of a camp composed of about a third of his forces, near Salerno; this is an amusement he was much inclined to in his early days of celibacy, but latterly his growing attachment to his poor young wife appeared to have absorbed his attention; however, after three months' mourning, he has had recourse to this object, either to resume his bachelor's avocations, or perhaps by way only of a little dissipation. There are already reports of his having the intention of travelling to seek a worthy successor of the late Queen; and they are not without probability. To the questions you put, and which appear to me but too natural, respecting Gell's last days, or rather weeks, I find it rather difficult to return a positive answer, more especially as to his own feelings respecting his state. I think that at times he was quite aware that his system had received a blow, from which it could never recover, and that, as far back as this time twelve months; but he had continued so many months under the impression of repeated somnolence, of somnolence totally free from bodily suffering, that I don't apprehend he considered himself worse at the end of the year than last spring.

He was not aware of his increasing debility; and as the functions of his stomach continued unimpaired until within but two days before the sad event, when a general and rapid decay of all the vital functions occurred, I don't think that his reflections dwelt upon his dissolution as being very near. Nevertheless, his last will, about which he was very anxious, was executed little more than a week before his decease, and occasionally he would allude to the event itself in an indirect manner: for on receiving some books about a month before it happened, and my asking him to lend some to me, he said, 'You had better read them when they are your own—and you are not likely to wait long.' I find in his daily journal, in which he noted observations on his health, about Christmas, these words—'*May consider myself well.*' He had rallied to what appeared a very improved condition, about three weeks before the catastrophe; but it was principally in the suspension of the lethargic affections which had so long oppressed him that this was evident, and the consequence was, that having much longer intervals of clear consciousness and reflection, he was undoubtedly more awake to his situation, both morally and physically; for he then complained of bodily ailings, much more than during his whole malady, though to all appearance they had ceased. He never ceased, I don't say for an hour, but an *instant,* to have a book open before him; and though he sometimes could not fix his eyes for two minutes at a time on its contents, he nevertheless understood it, and could afterwards talk of the work in a manner which proved, that while his mental powers were awake, they were as strong as ever—more especially his memory; but the state he was in, caused much confusion in his ideas of time and distance, of which he was aware, and complained of.

"I cannot end my letter without thanking you for your very kind offer of receiving me at Gore House, and conferring on me the many advantages such a residence must ensure; but I fear my stay in England will be too short to allow me to accept them more extendedly than in as frequent visits as it will allow me to pay. Towards these I look forward with real satisfaction and anticipated gratitude.

"R. K. Craven."

"Monday evening, June 27th, 1836.

"You have my best thanks for the two numbers of the 'Athenæum' you were so good as to send me; the article you so obligingly bestowed is the same I had read, in its most valuable parts; the other having only some additions relative to our friend's descendants and family. I feel very thankful for what you have stated of me, though I flatter myself it is no more than the strict truth in all that regards my affection for one so deserving of it. By what you say of him, I am still more grateful, for it does justice to his exalted qualities in the most concise and yet the most elegant manner.

"R. KEPPEL CRAVEN."

CHAPTER IX.

THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.

Mr. Matthias took the degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. The following year he gained the members' prize for the best dissertation in Latin prose; the next year he gained one of the prizes as senior Bachelor. Shortly after taking the degree of M.A., he quitted College, and obtained an office at the Court, that of Clerk to the Queen's Treasurer, and subsequently that of Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household. The rampant Toryism which prevailed about the court of George the Third, soon and strongly infected the young Cantab official. He became a political satirist and a poetical politician, and devoted to party the noble talents which were given for mankind.

In 1781 he published "Runic Odes," imitated from the Norse tongue, in 4to.

In the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Rowley poems, assisted by Dr. Glynn, he espoused the cause of Chatterton, and expended a great deal of energy in vindicating the young literary impostor, in a brochure, "On the Evidences, internal and external, relating to the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley," in 8vo., in 1783.

In 1794 he published the first part of an anonymous poem, "The Pursuits of Literature," which was eventually compiled in four parts.

This work attracted universal notice, chiefly on account of the extensive and erudite notes, which abounded with evidences of varied learning and scholastic attainments, combined with a bitter spirit of sarcastic criticism, arranged against every thing liberal in politics or religion, under the guise of a constitutional and Christian zeal against revolutionary principles, and infidel or unorthodox opinions.

The leading Whigs of the times were castigated by Mr. Matthias with merciless rancour, but with signal ability. The chiefs of Toryism, on the other hand, were incensed, till the atmosphere around them reeked with eulogistic vapour, and the swing of the censer became monotonously wearisome and *ennuyant*. Several other works appeared in succession from 1794 to 1832.*

Matthias had some peculiarities of an amusing character, or *petits ridicules*, which Lady Blessington has duly recorded in her Italian diaries: his memory was particularly tenacious at dinner-time in regard to dates, of early productions of vegetables, the first appearance of certain meats in the season;

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* In 1794 he published anonymously, "The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George the Third." In 1795, "The Political Dramatist of the House of Commons." In 1796, "Letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, chiefly on the subject of the numerous French Emigrant Priests," by a Layman; in 1798, "the Shade of Alexander Pope on the Banks of the Thames," a satirical poem, occasioned chiefly, but not wholly, by the residence there of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan; in 1798, "Odes, English and Latin," (new edition). In 1802, "Componimenti lyrici di piu illustri Poetici d'Italia," in 3 vols. 12mo.; in 1802, "Commentari intorno all' Istoria della Poesia Italiana," per Crescimbeni, 3 vols. 12mo.; in 1805, "Canzoni e prosa Toscane;" in 1808, "Agguinta al componimenti lyrici de pue illustri Poeti d'Italia," 3 vols. small 8vo. In 1809, "Saffa—Drama lyrica tradotto dell' Inglese de Mason," in 8vo.; in 1812, "Licida, de Giovanni Milton, tradotta dal Inglese," in 8vo. Mr. Matthias edited in 1803, Tiraboschi, "Storia della poesia Italiana." In 1806, "Della Ragion Poetica, di Gravina;" in 1814, "The Works of Thomas Gray, with his Life, and additions."

he was reminded, at the first sight of green peas on the table, of the particular day on which he had partaken of them the preceding year. It was the same with spring-fowl, game, asparagus; and as each *entremet* was offered to him, he invariably exclaimed, "God bless my soul! what a delicious dish! God bless my soul!"

Another of poor Mr. Matthias' peculiarities, was a terror that had got possession of his mind, of being driven over by the corricolos which dash along the streets of Naples.

He has been often seen posted at the corner of streets for a considerable time, anxiously looking out for a favourable opportunity to make a dart across the street with security to his person, trying to muster courage to make the dreaded rush, or waiting for some charitable passenger to give an arm to him; and frequently, when half across, he has been known to make a sudden retrograde movement, and to have run back to the refuge of his corner, exclaiming, "God bless my soul!"

To Sir William Gell the *petits ridicules* of Matthias were invaluable foundations for ludicrous anecdotes. On one occasion he dined in a restaurateur's in company with Matthias, when a very heavy shower of rain was pattering against the Venetian blinds: and observing a cat and a dog making their appearance in the salon, Gell exclaimed, "It is raining cats and dogs!" Whereupon Matthias, catching a glimpse of the animals that had just entered, said gravely, "God bless my soul! so it does! so it does!————S'il n'etait pas vrai au moins c'est bien trouvé."

The author of the "Pursuits of Literature," the translator of several of the pieces of our first authors into Italian, the composer of many original Italian sonnets, and author finally of the elegant little collection of poems entitled Lyric Poetry (a new edition), privately printed in 1832, comprising the latest of his compositions, for the last twenty years of his life resided wholly in Naples. Those who remember that city in 1821, 1822, 1823 and 1824, as the writer of these notices remembers it in those years, will not readily forget the literary recluse of the old Palace of the Pizzofalcone, the distinguished scholar and elegant writer, then verging on old age, not yet absolutely in the sear and yellow leaf of life, but with that air and aspect of senility which bookish habits of an inveterate nature, and their influence on health, seldom fail to impart to mien and manner of men of literary pursuits.

Mr. Matthias was a man of small stature, of fine intelligent features, but of a sarcastic expression. Had he been more attenuated, more animated, yet somewhat paler and more thoughtful, his eyes larger and more fit for reserving light to flash out in the excitement of animated conversation—he might be said to resemble Lamennais—at least, as the Abbé looked for the last ten or twelve years of his life.

The climate and the literature of Italy had become indispensable enjoyments to Mr. Matthias; he lived by himself and for himself in those enjoyments. Those who knew him well, held him in something approaching to esteem; those who did not, looked on him in the literary and elegant foreign society of Naples in which he allowed himself occasionally to be drawn from his old Italian books, and poetic reveries, as an ungenial old man (for he had the look of age at fifty), with no kindness in his nature, and no sympathies with his fellow men who were not devoted to Italian literature and familiar with his "pursuits" in it.

Mr. Matthias died in Naples in August, 1835.

LETTERS OF THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS, ESQ. TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"74, Monte d'Iddio, Pizzo-Falcone,
"May 13, 1825.

"My Dear Madam,

"As I have heard lately that you have given much application to the language of Italy, I am induced to hope that you will oblige me by accepting a little volume lately printed in Naples. You are well acquainted with 'The Minstrel' of Dr. Beattie, and he is now desirous of claiming your ladyship's attention in a Tuscan instead of his Highland dress.

"Believe me, my dear Madam,
"Your Ladyship's sincere and obedient servant,
"T. J. Matthias."

"Naples, November 3.

"I hope to do myself the pleasure of accompanying Sir W. Gell on Sunday next, to dine with you. I should have written before, but I understood that you would have the goodness to expect me if I said nothing to the contrary. I am sorry, however, that I did not write.

"T. J. Matthias."

"Naples, February 7.

"The enclosed little volume has been just printed in Naples, and I have a pleasure in thinking that your ladyship will do me the favour to accept it as a mark of the regard with which I am,

"My dear Madam, &c.
"T. J. Matthias."

JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

This celebrated classical antiquary died at Florence, the 1st of October, 1845. Mr. Millingen was the eldest son of Mr. M. Millingen, formerly of Queen's Square, Westminster. From early life he distinguished himself among archæologists, and was particularly fitted for his antiquarian pursuits, by his intimate acquaintance with Greek literature and history, his critical acumen and refined taste, and solid judgment. He published numerous works on fictile vases—"Ancient Unedited Monuments," "Painted Greek Vases," "The Medallic History of Napoleon," and on "Numismatic Subjects connected with Rome," "Etruria," "Grecia Magna," &c.

Mr. Millingen enjoyed a small pension of £100 a year from the British government. He left two sons: one of them formerly physician to Lord Byron, at Missolonghi, was recently physician to the Sultan; the other is on the retired list of the medical department of the East India Company.

For several years this eminent antiquarian carried on his favourite pursuits in Rome, Naples, and Florence. His profound knowledge of numismatics, and of antique gems, and Etruscan vases, had rendered him the first authority in his day in these matters. When I had the pleasure of knowing him, in Naples, in 1821 and 1822, he was far advanced in years—a mild, gentlemanly, accomplished person, courted in all circles of literary and refined people, whether English or Italian.

LETTERS FROM JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

"Florence, October 24, 1834.

"I met with an accident on the road, and escaped being robbed and carried up to the mountains. Though safe for a time, I should advise, however, any person to take great precaution between Naples and Rome, as the banditti, who are now desperate, and concealed very much, make an attack when least expected.

"You have heard, without doubt, of the discovery of the unfortunate Miss Bathurst's body; it was the general subject of conversation for two or three days, and one not at all calculated to dispel my disposition to gloominess.

"What a contrast between its state at the moment of the fatal accident, and that to which it was reduced by remaining so long in the water, six months and ten days! It would, perhaps, have been better for her parents and friends, if the discovery had not been made, as it renews all their grief.

"It is surprising how much interest the Romans of all classes expressed on the occasion. It was, in fact, an event highly deplorable and tragical.

"Pray tell Alfred that I saw Mr. A—— at Rome, who will be most happy to shew him every possible attention on his arrival; he recollects having seen him, when a very fine child, at his grandmother's.

"With regard to your books, she says, that the best mode would be to take those that are prohibited in your carriage, and to send the others, especially the English, to Mr. C——, by the *procaecio* waggon.

"Previously to my quitting Rome, I left with Mr. Freeborn a copy of my work on vases, which I beg you will have the goodness to accept, and honour with a place in your library. I hope the label on the book may sometimes catch your eye, and recall me to your recollection.

"I never can express to you, my dear lady, how much I am sensible to all the kindness which I have received from you since I had the happiness to make your acquaintance, nor can I ever forget the agreeable moments I passed in your society. I regret much that I could not enjoy them longer. I must go to England: I have hopes of seeing you.

"J. Millingen."

"Palazzo Calabrella, Friday morning.

"I do not know how to thank your ladyship sufficiently for your kind note, and for the interest you are so good as to take in my convalescence.

"I am quite confused at your eulogies of my productions, and must ascribe them solely to your indulgence and kindness. As such, they are highly grateful to me.

"J. Millingen."

EDWARD DODWELL, Esq.

This eminent and erudite topographer and traveller, having spent a large portion of his life in travelling, took up his permanent abode in Rome, and in 1826 was enjoying there his literary ease and leisure in a very dignified manner, surrounded with all the elegances of modern luxury, and a great many of the rarities of ancient art. Mr. Dodwell is known principally in the literary world by his "Travels in Greece," a work of considerable erudition and research.

Mr. Dodwell, at about the age of sixty, married a young

Roman lady of a noble family, of great beauty, who was young enough, in common parlance, to be his daughter. The old English antiquarian and his blooming Italian bride were no less disproportioned in age than dissimilar in tastes; but they lived most happily together. Lady B., on one occasion, when he was descanting with enthusiastic ardour on the rare perfections of an Egyptian mummy of some princess, whose flesh had blood in it, and her bones marrow in them upwards of three thousand years ago, could not help giving a glance at his beautiful young wife standing by him, "offering in her own person one of the most faultless models of loveliness ever beheld, while the arch smile that played round her lips seemed to say, that living beauties might be found to compete with the dead ones."

Mr. Dodwell ended his career in Rome in 1832, while engaged in his favourite archæological pursuits, making researches among the ruins of the Eternal City, on the subject of Cyclopœan architecture.

LETTER FROM EDWARD DODWELL, ESQ. TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Friday morning.

"My dear Lady Blessington,

"I am very sorry I shall not be able to have the pleasure of dining with you to-day, as I have got an irruption of Vesuvius on my forehead, which is not only painful but unseemly, and Miss Power would never admire my beauty again, were she to see me with such a patch, and in such a plight.

"Believe me,
"Most truly and faithfully yours,
"Edward Dodwell."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARENTO.

This venerable prelate is well described by Mr. Willis, in his "Pencillings by the Way:"

"A friend, whom I met at the same house, took me to see the Archbishop of Tarento yesterday. This venerable man, it is well known, lost his gown for his participation in the cause of the Carbonari (the revolutionary conspirators of Italy). He has always played a conspicuous part in the politics of his time, and now, at the age of ninety, unlike the usual fate of meddlers in troubled waters, he is a healthy, happy, venerated old man, surrounded in his palace with all that luxury can give him. The lady who presented me, took the privilege of intimate friendship to call at an unusual hour, and we found the old churchman in his slippers, over his breakfast, with two immense tortoise-shell cats, upon stools, watching his hand for bits of bread, and purring most affectionately. He looks like one of Titian's pictures. His face is a wreck of commanding features, and his eye seems less to have lost its fire, than to slumber in its deep socket. His hair is snowy white—his forehead of prodigious breadth and height—and his skin has that calm, settled, and yet healthy paleness, which carries with it the history of a whole life of temperance and thought.

"The old man rose from his chair with a smile, and came forward with a stoop and a feeble step, and took my two hands, as my friend mentioned my name, and looked me in the face very earnestly. 'Your country,' said he, in Italian, 'has sprung into existence like Minerva, full-grown and armed. We look for the result.' He went on with some comments upon the dangers of republics, and then sent me to look at a portrait of Queen Giovanna, of Naples, by Leonardo da Vinci, while he sat down to talk with the lady who brought me. His secretary accompanied me as a cicerone. Five or six rooms communicating with each other, were filled with choice pictures, every one a gift from some distinguished individual. The present King of France had sent him his portrait; Queen Adelaide had sent a splendid set of Sevres china, with the portraits of her family; the Queen of Belgium had presented him with her miniature and that of Leopold; the King and Queen of Naples had half furnished his house; and so the catalogue went on. It seemed as if the whole Continent had united to honour the old man."*

Lady Blessington speaks in enthusiastic terms of the Archbishop's comeliness of person, the imposing aspect of this beau ideal of a venerable father of the church—his pallid, thoughtful face—his eyes soft, and full of sensibility, like those of a woman—his long white hair, and attenuated figure—the suavity of countenance and address, benevolence of disposition, attractiveness of manner, and refined politeness.

He appeared to regard Gell with the affection of a brother. He took the warmest interest in his antiquarian pursuits, and in all matters relating to literary or scientific subjects.

This venerable prelate died about 1839.

LETTERS FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARENTO TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Potrei sperare, mia cara Contessa, di festeggiare l'anno novello *Giovedi prossimo?* La mia gran festa sarebbe di pranzare colle due sorelle, e col mio Alfredo, e se vi piasesse anche col bravo medico. L'ora destinata sarebbe la vostra solita, cio e dopo le cinque, poiche io prendo qualche doze medicinale con una zuppa verso il mezzo giorno e quindi nulla soffro fino a quel momento. Che ne dite? Volete sollevare—Il vostra

"VECCHIO TARENTO."

"Dal Vecchio Tarento."

"Io son sicuro mia cara Contessa, che voi mi amate e per cio vi direi che la mia salute potrebbe risentirne danno nel venire al Vomero con questo caldo, *non voglio,* direste, *non voglio.*

"Dunque per non oppormi al vostro comando vi auguro salute e felicità nella ricorrenzà della vostra nascita e vi prego di gradire l'offerta di un vecchio poiché un vecchio non può dar cose nuove: Vi prego soltanto di ricordarvi di me allorché la

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* Willis's Pencillings, &c. p. 46.

distanza ci avrà divisi. A colei che ama i sorci, al mio caro conte al grazioso ospite ed all' amabile d'Orsay, il bacio sincero della vera amicizia.

"L'ANTICO PASTOR TARRAS.

"Napoli, il prmo. 7 bre, del 1824."

"Resposta.

"La salute dell' antico Tarento si sostiene a fronte dall' oblio della Madonna. Il canonico va meglio ma sempre fra le tenebre. Il Conto Alfredo é pregato di rimettere il Volume del Viaggio Pittoresco, poiché per la morte dell' ottimo *Denon* si deve diriggere à Parigi una notizia di qual travaglio, nel quale ebbe parte quel bravo litterato.

"Napoli, li 16 Maggio, 1825."

CHAPTER X.

COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ.

Count Matuschewitz played an important part in the great diplomatic performances of the northern powers some thirty years ago. He was a brother actor of Count Pozzo di Borgo, Prince Paul Esterhazy, Metternich, and the Baron Bulow, on some memorable occasions, at a later period.

On the accomplishment of the French Revolution of 1830, which came like a thunder-clap on the courts of Europe, the capital of England became the head-quarters of the councils of the diplomatic representations of the principal great powers. With a view to the restoration of the balance of power, or the regulation, at least, of the recent disturbance of the European system, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Esterhazy, Matuschewitz, and others, occasionally met at Baron Bulow's, whose opinions it is said ultimately prevailed in the diplomatic councils, which a little later took the title of the Hollando-Belgian Conferences.

Count Matuschewitz was a native of Poland, of noble birth, who had been educated in France, and was a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School. When the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon were on terms of amity, the former requested the services of two of the pupils of the Polytechnic of most merit. Matuschewitz was one of the two pupils chosen by Napoleon to correspond to the wishes of the Autocrat.

In the Russian civil service he bore out fully the high reputation he had gained at the Polytechnic, not only as a distinguished scholar and proficient, especially in the abstract sciences, but in diplomacy. But he was a lover of pleasure, and his ruling passion is said to have been for the chase. He sometimes, at the seat even of diplomatic conferences, made his appearance on horseback, uniting in his costume and character the modern Nimrod with the Russian Nestor of diplomacy.

In the diplomatic career which this gentleman pursued, in the service of the Emperor of Russia, at the court of Stockholm, his reputation for astuteness, penetration, tact, and ability, stood extremely high with the other European ministers. He had spent much time in England, and acquired the tastes, habits, and manners of an Englishman. He is said to have largely enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor of Russia, to have been deeply versed in the secrets of Russian policy, and in all great emergencies of state in which relations with foreign powers were concerned, to have been consulted by the Autocrat. Bearing in mind the position he occupied, and the advantages it bestowed on him, his letters will be read with interest. The high character of the Count for honourable principles and integrity, his easy manners, and gentlemanlike deportment, his cultivated mind and tastes, made him a welcome guest in the best society of every country he visited.

LETTERS FROM COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Stockholm, Nov. 5, 1839.

"How kind and amiable of you not to have allowed Alfred's letter to depart without the addition of a few lines in your hand-writing, to satisfy me that I still live in your friendly recollection. Depend upon it your remembrance is not thrown away on me. I should consider it the climax of ingratitude were I not most anxious and impatient to revisit good old England, and to find myself once more under the roof of Gore House, that hospitable roof, under which I am certain to receive a hearty welcome, and to meet a most instructive variety of eminent characters, who move round you as it were by magic, each happy, each communicative, each contributing his quota to a general conversation and harmony which, I believe, was never known to exist amongst them, except at your house, and under your influence. I hope spring will restore me for a time at least, if not yet for good, to those friends from whom I grieve now so sincerely to be separated, and to those social enjoyments to which I am here a perfect stranger. There never was a country (though not uninteresting in some respects) so devoid of society as this one. I live all but in solitude, and my happiness, if happiness it is to be called, is only that which any rational being ought to carry with, and within himself. Under these circumstances, it is real Christian charity in my friends to do occasionally what you have done now with so much kindness. Well may I say, that the smallest donation will be gratefully received. If, therefore, you ever have this winter a few minutes to spare, let me hope that I will hear once more from you. Another year will not be ushered in without some charming publication to appear under your patronage. A copy of it would beguile my solitude, and if inscribed with your name, it will prove, of course, doubly valuable. Your political news are gloomy. Some of my friends appear more sanguine, but others are the same opinion with you. I, for one, perceive in the highest quarters a turn of mind which I cannot sufficiently deplore.

" Now, my dear Lady Blessington, I have most unscrupulously transgressed on your time and indulgence; but I know you will forgive me, and readily believe that I will always remain,

" Yours very sincerely,
" MATUSCHEWITZ.

" When you see Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. *Bear* Ellice, will you be so good as to remember me particularly to both?"

"Stockholm, February 8, 1840.

"I cannot tell you how fond I am of your 'Belle of the Season.' The engravings are beautiful, the poetry charming. If I was Prince Albert, I would have offered to the Queen, on the day of my marriage, those delightful lines in which you have contrived, though in one of your richest veins, not to overdraw her picture, and keeping as near as possible to reality you have only clothed it in admirable language. I have not finished yet your 'Governess,' but it is *une excellente peinture de mœurs*, in every room and story of a London house. Now that you have delineated to life, and with such success, Ireland in your 'Repealers,' and England in your 'Governess,' Scotland is awaiting your pencil. You really ought to make an excursion north of the Tweed in the course of this autumn. It will amply repay your trouble, and being drawn from a recent and personal observation of nature on the spot, your description will be, if possible, still more graphic and vivid.

"Now for a word or two of politics. We have here the English papers only to January. Poor Prince A——! What an inauspicious political start he has made! The Commons curtail his allowance with an overwhelming majority against him: the Lords seem determined to take away from him unanimously the precedency he was to have obtained. Upon my word, I don't know that I would have ventured to C—— under similar circumstances, and left the little island and its ministers to hunt out a more popular Prince.

"When you wrote to me in the latter end of December, appearances were so much against the government, that no one could have insured its existence at any price for another month; but it strikes me that since the opening of Parliament they look rather stronger. The last elections had turned against the conservatives, and some unaccountable 'presentiment' whispers into my ear, that the government majority on the motion of want of confidence, will have been such as to enable them to live on. Next post will enlighten us on this most important subject. You have no idea how anxiously I do expect that post. The privilege question is also a very curious one. I hope that, acting with the wisdom of the Romans and the Albans of old, the Commons and the court of justice will contribute three champions to fight out their quarrel in mortal combat, Eglinton presiding over the lists. Fancy our having here a Parliament annulled, and a triumphant opposition, and a little political crisis. Old Bernadotte is at great discount just now, and will have a hard time of it. No greater misfortune in this world than to live too long.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Blessington. My kindest remembrances to Alfred. If ever you have another minute to spare, let me hear again from you. You have no idea what pleasure it is in a remote corner of Europe, and with such feelings as those.

"MATUSCHEWITZ."

"Naples, May 1st, 1834.

"I will not allow Mr. Keppel Craven to leave Naples for good old England, without availing myself of his kind offer to take over a letter to you. Indeed, I cannot mention his name, and not return you once more my most sincere thanks for the way in which you have been so kind as to recommend me to him. He is no less agreeable than well-informed, no less obliging and indulgent than interesting and instructive in his conversation. You will have undoubtedly the greatest pleasure in seeing him in England, but we cannot well spare him here; and as you abound in resources of pleasant society, which are extremely scanty at Naples, I trust you will not charge me with egotistical cant and unfriendly feelings, if I candidly declare that upon this occasion what will give you satisfaction, gives me unfeigned regret. I have found Naples in mourning for the young Queen, without anything like social amusements, or even social spirit, without even St. Charles' Theatre, which is shut up, or the usual mildness and beauty of the climate; added to which, my bankers here have failed, and stripped me of a good sum of money, part of my establishment has been shipwrecked, and at the moment I am writing to you, reminiscences of yours come again upon me. It is not consistent therefore with human nature that I should feel the least prepossessed in favour of Naples. Still I have experienced considerable pleasure in admiring its beautiful situation, in visiting its very picturesque environs, and especially in examining those wonderful monuments of antiquity, which, independent of their magnificence and exquisite taste, carry one two thousand years back, so completely and so magically as to make one fancy oneself a contemporary of the most powerful nation that ruled the world in ancient times. Hence I shall always maintain a journey to Naples to be a delightful one, and some stay in that country not only to be pleasant, but necessary to complete one's classical education, and one's notions of former grandeur with all its peculiarities, customs, and usages. But much as I esteem and delight in Craven, I could not, like him, fix myself at Naples. There is no native society to be found; one is therefore thrown back forcibly upon foreigners, and too often obliged to live as it were in a sort of anteroom to London, Paris, Vienna, or Petersburgh. Even in the best years, good society is but transient; and it stands to reason, that when one has to associate with strangers to the country, it is next to impossible to form long friendships or durable connections. Under these circumstances you will not be surprised to hear of my not intending to take root amongst the lazarones, and though I don't know yet how long I shall stay with them, I feel much more inclined to shorten than to protract my sojourn in the south.

With you the Whigs seem to have it all their own way; I could never understand upon what foundations the Conservative papers had foretold, about three months ago, the present administration's immediate downfall; and I verily think the Conservatives, since they cannot upset it, had much better try by a timely coalition to rescue the ministers from the necessity of looking for occasional support to the Radicals, and of framing some measure for that purpose. Every danger might be averted from the country by such a course; too disinterested, perhaps, to be expected from any political party, but still, in my humble opinion, the safest and wisest to follow. There is a great deal of natural conservatism growing out from the possession of power, and growing the more, as that possession is lengthened and confirmed. Besides which, except upon one question, the real differences of opinion do not seem to be very considerable, and though no ministerialist, I cannot help thinking the ministers would not hesitate between Peel and O'Connell, Stanley and Hume, and feel much more inclined to come to a rational compromise with the former, than to endanger perpetually their own authority by yielding to the destructive impulses of the latter. However, you will perhaps consider my observations as the mere effect of the distance at which I am writing, and not the least applicable to the actual state of affairs. I shall therefore drop the subject, not without begging you to remember me to E. Ellice, with whom I got more thoroughly acquainted in Paris, and whose kindness to me I shall always most gratefully recollect. Will you tell Alfred that I do shake him by the hand most sincerely?

"MATUSCHEWITZ."

Copy of a letter from Count Matuschewitz, under the signature of Matthew.

"Stockholm, March 6th, 1840.

"When I wrote to you last, I had just only gone over the two first chapters of the 'Governess,' and was yet a stranger to many of its best characters, and not aware of the sympathy and interest these characters, as well as the very natural and simple, but extremely attaching progress of the story would excite in me. When I resumed the book, I found it impossible to lay it down without having read the last words in the last page; and I can assure you, that for many a day, ay, many a year, I have not been so thoroughly charmed with a novel, to say nothing of the governess herself, who will impress every one with a strong feeling of love and regard. I dote upon the old Quaker, I am excessively partial to Lord Oxminster. You have extricated your heroine very cleverly from the toils of a 'Wicked Earl,' who gets baffled, as the real one invariably is; added to which, the infusion of humour in several parts of the novel is excellent, the picture of manners, high and low, to the life, and the language remarkable for vivacity, purity of taste, and elegance.

"The Conservative opposition have at last published a missive war manifesto against the government. The sole fact of such a declaration of uncompromising hostility, must prove a considerable addition to the cabinet's previous and constitutional weakness. I doubt more than ever, that, situated and assailed as they are now, the ministers should pull through the session; but whether their downfall will be productive of good or evil in the first instance, at least with the evident bias of the Court and its personal feelings, is more than I can venture an opinion upon at so great a distance. I wonder what our friend the *Bear* says to all this? will you be so kind as to remember me most friendly to him, and to give my best love to Alfred?

"MATTHEW."

THE PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG.

The Prince Schwartzenberg, whose correspondence with Lady Blessington shews the intimate terms of friendship which subsisted between him and her ladyship, was the person who figures in the correspondence under the "nom de guerre" of Capitaine Wolff. That he was an Austrian nobleman, had been employed in most important diplomatic situations, had an accurate knowledge of passing political events in Italy, was not a great admirer of the Metternich regimé, may be inferred from his letters. There can be very little doubt, that the Prince stands in the same relation to a recent prime minister of Austria, that Capitaine Wolff did to the Prince some fifteen or sixteen years ago.

Schwartzenberg is supposed to have been in early life initiated in the mysteries of the secret political societies (Burschenschaften), which promulgated political ideas, with sufficient astuteness, while violating existing laws, to propagate their opinions in spite of all despots, and to have abandoned his early opinions.

The Prince Jean Adolphe Frederic C. Schwartzenberg, Llandegrave of Klegau, chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, succeeded his father, the Prince Joseph, who died December 19, 1833. He married in 1830, a daughter of the Prince of Liechenstein, by whom he had two children.*

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* Almanach de Gotha pour l'Année 1854, p. 178.

I presume this person is the brother of the correspondent of Lady Blessington.

Mr. Charles Pridham, in his "Kossuth and Magyar Land," (London, 1851, page 38), in his account of an interview with the Prince in 1849, when Prime Minister, says: "If you search Europe through, you will scarcely find a man of nobler bearing, or a more majestic mien. To say that he is the first gentleman of the continent, is only his due; for out of England, such men are seldom or never to be met with. In fact, his aspect is essentially English, perhaps from his having so long dwelt among us. He is now far advanced in years, yet he is scarcely less energetic than ever; and judging from his remaining attractions, you cease to wonder at the love conquests of his prime."

In April, 1852, a stroke of apoplexy deprived the Emperor of Austria of the most able, gifted, and devoted of ministers. None greater than Prince Schwartzenberg ever wielded with a master-hand the destinies of the Austrian empire, or influenced, by the superiority of his genius, and the purity of his principles, the political condition of Europe.

Prince Schwartzenberg was a most successful minister. An article appeared in the "Times," shortly after his death, acknowledging his great merits as a minister, and stating that from the depths of the disasters of 1848-9, he had rescued the German empire, and replaced it on a secure basis. He was almost the only man fitted to uphold the dignity of the state. But the Prince, according to the "Times," was of an overbearing and arrogant temper, and he relied, to an absurd extent, on military force, as the mainspring of his government.

Another writer, perhaps more intimately acquainted with German state matters (Mr. W. B. Maccabe) than most foreigners, speaking of the Prince, observes:

"From the days of the imperial despot and irreligious 'reformer,' Joseph II., the Catholic Church in Austria had been in a most degraded condition. It was hampered by the State in every way. When power was placed in the hands of Prince Schwartzenberg, he saw the demoralizing infidelity-spreading results of the *Josephian* system upon the great masses of the population. The Prince Schwartzenberg, as Prime Minister of the Austrian empire, was invested with absolute power, and the first use, it may be said, that he made of that absolute power was to free the Church from the shackles which the Emperor Joseph had imposed upon it—to make it free—to separate Church and State."

To no Austrian minister is the liberty more indebted which allows men to worship God according to their conscience, than to Prince Schwartzenberg.

FROM THE PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG (UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF CAPT. WOLF).

"Constantinople, Aug. 25, 1835.

"Vous serez etonnée, Madame, de récévoir cette lettre des Cotes du Bosphore, du coin opposée de l'Europe. Elle portera l'empreinte incontestable de son origine orientale par les marques des précautions sanitaires que l'on aura prises, et en cela elle rappellera le caractère et la teinte locale de ce beau pays, ou les femmes sout voilées, et ou il n'est permis qu'a la *peste* de montrer sa face cadavereuse et découvert. Il faut qu'il soit bien beau ce pays, ce climat, ces souvenirs, pour que l'on parvienne a oublier ce qui l'habite. Eh bien, malgré peste, chats, chiens, râts, punaisses, et mossiks, malgré absurdités de tout genres, on s'attache a cette contrée, et l'on prend un interet veritable a sa destinée.

"Depuis le massacre des Janissaires, catastrophe d'un tragique sublime, l'orient est refoulé en Asié. C'est la qu'il existe encore avec sa poesie, ses pompes, ses mœurs patriarchales, poétiques, ses opinions, ses traditions, tantot sublimes, tantot absurdes.

"Ici au porte des redingottes bleus, on fait l'exercise a l'Européenne, et l'on n'a gardè de l'orient que la coutume de

noyer les femmes quand elles sont trop sensibles, et l'insouisance quand on doit mourir de la peste.

" Toutefois cette existence est completement differente de la vie, d'une capitale Européenne, et elle exerce une influence marquée sur nos gouts et nos dispositions. Je passe une partie de ma vie a cheval ou sur la mer; et il y a toujours une scene teinte d'aventure en tout ce que l'on entreprend. Car ou vous allez est au risque de vous noyer; a *pied* en évitant chaque passant à crainte de rapporter le peste; et si vous sortez a *cheval* pour vous éloigner dans les compagnes, je vous conseille d oublier plus tôt votre mouchoir que vos pistolets.

" J'ai vu en un marchè d'Esclaves, une jolie femme coute entre 4—5000 piastres; a peu près 1000 francs. A Paris elles sont meilleurs marché. Ce sont des marchandes qui les amènent ordinairement, de Trebisonde, j'en ai vu arriver avec leur Cargaison.

" Au reste l'Esclavage n'est nullement odieux en Orient. C'est le moyen de devenir grand fonctionnaire au Sultane. En Orient l'Esclave devient membre de la famille, en Amérique il est animal domestique.

" J'ai vu le grand Seigneur entouré d'une nombre de soldats habilleés a moitié a l'Européenne. C'est une figure ordinaire, quoique assez expressive, l'extermienateur des Janissaires a même une sorte de sourire bienveillant.

" Du reste, un pays ou chaque intrigue d'amour fait encourir la bastonnade, et ou l'on ne boit le vin que par contrebande, ne sauroit être de mon gout. Je voulois continuer mon voyage en Syria et en Egypte, mais pour cette fois je me contente de ce que j'ai vu, et me depecherois d'autant plus de rétourner en Europe, ou ils preparent des événements qui sont d'un grand interet.

" J'espère Milady, peut être avoir le bonheur de vous voir cet hiver, et certainement, en touchant le sol de l'Angleterre, cela sera pour moi une des felicités les plus grands. Gardez moi un peu de votre souvenirs, ayez de l'indulgence si je ne puis cesser de le reclamer. Si vous saviez comme il est difficile de vous oublier? Si vous saviez comme il est penible de se croire oublié de vous!

"Dans quelques jours mon cheval, mon Tartare, pistolets seront prêts et je parcourcrois le Roumélie et le Servie. Je rencontrerois peut être dans cette course aventareuse quelque tableau digne de vous fournir une esquisse. En tout cas je ferois usage de mon privilége, qui me permet de vous ecrire en comptant sur votre indulgence. Ici, dans ce pays, ou les souvenirs agissent si puissamment, ou les étoiles brillent sur un firmament d'azure comme les heures de bonheur se réflêchissent de l'imagination, ou les vagues de Bosphore se brisent sur le rivage comme l'écho des sensations évanouies, ici, ou on est pour ainsi dire au milieu de deux mondes, entre deux siecles, et entre deux générations, ou, bien des fois j'ai fait passés devant le lanterne magique de ma mémoire, les impressions de ma vie, et toujours votre image est venue, entre toutes ces apparitions, comme une fée gracieuse, comme un bel astre, me conciliér avec le reste de cette fantasmagorie qui me répresentoit une foule de caracteres ridicules, de faces insipides ou de fautomes hideux!

"Milady! je baise, et vous me l'avez permis, cette main charmante que vous me tendites a mon depart! Envoyez moi de grace, celle de marbre; peut être le rechaufferois'je avec mes lêvres! D'aignez m'ecrire, si ce n'est que deux mots, car quelquefois j'ai peur de vous avoir trop ennuyé en abusent de votre indulgence. Sans etre par trop timide, j'avoue que vous m'avez toujours imposé. D'aignez vous ressouvenir avec bouté et amitié de votre devoué,

"Captaine Wolf."

"Quarantine de la tour rouge et Transylvanie,
"Ce 1er Nov. 1833-35.

"Permittez vous, Milady, qu'un de vos admirateurs les plus sinceres vienne, du fond des gorges et des abymes de la Transylvanie, se representer a votre souvenir? Oui je suis certain que vous l'accueillerez avec bonté, car vous savez combien il vous aime.

"Avez vous recu ma lettre que je vous ecrivis le 2 Mais une autre que j'expédiois par Mr. Trager a Vienne le 29 Mai, et une troisicme de Constantinople du 26 Aôut? Je désirerois pour cause qu'elles ne fussent pas egarées.

“ Voila un mois que j'ai quitté Constantinople. J'ai dit adieu a l'orient, pays de voiles et de mystêres, aux fleurs et au ciel d'azur. J'ai vu le grand Seigneur et la peste; j'ai nagè dans le Bosphore et parcouru les Montagnes de l'Anatolie, et pour le moment j'en ai assez. J'ai encore un *Fez*, bonnet Turc sur la tête, les cheveux rasés, je m'asseois par terre avec une longue pipe et une tasse de café sans sucre mais j'aimerois tout autant etre assis sur une chaise sur le boulevard des Italiens a Paris, fumer mon cegare, manger des glaces et voir passer des femmes *sans* voiles.

“ Pourtant cette existence orientale a un certain charme qui agit sur beaucoup de monde qui y a vecu, et qui parfois la fait regretter au milieu de notre monde Européen, ou touts les ressorts de la vie sont agités et usés par les passions, et les differents interets comme par une mécanique a vapeur, et ou la vie ne se balance pas, comme en Orient, comme une barque sur une rivière, mais roule comme une voiture a vapeur sur une route de fer artificielle ; monde ou il n'y a plus ni individus, ni actions ; mais societés et principes, ou l'absolu a engloutè toute specialité, ou l'homme individuel disparait de l'interet de la masse, monde ou il n'y a plus ni amour ni religion ni poesie ; monde essentiellement industriel, et qui est en train de remplacer même le bon Dieu par quelque machine electrique, calorifiques, galvanique !

“ J'ai traversé a cheval les plaines de Ruomilie, les montagnes de la Bulgarie, les steppes de la Valachie. Je me suis arreté a Adrianople, j'ai visité les positions militaire de Balkan et du Danube, et enfin me voila. Malade et fatigué je subis l'emprisonnement de la quarantaine avec resignation. C'est un sacrifice qu'il faut porter aù bien être de la societé Européene, un prison comme tout d'autres, ou l'on se trouve au cachet sans trop bien savoir pourquoi.

“ Au milieu de cette solitude, au fond d'un gorge et montagnes ou je n'apperçois que deux pieds gravèes de ciel je vis avec mes souvenirs donc en excellente societé, et vous Madame, venez bien souvent, sans le savoir, me visiter dans mon isolement et me consoler dans ma captivité. Oui ! j'aime a me rappeller votre apparition ravissante, et les heures que j'ai passé prês de vous me semblent quelquefois un rêve ! Je serois bien heureux de vous revoir un jour !

" Ma quarantaine finira le 4me. Alors j'crois a Hermanstadt, et poursuiverois ma route par Arad, &c.

" Pest et Vienne, voyage fatiguant, ennuyant et long. Daignez me donner de vos nouvelles ne seroit ce qu'avec dix lignes qui m'autorissent a vous écrire plus souvent. J'ai aussi quelques *griffonnages* qui me retracent quelques scenes de la vie aventureuse que je menois autrefois, et pour laquelle vous aves bien voulu prendre quelque interet. Si vous le voulez je vouz les remettrois.

" Deux lignes, avec une troisieme qui dit—Marguerite—me rendront bien heureux. Que le ciel vous protégé, chère Dame, et que même le diable vous donne un petit coup de main, si vous en avez besoin.

" Capitaine Wolf."

" Qui je vous suis reconnaissant, Madame, de votre bonne lettre du mois d'Avril. Enfin, en voila une, qui parle pourtant un peu de vous meme. Il y a un siècle que je vive aussi eloigne de vous, comme si vous viviez en Perou et moi a Japon, et pourtant il y-a des instants ou je me sens si près de vous qu'il me semble que mon ame pourrait toucher la votre.

" Je vous ai envoyé quelque pages contenant l'histoire de ce voleur nommé Habacuk, dont un fois je vous contais l'exécution. Je me suis seulement tenu aux faits et l'ai traduit litteralement de mon journal. Pardonnez les defauts du style, en faveur de la couleur locale. Pour celle la, elle en porte l'empreinte. Davantage que j'avance en âge, je vois ressortir les impressions de ma jeunesse un peu agitée a la verité, mais riche en emotions vives. Bien des illusions depuis ce temps la ont éte tués et ensevelis dans ma poitrine, et s'il y a du repos c'est celui d'un cemetière.

" Il fut un temps ou une carabine a la main, la croix sur le *scheko*, les airs de Korner a la bouche je croyais combattre pour une belle idèe je voyais renaitre de ces cendres une nation Germanique ! Qu'en est il resulté ; une diete de Francfort, M. M.

Rothschild, des Princes de Coburg, Rioss, *Schlig*,* des petites conversations tracassieres et des chambres que presentent plutôt l'interieur d'une maison de mauvais *gavgots* qu'une representation national. Voila mon reve de liberté et de patrie realisé en trente deux, petites portions, si infiniment petites qu'il faut beaucoup d'erudition geographique pour savoir le nom de la nation, à laqu'elle on appartenoit et pour l'independance de la quelle on combattoit à Lutzen, à Leipzig, à Brienne, &c. &c.&c. Voila pour le politique!

"En amour c'etoit encore pire. La digne dame etoit si belle qu'elle m'oublouit, et je crus voir au ciel ouvert, dont elle étois l'ange guardien. A peine osais-je approcher du seuil de ce paradis. Heureusement pour moi et heureusement pour elle, j'avois un ami que j'aimais beaucoup, qui est fort beau garçon, et qui avoit le regard plus clair que moi; lui ne s'arrete pas sur le marchepied, et un beau jour je perds mon ange, et mon ami. Voila pour l'amour et l'amitié!!!

"Enfin je crois encore, a un avenir et a un bon Dieu indulgent, puisque il a eu la patience de ne pas nous noyer vîngt fois depuis le Deluge, et de se contentér du destruction exécuté a Sodome et Gomorrha; meme à un ciel, ou ceux et celles qui ont quelque choses d'angeliques de leur nature retrouveront leurs ailes, qu'on leur a coupé sur cette terre, et je suis curieux si ces reves et espérances la s'accompliront davantage que les autres.

"Je ne suis pas encore decidé comment je disposerais de cet été, si l'on ne dispose pas de moi, ce qui m'eviteroit l'embarras du choix. Croyez que par tout ou je suis, votre souvenir me restera toujours bien chère. Daignez m'ecrìre quelques lignes qui me prouvent que l'absence et le temps ne brisent contre votre caractère si noble et si vrai! Vous n'etes pas comme les autres femmes!

"Quand vous voulez bien m'envoyer votre belle main en *effigie*, je le baiserais avec tout l'enthousiasme de souvenir, malgré que etre pendu reellement est autre chose que de l'etre en effigie. Veuillez l'adresser a l'Ambassade a Londres, d'ou on me le fait toujours parvenir. Bientot, Madam, je vous ecrirois quelques folies et reveries. Vous savez que vous m'avez permis de pleurer et de rire devant vous. Continuez a m'y autoriser en me justifiant de temps en temps par quelques bonnes lignes,

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* Name hardly legible.—R. R. M.

"CAPITAINE WOLF."

"Presburg, 25th June, 1840.

"MILADY,

"Après un si long silence puis j'ai encore esperée ne pas etre entièrement effacé de nos bons souvenirs? Je n'osai an milieu d'une vie agitée et orageux vous importuner du recit de mes avantures, que n'auroit servi qu'a troubler les images calmes et paisibles qui vous entourent; et depuis rentré dans ma existence douce et tranquille mais monotone, je vondrois encore moins vous ennuyer par la description de mes simples et pacifiques occupations, après une époque poetique mais sombre de ma vie a une prose tranquille et raisonnable.

"J'espere, milady, vous retrouver un jour encore, j'en compte sur la duré de vos bons souvenirs, et si au coin de votre fin hospitalier vous daignez m'ecouter en balancant votre belle main sur ces beaux cheveux que j'admirois tant, je vous raconterais ma vie et mes avantures.

"Toutefois je n'ai pu me priver de l'occasion qui se presente de me rappeller de votre memoire par la personne qui vous porte cette lettre. C'est le Comte A. Deperffy un de mes amis les plus intimes que j'ose vous recommander instamment, et qui m'a demandè espressement cette lettre, desirent particulierement etre introduit chez une dont le genie et la beauté ont rendu le nom celebre jusqu'au Monts Raipaths et aux rives de la * comme au Rocky Mountains, et aux bout de l'Oronico. Je l'envie trop pour ne pas acceder a sa demande, et j'espère ne pas abuser de la permission que vous milady donné en vous le presentant. C'est un des membres les plus influents de notre Diête, et il a joué un role éminent au derniers sessions de notre Parliment. Ses Conversations sur la Litterature Européene vous interesseront. Il voyage en Angleterre pour observer et examiner quelques institutions administratives que l'on veut

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* Word illegible.

imiter en Hongrie, et en outre veut etudier parmi les habitans de votre patrie milady, qui est le pays modêle, et serait le ciel pour moi, si il etoit habité pas beaucoup d'anges comme vous.

"Mais je ne veux pas vous enrager en vous repétant ce que tant d'autres vous auront certainement deja dit, mais ce que je crois sentir plus, ou au moins aussi profondement qu'aucune autre. Je finis donc en vous recommandent mon ami, qui, j'espère, aura le bonheur, de vous convenir sous touts les rapports, et en vous prient milady, de me conserver vos bons sentiments que je crois meriter parceque je vous admire, aime et cheri dans l'absence comme tous ceux qui vous verons sans cesse!

"FREDIRIC SCHWARTZENBERG."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

The present and the former Duc D'Ossuna were both intimately known to the Countess of Blessington. The family of D'Ossuna is one of the oldest, noblest, and richest in Spain. There, and likewise in Belgium, their territorial possessions are very great. The late Duke, an accomplished, intelligent, and amiable young man, died seven or eight years ago in Belgium, about the age of thirty. The present Duke has inherited all that was his brother's, except his intelligence. This Duke bears the title, also, of Count de Arcos, de Gandia, de Lerma, Marquis de Terra Nova, &c. &c.

LETTERS OF THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

"Paris, 24th Janvier, 1844.

"Je vois avec le plus grand plaisir que le petit cadeau que j'ai remit pour vous à Mr. le Comte D'Orsai vous a été agréable et c'est a moi maintenant à vous temoigner toute ma reconnaissance de tant de choses aimables, comme vous voulez bien me prodiguer dans votre charmante lettre, et surtout pour l'assurance d'une amitié à la quelle j'attache le plus grand prix.

"On a dit, il est vrai, dans le monde, que j'etais nommé ambassadeur a Naples, et même á Paris et a Londres, mais il n'en est rien, et jusqu'apresent je me suis toujours refusé á representer le Gouvernement Espagnol, qui á mon avis, n'est pas encore *representable.*

"L'Espagne est menacée de grands boulversements, et je suis convaincu que pour lui rendre une tranquilité durable, et

pour y etablir un gouvernement solide, national, et completement independant des influences de la France, il n'ya qu'un seul moyen, c'est de marier notre jeune Reyne Ysabelle avec le fils ainé de Don Carlos, qui pourraient regner ensemble tous deux comme en temps de Ferdinand et Ysabelle la Catholique dans nos beaux jours de gloire.

"J'ai l'intention d'aller faire un voyage en Ytalie pour revenir à Paris au mois d'Avril et rentrer en Espagne a la fin de Mai.

"Veuillez Milady dire bien de choses aimables à vos charmantes nieces, et agréer je vous prie l'assurance de tous mes sentimens sinceres et devoués.

"D'OSSUNA.

"Vendredi Chateau de Esabek,
"par Tubise, Belgique.

"Permettez moi, milady, de rappelér a votre souvenir un pauvre ami pour lequel votre aimable accueil a eté si précieux cette année, il y est certes en premier rang dans les bons souvenirs que je garde de l'Angleterre. J'ai revu mon pauvre pays. J'ai failli meme aller passer une semaine a Paris, les Provinces sont loin d'etre aussi anime que la Capitale, a Lille même dans une si grande ville ou ne se croirait pas au milieu d'une si ardente revolution.

"Je suis ici dans un chateau au milieu des terres à cinq lieu de Bruxelles, chez un ancien militaire Francais, entouré de ses enfants que j'ai presque vus naitre.

"Je ne puis que foiblement vous donner idée de la vie calme et de la bonne humeur de tout ce monde là. Outre le père et la mère, le famille se compose de quatre filles et d'un garçon, l'une d'elle à vingt-un ans, est veuve, et a la tête d'une grande fortune, elle est receuillé chez son père ; la seconde sœur est aux environs, nous la voyons toutes les semaines, au este deux jeunes filles et un garçon de vingt ans; ces bonnes petits personnes sont chargés des pauvres du pays, et je n'exagere pas en vous disant qu'elles ont chaque jour affaires à plus de vingt individus. Les pensions de chacune, l'argent destiné à mille petits choses de luxe, tout y passe, et tout cela si gaiement et si naturellement.

Je crois en verité qu' une long tems passé dans pareil séjour de paix pourrait me rendre meilleur. Nous dessinons toute la journée. Même le soir a neuf heure la prière avec les domestiques, á dix heures tout le monde se couche : a cette heure qu'il est (onze heures) ma bougie que est sur ma table est certainement la seule lumiere de toute la maison.

" Nous allons souvent diner à deux lieus chez le gendre du maitre de la maison, là dans un vieux salon devant une grande cheminée ou l'on met presque des arbres entiers, nous causons chasses et chevaux en bonne compagnie d'excellents cigarres. Je me demande quelquefois s'il n'est pas coupable de se laisser etre si heureux quand à cent lieux de distances ses pauvres amis et ses compatriotes, sont livrés a toutes les angoises de l'inquiètude et du désespoir.

" Voulez vous bien, Milady, vous charger des plus aimables souvenirs pour cette charmante Miss Power. J'ai parlé souvent a mes petites amies d'ici de votre bonne hospitalité, a force de mes questionner elles sont tout a fait au courant de ma vie de Londre, aussi si l'on voit mon front desembrunir un peu on dit aussitot, il pense à Gore House, à Lady Blessington et à ses jolies nièces.

"Adieu, Milady, je me fais une grande fête d'aller bientot vous faire ma cours. J'espere etre libre avant la fin du mois.

" Agreez le nouvel hommage de mes sentiments le plus respectueux et les plus devoués,

" Aug. Lerma."

" Madrid, ce 2 Septembre, 1844.

" A Madame la Comtesse de Blessington.

" Madam la Comtesse,

" La douleur qui m'accable est si affreusse que je reclame toute votre indulgence pour m'excuser de ne pas vous annoncer de ma propre main la mort prematurée de mon pauvre frère ainé, le Duc D'Ossuna arrivé le 29 Aôut dernier à 9 heures du matin.

" Je suis persuadé Madame la Comtesse de l'affectieusse amitié dont je vous suis redivable, et sais d'avance la part que vous prendrez a ma peine.

"Veuillez agréer Madame la Comtesse l'hommage de mes sentimens distingués avec les quels j'ai l'honneur d'etre.

"MARQUIS DE TERRANOVA."

"Monsieur le Duc d'Osuna Comte Duc de Benavente et de l'Infantado de Arcos de Bejar de Gandia de Lerma de Pastrana de Medina Comte d'Ureña, Marquis de Terranova de Peñafiel et autres titres Grand d'Espagne de la premièr eclasse Colonel de Cavalerie Chevalier de l'Ordre Militaire de Calatrava, &^a^ &^a^ &^a^.

"A l'honneur de vous fairepart de la perte douloureuse qu'il vient defaire en la personne de Monsieur le Duc d'Osuna, Comte Duc de Benavente et de l'Infantado, &^a^ &^a^ &^a^. son frère, décédé à Madrid le 29 Aôut, 1844, à 5 heures du matin, à l'age de 35 ans muni des sacrements de l'Eglise.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

"Madrid, el 17 Octobre, 1844.

"CHERE COMTESSE,

"Vos deux aimables lettres datées du 18 et 25 Septembre, m'ont fait un bien sensible plaisir, comme toutes celles que vous voulez bien m'addresser, et qui dans les circonstances ou je me trouve m'ont apporter une bien douce emulation, et un grand adoucissement a ma douleur: je viens m'informer dans toutes vos aimables lettres les sentiments si affectueux et si sincere que vous portiez à mon malheureux et très cher frère, et que vous voulez bien me presenter à moi meme. Je veux donc vous exprimer dans ces lignes, toute ma reconnaissance pour tentes vos bontés infinies envers moi, mais j'espere que bientot je pauvais de parole vous temoigner ce que ma plume me suffit de faire, et je suis persuade que seulement aupres de si bons et si chers amis, je pourrois trouvér les soulagements dont j'ai tant besoin dans une grande douleur.

"J'ai eté bien reconnaissant a l'extreme bonté de vos aimables et charmantes nieces, Mesdemoiselles Power, d'avoir bien voulu se rappeler de moi en m'adressent les deux aimable lettres que vous avez en la bonté de me faire parvenir, et aux quelles je prend la liberté de repondre, en vous prient de vouloir bien leur remettre les ci jointes lettres.

"Les occupations graves et nombreusses qui m'ont occupèes pendant ces derniers jours, m'ont empeché de pouvoir repondre aussitot que je la voulois a vos deux dernieres et aimables lettres. Je compte sur votre indulgence Madame la Comtesse, pour me pardonner cette faute involontaires.

"Je vous remercie mille fois, Madame la Comtesse, pour tout l'interet et le soin que voulez bien prendre pour ma santé qui est toute aussi bonne qu'elle peut l'etre apres tants et si graves desagremens que j'ai epreuvé depuis le jeur ou j'ai quitté Londres. La reflexion, et les consolations de l'amitié, sont les seuls soulagements que je peut recevoir dans ce moment et si parmi cela que tout autre graves affaires me le permetaient je compte partir de Madrid, et aller à Londres, ou je trouverois aupres de vous et de votre aimable et si cherie famille toutes les consolations qu'ici je ne penserois avoir jamais.

"Je vous prie chère Comtesse, quand vous ecrivez a Lady Canterbury, de vouloir bien lui presenter mes respects, et de lui dire combien je suis reconnaissant a son bon et aimable souvenir pour moi.

"Je ne puis encore vous dire pour quelle epoque je pouvois me trouver à Londres, mais je compte m'y rendre le plutot possible, et dans l'etat on je me trouve, mon esprit a bien besoin de trouvér quelque soulagement, et aussi de ceremettre un peu de tout ce travail qui presse sur moi, et qui a peine me laisse libre de la journee, et bien de fois le soir aussi je suis obligé de travailler presque sans retache dans la nuit; mais tout cela j'espere finira bientot.

"Permittez moi, chère comtesse, de terminer cettre lettre, ma prochaine sera plus longue, et en attendant veuillez quelque fois me faire l'honneur de m'adresser de vos nouvelles, ainsi que de votre chere famille si aimable et si chère de la quelle je vous prie de vouloir merappeler en vous assurant qu'aucume consolations pent m' etre plus agreeable, que celle de recervir vos aimables lettres.

"Veuillez chère comtesse assuré mes sinceres amitiés a vos aimables et charmantes nieces, ainsi qu'a Monsieur le Comte D'Orsay.

"Le Duc d'Ossuna."

“ Paris, ce Lundi, Novembre 24, 1845.

“ Ma chere Comtesse,

“ J'ai appris l'affreuse malheur qui vient de nous arriver, et qui comme à vous à frappè de douleur toute notre chere famille. Je n'essayerois de vous addresser des consolations, car malheureusement je sais par une bien triste et recente experience que pour cette douleur il n'y a point de soulagement. Vous denez etre persuadé ma chère et aimable comtesse de toute la part si sincère que je prend à votre malheur, car vous savez tout l'interet et reconnaissante amitié que je vous porte.

“ J'ai pensée avoir en le bonheur de vous recroir cet automne, mais malheureusement il m'a eté impossible d'avoir ce plaisir toujours si grand pour moi par ma santé qui a eté bien chancelante tout ce derniers temps, et par un nomination.

“ Je me suis obligè à aller en Espagne pour quelque temps; mais je compte avoir ce plaisir au printemps prochain, car je me propose d'aller à Londres vers cette epoque, et avant si je le peut.

“ Je ne veut pas abusér de notre bonte plus long temps, car je me figure bien toute la tristesse de vos moments: et ma prochaine lettre sera plus longue.

“ Veuillez en attendant offrir mes humbles hommages à vos aimables et charmantes nieces Misses Power, et mes amitiés sinceres pour le cher Comte D'Orsay, et vous Madame la Comtesse assurez vous je vous prie du respect, et sincere attachement que vous porterois pour la vie.

“ Votre tout devoué et reconnaissant serviteur et ami,

“ Duc d'Ossuna et d'Arcos.”

CHAPTER XII.

MONSIEUR EUGENE SUE.

MONSIEUR EUGENE SUE, a native of Paris, the author of "Les Mystères de Paris," "Mathilde," "Le Juif Errant," "Mémoires d'un Valet-de-Chambre," "L'Art de Plaire," "Deleytar," "La Vegre de Hoat-ven," "Therese Dunoyer," "L' Institutrice," &c., is a strange compound of credulity and imposition; a man of strong republican principles, united with the most luxurious tastes. His manners in society, like those of many keen observers, are reserved, and generally retiring. His sentiments are, for the most part, generous, and, in many cases, his judgments are just, but, like many of his order, not guided by fixed principles of religion and morality. He sees clearly, and describes graphically, the evils and disorders of a corrupt state of society, without being able to discern the true cause of the evil, or to indicate a remedy for them. He ever dallies, however, with some new political theory, that is ultimately found to be impracticable and Utopian. To human will and human wisdom alone he looks for the removal of all the ills that belong to poor humanity. For some years, he held the first place in public opinion among the novel-writers of his day and nation. His "Mystères de Paris," and "Juif Errant," abound with evidences of genius, but unfortunately with evidences also of another kind; the first-mentioned work—with ample proofs of tendencies to inflame and to excite the passions, while pretending to promote philanthropical objects of reform, social and administrative; while the obvious aim and settled purpose of the other production is to foster the prevailing opinions of two large classes of his countrymen, the literary and philosophical radicals, and the Socialists, against religion and its members generally, and the members of one of the religious orders in particular.

Though still in the prime of life, his latter works, strange to say, are below mediocrity. The character and peculiarities of the Count D'Orsay furnished the author with the idea of the hero of his production, "Le Viscomte de Letocère, ou L'Art de Plaire." He has entirely abandoned Paris, where he formerly resided with great extravagance, and now lives wholly retired from the world, in the territory called La Soligne, near the lake d'Annesy. The descriptions in Sue's "Mystères de Paris," like the scenes in "The Monk," by Lewis, "ought to have been written by Tiberius, at Caprea; they are forced—the filtered ideas of a jaded voluptuary."*

Before he commenced the *metier* of a literary social reformer—substituting *sensualisme effrenèe* for liberty of conscience, and the rant of an infidel philosophy for religion—Monsieur Sue wrote some stupid books, which no one read or bought; and among these a "History of the French Navy," which nearly ruined his bookseller. The Socialists, in 1848 and 1849, foolishly imagined they had found a powerful ally, and sincere adherent to their cause, in the author of "The Mysteries of Paris," and "The Wandering Jew." Some clap-trap passages in those works, in favour of Communist doctrines, procured him a seat, in 1849, in the French National Assembly. Universal suffrage was at once dishonoured and deceived, by the selection of the sensualist literati in the domino of a Socialist. Monsieur Sue had promulgated a dogma which rendered him extremely popular,—"No one had any right to superfluity, while any one was in want of necessaries."

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* Byron's Diary, Dec. 6, 1813.

A theory so plausible, and so plainly enunciated, it was imagined must be a practical truth, demonstrated by the propounder, in the frugal simplicity of his mode of life. The poor Socialists were deceived by the author of "Les Mystères de Paris." The sensualist had mystified the Socialists.

Monsieur Auguste Johanet, in a brochure entitled "Verités Sociales, Inconnues ou Meconnues," has given us a description of Eugene Sue's mode of living, and of his mansion in the manor and park of Des Bordes:—

"It is impossible to convey an idea of this luxury, of the sumptuousness of those caprices, of these whims of all kinds: here a dining-room, where the sideboards display plate, porcelain, and crystal, with pictures and flowers, to add to the pleasures of the table all the pleasures of the eyes; then an inner gallery, where pictures, statuettes, drawings, and engravings, reproduce subjects the most calculated to excite the imagination. Here is a library full of antiquities, whose bookcases contain works bound with unheard-of luxury, where objects of art are multiplied with an absence of calculated affectation, which appears as if wishing to say they came there naturally. A day-light, shaded by the painted glass windows, and curtains of the richest stuff, gives to this place an air of mystery, invites to silence and to study, and produces those eccentric inspirations which M. Sue gives to the public. A desk, richly carved, receives sundry manuscripts of the romance-writer, the numerous homages sent to Monsieur, as the valet expresses himself, from all the corners of the globe, and which the faithful servant enumerates with the most scrupulous care. Everywhere may be seen gold, silver, silk, velvet, and soft carpets. Everywhere taste and art tax their ingenuity in a thousand ways to produce effect, ornament, and domestic enjoyments. A vast drawing-room, furnished and decorated with all imaginable care, exactly reproduces that of one of the heroines of romance of Monsieur Eugene Sue; and there have been carved on the woodwork of a Gothic mantel-piece medal lions, representing the Madelaine falling at the feet of our Saviour, who tells her that her sins will be forgiven her, because her love has been strong. An immense looking-glass connects this *salon* with a green-house, filled with exotic shrubs and trees, and it is lighted at night with magnificent lustres. The walls are highly decorated, and gold and silver fish are seen swimming in marble basins. In addition to the lustres, there are candelabra for *bougies*, mixed with the foliage of the trees and plants, to increase the effect when the place is lighted up. A small gallery, lined with odoriferous plants, leads to a circular walk, which surrounds a garden cultivated in the most expensive manner, and there is a fine piece of water, with numerous swans on it.

"The walk is a *chef-d'œuvre* of comfort, for it is alike protected from the wind and the rain, being covered with a dome. It is enclosed with ballustrades, covered with creeping plants of the choicest nature. It is a sort of a terrestrial paradise, in the bosom of the Salogne, and beyond it is a park, admirably laid out with kiosques, rustic cottages, elegant bridges, and a preserve for pheasants, which secures myriads of birds for the shooting excursions of the illustrious Communist, whose keepers exercise a severe look-out to prevent any person from touching the game. The out-buildings show the same elegance. There is a splendid court-yard, leading to the stables for carriage-horses, one of which has his name, 'Paradox,' marked over his stall. The wood-work is richly painted and varnished, with an infinity of brass ornaments. Near this place is a box, exclusively devoted to the favourite mare of Citizen Eugene Sue, the famous 'Good Lady;' it is furnished with even more elegance. The harness is kept in the finest order, and there is a communication from the harness-room to the green-houses. The dog-kennels are in the same luxurious style as the stables. Many workmen would think themselves happy to have such habitations. In a walk round the reserved grounds, we convinced ourselves that the walks were carefully kept, and here and there are banks of moss, for the author to repose upon in his meditations; but the tenants of the environs do not appear to derive any advantage from the vicinity of the great apostle of progress and amelioration. Several of the houses are badly roofed, and the walls are cracked, and the houses are on a level with the marshy soil, covered with manure, which gives the inhabitants the ague during two-thirds of the year. On the other hand, however, there is a profuse distribution of little books, such as the 'Berger de Kravan,' and other socialist publications."*

Madame de Stael's observation to a lady, on visiting her in a villa very much decorated, and rather too sumptuously furnished,—"Ma chere, vous avez trop de luxe,"—might have been addressed to Eugene Sue on entering his splendid mansion, and likewise to Lady Blessington, in every abode of her's, from the period of her second marriage to the time of the break-up at Gore House.

The poor Socialists and true Republicans who had applauded the generous sentiment of Monsieur Eugene Sue,—"No one had any right to superfluity, while any one was in want of necessaries,"—might well say to their theoretical champion:—"Mon cher Sue, vous avez trop de luxe: donnez nous qui sont en la misere, de ces superfluites, à lesquelles vous n'avez aucune titre."

LETTERS FROM MONSIEUR EUGENE SUE.

"Je ne saurais vous, dire Madame, combien j'ai été touche, non seulement de les trop aimables lettres que vous m'avez bien voulu ecrire, mais encore de ce que vous avez pris la peine de

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* Men of the Time, p. 401. London, 1853.

me l'ecrire en francais. Sous ce rapport elle m'a été doublement precieuse. Croyez, Madame, que je sais trop la valuer, de vos encouragements e de votre approbation pour la demeriter, et que je tiendrai dessormais en bride une assez mauvaise tendance a la licence qui en effet m'a bien souvent et trop souvent privé d'une foule de charmantes *connaissances* et cela a mon grand regret, car je ne sais rien de plus ravissant au monde que de songer a cette espece de communion ou vous met votre cœur avec de pures et fraiches ames de candides jeunes filles—mais Helas souvent le diable me tente et je succombe. Heureusement votre lettre, Madame, me sera une infaillible talisman pour ne plus retomber dans les ecarts. Mille fois merci encore, Madame, de vos boutés pour mon ami Pleyel que vous avez je vous assure bien jugé et que est digne de tout ce que vous avez daigné faire pour lui, du moins par sa profonde reconnaissance. Adieu, Madame, croyez je vous prie a mon respectueux devouement,

"EUGENE SUE."

"Mille et mille pardons, Madame, de ne pas vous envoyer comme j'esperais par notre cher Alfred la petite nouvelle que vous m'avez permis de vous adresser. 'Ouvre Poètes' c'est plutot un biographie vrai qu'aura peut etre assez d'interet, comme contenant, au milieu d'un si elegante composition de livres charmant qui emprunte son plus grand beauté au reflet de votre nom. J'avais l'honneur de vous faire parvenir le manuscrit au plus tard le trois ou quatre Juillet, il est terminé; mais j'ai beaucoup a revoir et a corriger. C'est une si bonne et belle fortune pour moi de paroitre sous vos auspices, Madame, que vous m'excuserez de ce petit retard occasioné par le soin que je met a revoir ce travail. Je quitte Alfred avec une vraie tristesse, plus je le connais, plus j'apprecie ce bon ce vaillant cœur, si chaud, si génereux pour ceux qu'il aime. Tout mon espoir est de le revoir bientot, avec vous, Madame, et de pouvoir enfin vous dire, combien je suis profondement touché de vos boutés pour moi.

"Agreez, Madame, l'assurance d'une,

"Estime la plus respecteuse, &c.

"EUGENE SUE."

"MADAME,

"Ce sont de nouveaux remerciments que j'ai encore a vous adresser, pour les deux livres merveilleux que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'envoyer, et surtout pour les lignes si flatteuses qui les accompagne. Ma seule ambition (et elle est grande) serait de meritér ces eloges accordés avec une grace bienveilleuse, et une esprit, qui doublent encore le prix.

"Notre excellent ami me rassura un peu en me disant que vous etes, Madame, satisfait de mon pauvre *Voyageur Eternel* qui se voit a peu près exilé de tous les pays Catholiques, ce qui reduit singuliarement sa promenade de *touriste.* Heureuse pour lui l'Angleterre est plus hospitable, et cela j'aime a la croire, guidèe a l'exemple de Gore House, qui a souffert pour lui donner droit de cité. Merci donc encore, Madame, au nom de mon pauvre proscrit, excommunié, damné, que l'autorité de votre nom e de votre grand esprit a si genereusement defendu et protégé.

"J'ai ecrit a Alfred, et je tiens a'avoir l'honneur de vous le repeter, Madame, que d'apres l'an prochain, pouvoir vous adresser quelques pages plus dignes de vos admirable livres, c'est presque un droit que j'ai acquis, et je m'en montrait toujours tres jaloux.

"Adieu, Madame, veuillez croire a l'assurance de mon respectueux devouement,

"EUGENE SUE."

"MADAME,

"Je suis sure d'avance que vous d'aignez accepter ce livre avec cette bienveillante indulgence que vous m'avez toujours témoignée. C'est donc seulement une occasion que je saisis avec empressement de me rappeler a votre bon souvenir.

"Agreez, Madame, l'assurance de mon respectueux dévouement.

"EUGENE SUE."

MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

Vicomte D'Arlincourt (Victor Prevost) was born in 1789, at his father's chateau, Dc Merantais, near Versailles. His

father, Charles (*Fermier General*), perished on the scaffold, as did likewise his grandfather, Adrien, in 1794. They had lent the enormous sum of four millions of francs to the royal family, in 1792: a million and a half to the aunts of Louis the Sixteenth, then in Rome, half a million to the brothers of the king, emigrants in Germany, and two millions to the king himself, previously to the disastrous 10th of August.

The present Viscount commenced his literary career in 1818, by the publication of his poem, "La Caroleide," of which Charlemagne is the hero. "Le Solitaire," appeared in 1821; "Le Renegat," in 1822; "Ibsibo," in 1823; "L'Etrangere," in 1825; "Le Siege de Paris," in 1826, which was performed thirty nights consecutively at the Theatre Francais; "Les Rebelles sous Charles V.," in 1831, a romance in verse; "Les Ecorcheurs, ou l'Ursupation et la Peste," published in 1833; "Le Brasseur Roi," in 1834; "Le Doube Regne," in 1835; "L'Herbagere," in 1836; "Les trois Chateaus," in 1840; "Ida," in 1841; "Le Pelerin," in 1842; "L'Etoile Polaire," in 1843; and his great work (if the author's opinion of its merits be well founded) "Les Trois Royaumes," of a later date. The Viscount D'Arlincourt made a starring tour of Europe, in 1840, 1841, 1842, providing for the translation of his works and attributing to his success—"Les riches cadeaux des Puissances du Nord."*

The Viscount has travelled much over Europe, and every where he has been, his position in society, in literature, and the political affairs of the elder branch of the French Bourbons, has obtained for him a flattering reception. He was much about the court (and in the councils, he gives us to understand) of Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth. Their dynasty went down, but the attachment to it of the Viscount remained unchanged, and the light of his loyalty he has not allowed to remain hid under a bushel, or, indeed, any of the shining lights which adorn his intellectual character. The Viscount has written many works ; feeling impelled to write by the cravings of an appetite quite insatiable for praise. He is the author of several ephemeral articles, literary and political, and some dramas, which are dead and d——d.

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* Annuaire Biographique Descriptif, p. 5. Paris Ed. 1843.

In principles the Viscount is an uncompromising legitimist ; in literature he is a sort of La Bruyère. He mingles the characteristics of both in his works, rather successfully. He possesses considerable shrewdness and finesse, sarcastic wit, and a natural penchant for romantic incidents. The intensity of his vanity, personal and literary, does not prevent his according praise, liberally, or rather profusely, to others in the upper regions of literary society. His works have a certain interest, derived, perhaps, to a great extent, from the combination of a taste for imaginative fiction and romance, remarkable astuteness, and wisdom of a worldly kind, advantageously exhibited in them. This was particularly the case in his earlier productions, at a time when light and imaginative literature in France was much rarer than it now is, and possessed also less vigour than at present. His works, generally, if they made their appearance now, would hardly obtain the character they have acquired. The Viscount, however, it must be admitted, is a graceful writer, with a great facility of expression, and an epigrammatic turn, that gives a terseness to his descriptions and observations. In conversation he is amusing, and if pointed in his remarks, polished at the same time in his delivery and manner. He possesses an immense fund of anecdote, and relates well. Altogether, the Viscount is looked upon by those intimately acquainted with him, as a good and rare specimen of the accomplished gentleman of the old French school, of amenity, dignified by mental culture, and enlightened by liberal pursuits.

From Vicomte D'Arlincourt.*

"Aix-la-Chapellé, Oct. 22, 1843.

"AIMABLE ET EXCELLENTE AMI,

"J'ai recu votre charmante lettre du 16 Octobre, qui m'a prouvé que la bonté et le talent sont inseparable chez vous. Combien je suis reconnaissant des peines que vous vous etes donnés pour moi. Pourquoi faut il que votre eloquence ait en si peu de prise aupres de celui que vous daignez appeler vous entendre.

"Ses propositions me paraissent rudes. Soumettre mon livre a l'acceptation ou au veto d'un libraire, a son éloge, ou a son blame me parait trop inconcevable ! Il me semble que je ne saurais m'y repondre. Ce Monsieur est il apte à juger du stile d'un écrivain Francais ? En comprendrait il les pensées ? J'avoue que s'il me renvoyait mes pages apres les avoir parcourus, sans vouloir faire affaire avec moi, cela me paraitrait une singuliere humiliation. Est-ce que je peux, est-ce que je dois m'y exposer ? Qu'en dit le Comte D'Orsay, la vie de la grace et du gout ? Qu'en dites vous genie protecteur ? Une ——† doit etre un *oracle.*

"Avant tout je desirerois savoir quel prix *il* donnerait de mes deux volumes, en admettant le cas qu'*il* daigne en etre satis fait. Je parle de Monseigneur le libraire.

"Puis : dites moi s'il entend par *édition Anglaise* une traduction, je suppose que cela veut dire, une edition publié a Londres en Francais. Cependant il faut s'expliquier.

"Enfin, si je me déterminais a envoyer un *specimen* je demande *imperieusement* qu'il ne se compose plus que d'un tiers de volume. Ce sera bien assez pour juger : surtout si *ce Monsieur* a une intelligence en harmonie avec ses prétensions ; et à la hauteur de ses *arrets.*

"Conseillez moi, aimable dame ! Pensez vous qu'il puisse etre prudent d'envoyer courir un manuscrit *par mer* et par terre. C'est plus que *par monts et par valles :* de quelle facon faudroit il s'y prendre pour qu'il ne lu arrivat pas miasventure ?

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* I doubt if in any language a more remarkable specimen can be produced of intense literary vanity, and consummate self-conceit, than these letters afford.—R. R. M.

† Word illegible.

"Pardon de tout de détails ennuyeux : mais c'est a un sœur que je les adresse, et cela me rassura un peu.

"Votre jolie niece a t'elle pensé ou petit travail que j'attends de son obligeance ? la nomenclature de vos charmants ouvrages. Je lui demande aussi le titre des principales celebrités litteraires et artistiques de Londres, et avec un mot sur le merite et les succés de chacun d'eux. Sont-elle connu pour y songer !

"Sur le petit note qu'elle m'a donnée, il y a un nom que je ne lis pas bien : c'est celui d'un peintre : est ce bien Edwin Landseer ? je n'en suis pas sur.

"Adieu chere et belle Comtesse ! je vous adresse ici une lettre bien matérielle, une lettre a fastidieux détails, mais votre génie replira ses ailes un instant pour reprendre apres un plus brillant essor.

"Mille amitiés a mon bon Comte D'Orsay ; et croyez moi tous deux pour la vie.

"Votre tout devoué,

"LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT."

"P.S. Tout reflexions faite, s'il faut se resondre a envoyer un *specimen,* autant vaut un demi volume qu'un tiers. C'est a quoi il faut s'arreter c'est a la maniere de l'envoyer, puis, avant tout, il faut savoir si le *prix* qu'il pourrait donner vaut le *sacrifice* qu'il exige."

"Janvier 19, 1844.

"AIMABLE SŒUR EN APOLLON !

"Voyez combien je compte sur vos bontés pour moi. Voici une 50 aine de prospectus des Trois Voyageurs que mon éditeur de France me supplie de vous adresser pour less donner a Monsieur Murray, et a les confreres en librairie (sans oubliér Monsieur Dulon).

"Me pardonnerez vous cette importunité ? Oh oui : car vous etes la grace et l'obligeance meme, mais c'est un frere qui en appele a l'affection et au génie.

"D'ici a peu de jours, chere Milady (vous me permettez ce doux nom : n'est-ce pas) ? Je vous enverrais plusieurs beaux feuilles de mon premier volume pour remettre a Mr. Murray comme *specimen*, apres les avoir lus, il vous dira quels sont ses offres? Je desire vivement qu'elles soient avantageuses. Arrange cela pour moi, comme si c'etoit pour vous, et croyez a ma vive reconnaissance.

" J'ai ici un traducteur (le gendre de M. Kenyon) qui a du vous ecrire. Il offre de traduire mon livre, et sous mes yeux, de maniere a etre pret le jour meme ou je paraitrais a Paris.

" Vous pouvez dire a Mr. Murray que je retarderais ma publication, pour que le traduction Anglaise soit en vente a Londres lorsque l'edition Francaise paroitra a Paris. *Mais il faut que Mr. Murray m'offre un prix convenable. Je compte a cet egard sur vos bons offices.*

" Il faudroit faire mettre s'il est possible, un extrait du Prospectus dans quelques Journaux Anglais notamment dans le 'Morning Post' et le 'Courier de l'Europe.'

" Il faudroit aussi en envoyer a Dublin et a Edinburg.

" Je vous en adresserai encore par l'Ambassadeur d'Sardaigne. Mais en verité je suis honteux et confus de tous les egoismés de cette lettre. Je ne vous parle que de moi. Vous m'y avez autorisé, et cependant je ne saurois me le pardonner.

" Mille amitié a mon cher Comte D'Orsay. Je regrette bien de ne l'avoir pas vu a Paris quand il y a passé. J'ai pris une vive part a la perte qu'il a faite, et ou chagrin qu'il a du ce rapporter.

" Vous savez sans doute le brillant cadeau que m'a fait l'Empereur de Russie, apres avoir lu l'Etoile.

" Veuillez mon aimable sœur agréez les expressions bien senties de ma tendre devouement, et de ma profonde gratitude.

" Votre les humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

" Le Vicomte d'Arlincourt."

"29 May, 1844.

" Chere Contessa,

" Voici une petite nouvelle qui, si l'affair vous sera agréable, et pourra plaire a vos lecteurs *in the Book of Beauty:* lorsque vous l'aurez traduite, et que vous l'aurez revetue des charmes de votre style, elle aura un mérite de plaire: Vous lui donnerez un nouveau charme.

" Je suis vraiment heureux de trouver une occasion de vous etre agréable. " Disposez de moi en toute occasion, et croyez a mon dévouement inalterable ; il vous est acquis pour la vie.

"Mille remercimens de votre charmant article du *Court Journal.* Mon livre '*Les Trois Royaumes,*' est sans doute, en ce moment publié a Londres. Il aura commencé sa carriere, et, protégé par vous, il a du faire son entrée dans le monde avec de grandes chances de succés. Continuez lui votre secours, aimable sœur ! Soutenez ses pas sur la terre etranger, et tenez moi au courant de ses destinées.

"J'attends impatiemment les journaux qui en rendent compte a Londres. Quant a ceux de Paris, ils l'ont comblè d'eloges.

"Mes *Trois Royaumes* obtiennent ici en ce moment un grand succés de vogue. C'est le livre a la mode, et il me donne ici de vive jouissances. Dieu veuille qu'il en soit de meme a Londres ; et a cet effort je compte sur la brillante * qui a bien voulu etre son ange tutelaire.

"Adieu, ma bonne sœur, dites au Comte D'Orsay les choses les plus affectueuses pour moi ; je me recommande toujours a lui, et je suis a tout.

"Votre tendre et reconnaissant,
"VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT."

"Paris, ce 12 May, 1844.

"CHERE ET EXCELLENTE AMIE,

"J'ai enfin terminé avec Monsieur B., mais non pas comme je l'avois desiré, ne'anmoins si son edition Anglaise a de succés, et *s'il est honnete homme,* mon traité pourra me rapporter quelques bénefices.

"Voici ce qui a eté convenu. Mr. B. paye tous les frais de traduction, d'impression et de publication, paye tous les frais nombreuses, il partage avec moi les bénefices de la vente. Se livre paroitra a Londres en meme temps qu'a Paris.

"Il résulte de cet arrangement, que je puis n'avoir pas grand chose, mais qu'il y a chance de gain s'il y a *succés.*

"Or donc, c'est un succés qu'il faut obtenir ; et qui mieux que vous, aimable sœur ! peut y contribuer ! Parlez du livre ! faites en parler ! protégé par vous, il aura de la vogue.

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* Word illegible.

" Des que l'edition Francaise sera prete je me haterai de vous envoyer un joli petit exemplaire, hommage de devouément et de reconnaissance.

" Mille tendresses a mon cher Comte D'Orsay, je me recommande a lui aussi pour mettre mes *Trois Royaumes* à la mode, *Le Morning Post*, *Le Courier de l'Europe*, et tous les journaux qui vous admirent devraient bien m'accorder quelques lignes de bienveillance a votre sollicitation.

" J'aime a y compter ; car il me sera bien doux de vous exprimer ma gratitude et mon affection. Laissez tomber quelques rayons de votre gloire sur mon humble ouvrage en ce moment a vos pieds ; et sa route sera brilliante, et son pere vous benira.

" Veuillez agréer, chere sœur, les nouvelles expressions d'amitie fidele de votre tout dévoué.

" LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

" Oserai je vous prier de revoir Mr. B., et de vous concerter avec lui pour le succés des ' Trois Royaumes.'

" Le baron D'Haussez m'a dit qu'il avait eté fort content de M. B., lorsque celui cy édita la traduction Anglaise de son livre.

" Si je le sais aussi, Mr. B. et moi, nous pourrons parler * d'autres affaires : le tout depende de succés.

" 12 Fevrier, 1844.

" AIMABLE ET CHER COMTESSE,

" Je ne saurois vous exprimer combien je suis touché de votre bonté. J'ai vue le ' Court Journal,' et je l'ai lu avec une vive reconnaissance. M. M. doit avoir pris maintenant une decision ; et grace a l'interet que vous me portez, je ne doute pas qu'elle ne soit convenable. On m'a dit qu'il avait fait deja annoncer dans les journaux que le livre paroitra chez lui. On m'a aussi assuré que C. etoit désolé de ne s'en etre pas rendu acquireur. Tout cela promet une heureuse fin et c'est a vous que je le devrais.

" J'ai reçu la jolie petite lettre de votre charmante niece, et je le remercie vivement. Je corrigerai les erreurs que vous me signalez. . . .

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* Word illegible.

"A mon traducteur Monsieur M. travaille toujours avec activitié. Je vous envoi par un occasion sure huit feuilles qu'il vient de terminer. Si Mr. Murray s'arrange avec vous il pourra commencer de suite a imprimer la traduction ; car on attend impatiemment mes '*Trois Royaumes*' et il seroit fucheuse de trop retarder la publication.

"Laissez moi vous repeter ici les expressions de ma gratitude. Je serai heureux d'aller vous les portér moi même a Londres, et si je puis ici vous etre utile, disposéz de moi, comme le frère le plus tendre et le plus devoué.

"Mille amitiés a mon bon Comte D'Orsay. Quel regret j'ai eu de ne pas le voir a Paris pendant son court sejour je compte aussi sur vos soins et son affection.

"Croyez moi toujours pour la vie,
"Tout a vous de plume et de cœur,
"LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT."

"Rue Canmartin, Paris.
"17th May.

"AIMABLE ET CHERE SŒUR,

"Mes *Trois Voyageurs* vout paroitre a Londres et a Paris, en deux, trois ou quatre jours. Soutenez les ! protegez les ! Qu'une des palmes qui ceignent votre front s'etende sur eux comme un talisman de protection. Son plus grande gloire aura été d'etre sous votre égide.

"Les journaux vous les parleront sans doute de mon livre. Surtout s'il a un beau succés. Je voudrois bien avoir quelques uns de vos articles pour le faire reproduire dans les Gazettes Francais.

"Les dernieres pages du 2e volume sont toutes politiques : Elles parleut de Mr. le Duc de B., et vous comprenez la cholere que j'aurais de y mettre. Tachez d'en faire parler, *dans notre opinion*, par *le Morning Post, le Court Journal*, &c., et toutes les Gazettes qui sympathisent avec la cause. Je ferois repondre ici leurs articles et leurs reflexions politiques, et cela pourroit etre utile *ici* a moi et aux notres. Je regarde cela comme important de bien des choses et sous bien des rapports.

"J'espere vous envoyer prochainement l'exémplaire Francais qui vous est destiné, accueillez le avec votre bonté accoutumé ; et cet hommage de reconnaissance vous dira combien je suis heureux et fiere de votre illustre patronage.

" Je n'ai pas besoin de vous recommander mes interets sous le rapport pecuniaire. Je ne doute pas que vous soyez bonne a cet egard comme en tout le reste ; esperons que Monsieur B. montre de l'honneur propre a en agir noblement avec moi ; nous pourrons faire quelques autres affaires ensemble, si je suis content de lui.

" Adieu, mon excellente ami. Je vais attendre impatiemment des nouvelles de Londres, le moment decicif est venu.

" Croyez moi pour le vie chere sœur,
" Votre reconnoissant et devoué serviteur,
" VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

" Mille tendresses a mon bon Comte D'Orsay, je compte aussi son son amitié, sur ses soins, sur son credit, et sur son talent, il a, à la fois tant d'obligeance et tant de bonté, &c."

CHAPTER XIII.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

Lady Blessington made the acquaintance of this distinguished writer in Naples. She speaks in high terms, in her letters, of the simplicity and naïveté of his character. His unaffected manners and amiable disposition made a strong impression on her mind. His conversation appeared to her interesting, full of poetry, but devoid of all manifestations of morbid sensitiveness and vanity.

Casimir Delavigne died at Lyons, in his fiftieth year, in December, 1843.

For a considerable time he had been in delicate health, the result of his unremitting literary labours for many years. Monsieur Jules Janin published an interesting memoir of this eminent poet and dramatist, in the Debats newspaper. His dramatic productions have long kept possession of the French stage, and still retain all their original popularity. He died without pain or suffering, in the full possession of all his faculties, and unconscious, it would appear, of any immediate danger. When he breathed his last, his wife was in the act of reading to him Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering;" and living in illusions, the poet died in them. His son, a boy of ten years of age, was present when he expired.

LETTERS FROM CASIMIR DELAVIGNE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"MADAME,

"Je ne saurais trop vous remercier du présent que vous avez bien voulu me faire. Vous demandez en revanche des vers de moi; après ceux que je viens de lire. J'ai quelque honte d'envoyer les miens cependant je dois obeir, ils n'auront d'autre merite que de vous rappeler très imparfaitement dans une imitation française une des plus sublimes images du 'Giaour.' Je vous dois de nouveaux remerciéments pour l'espérance que vous nous avez donnée de vous revoir en France. C'est alors que mieux inspiré dans ma patrie je pourrai vous adresser à vous même des vers qui par le sujet seront moins indignes de l'honneur que vous voulez leur faire en les plaçant près de ceux de vos grands poetes.

"Recevez, Madame, l'hommage de mon respect,

"CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

"En quittant Napoli, 22 Janvier.

"Je prie Monsieur le Comte d'Orsay d'agréer mes complimens les plus affectueux."

"Contemplez une femme avant que le linceuil
En tombant sur son front brise notre espérance
Le jour de son trépas, ce premier jour du deuil
Où le danger finit, où le néant commence:
Quelle triste douceur! quel charme attendrissant!
Que de mélancolie et pourtant que de grace.
Dans ses levres sans vie où la frâleur descend!
Comme votre œil aride admire en fremissant.
Le calme de ses traits dont la forme s'éffface,
La morne volupté de son sein palissant!
Du corps inanimé l'aspect glase votre âme.
Pour vous même attendri, vous lisez vos destins
Dans l'immobilité de ses beaux yeux éteints
Ils ont séduit, pleuré, lancé des traits de flamme,
Et les voila sans feux, sans larmes, sans regard!
Pour qu'il vous reste une doute il est déjà trop tard;

Mais l'espoir un moment suspendit votre crainte,
Tant sa tête repose avec sérénité !
Tant la main de la mort s'est doucement empreinte
Sur ce paisible front par elle respecté,
Où la vie fuyant a laissé la beauté !*

"CASIMIR DELAVIGNE."

COMTE ALFRED DE VIGNY.

The name of this gentleman stands high in French literature. His popularity as a poet, a novelist, and miscellaneous writer, a few years ago, was hardly surpassed by that of any other French author. His "Cinque Mars," an historical novel, possesses great interest and merit.

His "Chatterton" also was greatly admired in its day, and several of his minor tales and poems still maintain a high place in public opinion

I have met this gentleman in the best literary society in Paris about ten years ago. His highly-cultivated mind, elegant tastes, polished manners, and amiable disposition, were not more worthy of observation, than his remarkable modesty and simplicity of character.

"Alfred de Vigny," observes Lady Blessington, "is a man of fine feelings as well as genius, but were they ever distinct? I like to think they cannot be, for my theory is, that the feelings are to genius what the chords are to a musical instrument—they must be touched to produce effect."

FROM COUNT ALFRED DE VIGNY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"18ieme ——, [1840,] Paris.

"Moi qui me souviens, milady, de vous avoir trouvé une soir si profondement affecté de la mort d'une amie, je puis mesurer tout la peine que vous avez éprouvée à la perte de Lord Durham.

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* These lines would have served well to describe the marvellous beauty that supervened on death, the revived loveliness of Lady Blessington, as it was in the bloom of youth, that manifested itself in the remains of that lady, a few hours after her decease.—R. R. M.

J'aimais toujours à me figurer que je le retrouverai à Gore House à coté de vous, et je ne puis croire encore qu'en si peu de tems il ait été enlevé à ses amis. Je ne crains point avec vous de parler d'une chose deja ancienne, comme ou dirait à Paris, car je sais quel religieux souvenir vous gardez a ceux qui ne sont plus, et qui vous furent chers.

"Je regrete dans Lord Durham tout l'avenir que je me promettois de sa vie politique, et le developpement des idées saines et larges, que, chez vous il m'avait montrée. Si je ne me suis trompé sur lui, l'alliance de la France lui semblait précieuse à plus d'un titre, et il connaissait profondement les vues de la Russie. S'il tenoit à cette géneration de vos hommes d'etat qui prirent part aux plus grandes luttes, il etait pourtant jeune d'esprit et de cœur, et un homme de passè et d'avenir à la fois sont bien rares.

"Vous pensez à voyager in Italy, y sougez vous encore, Milady, je le voudrois puisque Paris est sur le chemin, et je suis assurè par tout la grace avec laquelle vous m'avez ouvert Gore House, que vous ne seriez point affligée de me voir vous porter en France l'assurance du plus sincére et du plus durable devouement.

"ALFRED DE VIGNY."

From Signore Luigi Chiave, on the death of the Duke Torlonia.

"Rome, March 14, 1829.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

"We were all in the deepest affliction for the severe loss of our dear Duke Torlonia, when your letter from Paris of the 14th ult. reached me, you will therefore excuse my delay in answering the same, and the slowness of my reply.

"The Duke's death is a great loss to our family, although he had made his will, providing for every one of his family very magnificently, and for Alexander in particular. The house of commerce goes on just the same as before; just now all are very busy, which causes to us some distraction; but my poor mother, who has not the same advantage, feels the loss still more, and has experienced a great blow.

"I am sure, Lady Blessington, that you and all your party will sympathise with us in our profound grief, and will take a kind interest in our situation.

"This has been a dreadful winter; deaths without end, more than the half of the Roman society is in mourning, not for the Pope, for whom no body has mourned either exteriorly or internally. His death puts an end to all the gaieties of the Carnival, and then the others followed, till our own calamity befel us, and everything was at an end. There were all the appearances for a most brilliant Carnival, and the day on which the poor Duke died was to be our bal masqué. What a change! I see that all the world is not equally unfortunate. I rejoice with Count D'Orsay for the happy accouchement of his sister the Duchesse de Guiche, which I have seen in the newspaper, as also with you for your sister's marriage.*

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington,
"Ever yours sincerely,
"Luigi Chiave."

THE BABOO DWARKANAUTH TAJORE.

This enlightened and opulent Hindoo claimed descent from one of the five renowned Brahmins of Bengal, who settled in that country many centuries ago. He inherited vast estates in Cuttach, and property in houses and land in and adjoining Calcutta. At an early age he shewed a strong predilection for European society and manners, and commercial enterprise.

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* In 1815, the authoress of the Diary of the Times of George the Fourth, referring to the assembly at Torlonia's, in Rome, and his two palaces, the old for his banking business and his money bags, the new for his festas, observes, "It would be unjust not to acknowledge that the Duc de Torlonia, though purse-proud and a parvenu, is a very useful and hospitable person, and his family render themselves equally serviceable and agreeable to all strangers who visit Rome, especially to the English."—*Diary of the Times of George the Fourth*, vol. iii. p. 7.

The writer goes on to say, that the wealthy banker, whom Buonaparte made a Duke, purchased the Princess of Wales' most valuable jewels; and that some pearls of priceless value, which belonged to her Royal Highness, decorated the ample bosom of the citizen's wife. R. R. M.

He built indigo factories, bought and chartered ships, and obtained from government a high office, that of the head Dewan of the salt department. His munificence was unbounded to all the charitable and scientific institutions of Calcutta. He first visited England in 1842, for a few months. He proceeded to the Continent, studied the language and institutions of that country, and again returned to England, but much impaired in health.

Among the many friendships he formed in London with distinguished persons, that in which he seemed to take most pleasure was the close intimacy he had contracted with Lady Blessington and the Count D'Orsay. Some proofs were given of the value he set on their acquaintance, in the shape of Cashmere shawls and other precious objects of great value.

Count D'Orsay's portrait of his Hindoo friend was one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. The Baboo died at his residence, St. George's hotel, Albermarle Street, on the 1st of August, 1846, aged fifty-one. His remains were interred in Kensal Green cemetery, in the unconsecrated portion of the ground. No religious service was performed over the body. The son of the deceased attended the funeral, attired in an Indian costume, composed wholly of black cloth.

LETTER FROM THE HINDOOSTANEE PRINCE, DWARKANAUTH TAJORE.

"Calcutta, 15th February, 1844.

"My dear Lady Blessington,

"Your highly esteemed favour of the 16th December, 1842, with the no less esteemed gift which accompanied it, reached me only on the 8th instant, after wandering for upwards of a year in the wide world, and visiting the Mauritius, Madras, &c., where the ship was subjected to many detentions.

"An unlooked-for gift, however, is never too late to be thankfully received; and I only regretted the circumstance, because my not acknowledging the favour within a reasonable period, must have made me appear very ungrateful in your eyes. I now lose not a moment to assure you that the sight of your hand-writing was truly acceptable, and, according to our Eastern notions, as much as half a visit.

"The two Annuals I have perused with great pleasure, more especially the contribution by yourself, and others of the highly-gifted circle, with whom I have passed so many pleasant hours at Gore House.

"You remind me of my promise to revisit England, a promise which I can never lose sight of, so long as its many attractions continue; and which would have been fulfilled ere now, had I not considered it necessary, in the first instance, to make myself better acquainted with such objects of interest in my own country as I had not before visited. This I have now accomplished, having but lately returned from an extensive tour in the upper parts of India, in the course of which I visited the Holy City of Benares, Agra, Delhi, and many others, abounding with works of art far surpassing my most sanguine expectations, and presenting, at the same time, the most romantic associations, which would be better suited for your poetical genius than my prosaic pen.

"The Tai Mehal of Agra, built upwards of 200 years ago, by the Emperor, Sha Jebaun, as a tomb for his beloved wife, Noor Mehal (the 'light of the harem'), is a work which has no equal in the world, and is truly beyond description. No words, no idea, no drawing, no model, nothing indeed but the Tai itself can shew what the Tai really is. The symmetry of the whole, and the proportions of the component parts, the materials of which it is built, the mosaics, and the endless variety of detail in the friezes, screens, pavements, and balustrades, are all alike worthy of the highest admiration, and in so perfect a state, that one can scarcely believe that they were not the work of yesterday.

"The pure white marble, of which the tomb is built, is still as transparent and beautiful as it was at the time of the erection, and the exquisitely-finished inlaid work, composed of precious stones, and representing the most beautiful flowers, is in no less perfect a state of preservation.

"I must, however, conclude my letter, and defer giving you any further description of the many palaces and other works I have visited, until we again meet in England, which I hope will be at no very distant period.

"Kindly present the enclosed letter to Count D'Orsay, and remember me to your fair niece, and the other kind friends who have been enquiring after me, and believe me,

"My dear Lady Blessington,
"Ever most sincerely yours,
"DWARKANAUTH TAJORE."

LETTERS FROM HASSUNA D'GHIES TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"33, Albemarle Street, —— 1822.

"Hassuna D'Ghies presente ses complimens respectueuses à my Lord et my Lady Blessington, et leur temoigne ses regrets de ne pouvoir pas avoir l'honneur d'accepter leur aimable invitation pour aujourd'hui, parceque il se trouve engagè, et leur doit la même obligation.

"D'Ghies les prie de recevoir de nouveaux l'assurance de son parfait consideration.

"Mercredi à quatre heures."

"33, Albemarle Street, 4th July, 1822.

"MY LADY,

"Having received a small shawl from my country, I take the liberty of sending it your Ladyship, in hopes you will favour me by accepting it; though not sufficient for your merit, neither for my gratitude, yet as a mark of esteem for all the civilities I have received from your Ladyship.

"Receive, my Lady, the expression of my high consideration.

"I have the honour to be,
"Your obedient servant,
"HASSUNA D'GHIES."

LETTER FROM NAMIZ PACHA TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Carlton Hotel, 16th May, 1835.

"MY LADY,

"Je regret infinement de ne pouvoir pas me rendre chez vous pour prendre congè. Depuis ce jour dernier, que je dois quiter l'Angleterre un indisposition me tiens dens le chambre.

"Je vous remette un livre sur medecine, et la note de music que sa hautesse le sultan a composè que je vous priè d'accepter, en attendant et dans l'espoir de revoir l'angletere bientot à fin de pouvoir vous expriner de nouveau madam tout l'estime et la sincere amitie que je vous porte, je veux que vous m'envoyez aussi, madame, le portrait charmant qui m'a eté gratuitement offert.

"Agreez, Madam, l'assurance de ma sincere amitie,

"NAMIZ."

LETTER FROM GENERAL COUNT D'ORSAY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Rue de Bourbon, Paris.

"Chere Lady Blessington, ma femme m'a dit qu'un bureau, pareille à celui que jai donnè à Alfred conviendroit à Lord Blessington: faitez moi le plaissir de lui offrir celui ci de ma part et de le prier de l'accepter comme souvenir de son ami:

"Ce petit cadeau en passant par vos mains ne peut que devenir plur agreeable, vous savez si bien en votre amabilitè saccoutumèe faire valoir les plus petites choses, que vous saurez mettre un noveau prix a cette bagatelle et malgrè les rarètes que possede le cher Lord daignez le faire entendre que les souvenirs de l'amitie ne doivent point etre appreciès par le magnificence.

"Homages et amities sinceres,

"A. COMTE D'ORSAY."

ROBERT WESTMACOTT, JUN. ESQ.

The "young sculptor of much promise," who made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington, at Naples, in 1824, had been studying in Rome, and had already executed, during his residence there, several works of great merit. Lord Dudley and Ward had been one of his earliest and most zealous patrons.

Few artists were held in higher regard by Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay than this eminent sculptor, and accomplished and amiable gentleman. To his professional talents, refined taste, and judgment, he added literary abilities far above mediocrity. He wrote prose and verse with grace and facility, and conversed with ease and effect. His high moral character and worth, mental culture, and amiable disposition, made him an estimable member of society, and an especial favourite of Lady Blessington, both in Italy and at home.

LETTERS FROM ROBERT WESTMACOTT, ESQ. TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Mr. R. Westmacott presents his compliments to Lady Blessington, and does himself the pleasure to enclose a copy of the lines of Mrs. Hemans he spoke of last evening.

"He hopes Lady Blessington will think as well of them as he does. He is quite vain for the share he has had in calling forth so sweet a song.

"He takes advantage of being in good company, to send some wildish lines, written 'on the spot,' as authors say, that is, in a storm literally.

"Monday evening."

"Thursday.

"I only returned to town last night, or I should have had the pleasure to answer your Ladyship's enquiry sooner, or rather, to acknowledge your note, for I am sorry to say, neither my Italian nor I can remember the date of Miss Bathurst's death, and I fear I have destroyed every memorandum (excepting a cast of the *relievo* I executed in Rome) connected with the event.

"RICHARD WESTMACOTT."

LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Capo di Naplis (Naples).

"I am ashamed of having been so long answering your

Ladyship's kind letter, but I could not get the decision of Prince Stiliano Colonna till the night before last, and the death of one of my own horses yesterday made me uncertain whether I could go to Capo di Monte or not, to-morrow. It is, however, now settled that we are to have the honour of waiting on you. I have taken the liberty of asking the Prince's brother, who lives with him.

"W. Drummond."

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM JOHN AULDJO, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Naples, September 25, 1835.

"My Dear Lady Blessigton,

"I have been somewhat remiss in not answering your kind letter sooner, but the wish to see the end of a story of Bonuccio's in 'The Omnibus' (a weekly publication), in which you are one of the principal characters, has kept me from writing to you, till I could tell you what you do and say at Pompeii, in company with Scott, Byron, and many other great persons of this great era. This end has not yet appeared; but I can no longer delay in thanking you for your kindness to my humble self, and I am much afraid that it is owing to your good nature, that you have read my trivial tour with an eye closed to its defects, and praised what you ought to have condemned. Nevertheless, I am extremely flattered by your good opinion, which, in truth, I value more than the accumulated encomiums of a thousand critics: could so many of those dread arbiters of an author's fate be found to give me a favouring word. Besides, I feel honoured by your promise of the Book of Beauty, which I look forward to with anticipations of no little pleasure. If you will direct it to be sent to Messrs. Bingham and Richards, King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, addressed to me, it will be forwarded to me by the very first opportunity.

"I am glad to find that Mrs. Torre Holmes' poem meets your approbation. I am certain she will feel delighted with your attention, and will be tempted to place at your disposal many such offerings, even of greater beauty than the present one; her address is, Mrs. Torre Holmes, care of F. Mangles, Esq., Down Farm, near Guildford, Surrey. With regard to any contribution of my own, I am almost afraid to tempt my fate amongst the beautiful and well-wrought tales which your magic wand calls forth; yet I fain would answer the spell, and will send you before the end of January—one, the scene of which is in Naples, in the stormy times of the 'conspiracy of the Barons,' and if it should not meet with approbation, you will only have to treat it with a short process, and throw it into the fire. And now let me analyse Signr. Bonnucci's curious story. You are accused of visiting Pompeii by moonlight, with Scott, Byron, Madame Recamier; and the author, Bonnucci, describes himself as waiting for your arrival, sitting on the steps of the Temple of Fortune—the moon rising in all its southern beauty and softness from behind the mountains over Amalfa and Salerno, Vesuvius, with the red glare of an eruption on its summit, strives to contend with its silver rays for possession of the sacred spot, and illumines one side of the temples and statues of the Forum with its murky red, while the other is under the dominion of the silver tint of the glorious orb. On one side the sky is darkly, deeply blue; on the other, thick volumes of sulphuric smoke roll up and shroud the face of heaven. Of course he is in a reverie, from which a well-dressed page startles him, and announces the arrival of his expected guests; he hurries towards the entrance, and meets you by the Theatre, but he observes that the Dey of Algiers, with a vast train of Odalisques, a beautiful Sultana, almehs and singers, was reposing under the weeping willow of the Forum, and cannot be stirred from his pipe, his dances, and his songs; wrapt up in their enjoyment, and with true Eastern feeling, heedless of the treasures of Pompeii and the beauty of the ladies of your society. He leaves the Dey to his pleasure, and with you under his care, leads the party through the city of the dead. Walter Scott hobbles for a time, and is then accommodated with a crutch; he speaks *cattivo Inglese*, because il facile e gentile idioma gli era affatto ignota.

"He was sulky because he was Zoppo, like Byron, Bulwer (what will he say to this libel?), Chateaubriand and Canning.

However, poor Sir Walter takes little notice of anything, being buried as it were in his own past dreams, and was as one called from the grave, and only kept with them by the enchanting smiles of the beautiful genius who hung upon his, the delighted author's arm! Well, you wander about till near dawn, but, faith! not a word does he repeat of what you said, or indeed any of the party. But you do wander about till near dawn, and arrive at the Basilica, where the first rays of the rising god of day disclose a beautiful sight—the whole bay of Naples. Naples, Castelamare, the coast of Sorrento, the plain all awakening into life under the warm influence, and all are struck with the amazing loveliness of the scene. But these first rays disclose another sight still more enchanting—a table covered with the rarest flowers, and spread with all the delicacies of the season, from India, Persia, America; the dishes of gold and silver. What fairy has done this? 'Tis by the munificence of the Duke of Casarano, who, as the darkness cleared away, was discovered at the head of the table, waiting to do the honours of the feast. Your Ladyship sits on his right hand—the attendants hand round the flowers and fruits—when lo! they are found to be all *sorbetti*, and you the queen of beauty, after a long conversation about the ancients and the moderns too (but all of which instructive conversation is unfortunately suppressed), conclude by declaring, that Italia was ever the classic land of taste, of the arts, of politeness, and that the Duke of Casarano is the great representative of all three! Here the story stops, and I anxiously look for the next paper, when I hope we shall learn how you got home after this dainty feast. It would be a pity to deprive you of the end of so beautiful a tale, and I shall take an opportunity of transmitting it to you when it appears. But now I suspect you will be sadly tired of all this nonsense; yet I trust you will excuse my obliging you to wade through this short abstract, instead of sending you several sheets, had I transcribed the whole.

"It was with great pain that I received an invitation from Ellice to join Lord Durham and himself at Malta, and go to Constantinople, Odessa, and Moscow; but, unfortunately for me, Ellice wrote so shortly before they left London, and the process our letters undergo at various frontiers, to keep cholera out of them, delay them so long on the road, that I only got it in time to be disappointed, for I could not have reached Malta, by any contrivance, before they got there; and luckily decided on not trying to do so, for I since have learnt that they did pass before I could have got to Messina.

"Poor Sir William Gell is very far from being in a convalescent state, and I am afraid the approach of winter will be too much for him. Instead of rallying, as we expected, with the summer, he gradually grows weaker, and ere long the fitful dream must be over; he is in good spirits, and is very grateful for any attention. The Archbishop, though so much older, is likely to live much longer than his friend, and the Ricciardis are the great supporters of a new singing, acting, dancing society called the *Filarmonica.* The second son is liberated, but is very little seen in society.

"JOHN AULDJO."

DR. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI, M.D.

In April, 1816, when Byron set out on his second tour, he was accompanied by a young Italian physician, in the capacity of his travelling medical attendant. Polidori was a young man of considerable talents, wild and ill regulated, exceedingly eccentric, vain, capricious, and irrascible, but of honourable principles, an outspeaking, original, independent thinker. He was the son of a person of high character and respectability, who had been in early life a secretary of the poet Alfieri. Had his abilities been well directed, and time given for the exercise of them, and the cooling down of his excessive ardour and enthusiasm, he might have become very eminent in his profession, or in the pursuits of literature. He took a pleasure in provoking his indulgent patron, Lord Byron, sometimes even practising acts of rudeness, which another might not have ventured to attempt with impunity.

In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were living at Secheron, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, with Lord Byron, and some time after, when Byron removed to Diodati, the Shelleys were again guests of his Lordship. On each occasion, Polidori was an inmate of his Lordship's abode.

While at Diodati, during a week of rain, the party had agreed to amuse themselves with reading German ghost stories, and composing pieces in that style.

Polidori commenced his tale of "The Vampire," and repeated, one evening, the sketch of the story. Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of "Frankenstein," Moore observes, was "the most memorable result of this story-telling compact." But another remarkable result of it was the transformation of the slight sketch of the story dashed off at Diodati, by Polidori, into a strange novel entitled "The Vampire," allowed to go forth, though not avowedly, with all the appearances that could be given to it, to foster the supposition that it was the production of Lord Byron.

In 1817, Byron and Polidori parted. His lordship found it impossible to bear any longer with the annoyances he suffered from the intolerable vanity and extraordinary caprices of this eccentric young man.* Besides, his lordship had quite

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* One of Polidori's escapades at Milan is referred to in Moore's Diary, in some allusions made to Lord Byron's occasional fits of ungovernable choler:

"Okeden mentions having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself, and succeeded; on the other, he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet; when, on coming to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clenching his hand, as if with a violent effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner. The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, in consequence of a scrape which Polidori had brought them into the night before, at the enough to do to manage his own scrapes, without having to be troubled by the police about the escapades of his physician.

Polidori went to England in 1817, well recommended by Byron to his friends in London. The young doctor's intention then was to go to the Brazils, to exercise his profession under the auspices of a Danish Consul. This idea, however, was relinquished. Polidori remained in London for a considerable time, published his extraordinary novel, was lionized for a season or two, made the acquaintance of many distinguished persons—among others of Lady Blessington—fell into pecuniary difficulties, and eventually terminated his existence.

On the subject of Polidori's novel, and the false impression made on the public mind as to the author of it, Moore merely observes that, "under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, it was received with much enthusiasm in France," and alludes to some French writer's having asserted that it was this work (believed to be his lordship's) which first attracted attention in France to the genius of Byron: and publishes a

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Opera, by desiring an officer, who sat before them, to take off his cap, and on his refusal to do so, attempted to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, coolly desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and the other two followed, ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured them he had no such thing in his contemplation; that he was the officer of the guard for the night; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to carry off Polidori to the guard-house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately; Polidori having, in addition to this punishment, 'bad conduct' assigned as the reason of his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after their receiving this notification, that Okeden found Lord B. storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavouring to tranquillize his temper. Must ask Hobhouse about this."

letter of Byron to Murray, dated Venice, May 25th, 1819, in which there is the following passage: "A few days ago, I sent you all I know of the Vampire. He may do, say, or write what he pleases, but I wish he would not attribute to me his own compositions."*

But Moore makes no mention whatever of a very remarkable letter, which Lord Byron addressed to the Editor of Galignani's paper, denying the imputed authorship of the Vampire. I am not aware whether that letter was published or not in Galignani's paper, but having obtained a copy of it from a Mr. Armstrong, an acquaintance of Lord Byron's in Italy, who received it from his lordship shortly after it was written; it is here given, as far as I know, for the first time to the public.

LETTER FROM LORD BYRON TO THE EDITOR OF GALIGNANI'S MESSENGER.

"Venice, April 27th, 1819.

"SIR,

"In various numbers of your Journal, I have seen mentioned a work entitled 'The Vampire,' with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper, I perceive a formal annunciation of 'The Vampire,' with the addition of an account of my residence in 'the Island of Mitylene,' an island which I have occasionally sailed by, in the course of travelling, some years ago, through the Levant, and where I should have no objection to reside, but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungenerous to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real author, whoever he may be, of his honours; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own.

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* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 394.

"You will excuse the trouble I give you; the imputation is of no great importance, and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it, as I have received many others, in silence.

"But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much, particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one, nor the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to 'Vampires;' and the little acquaintance I have with them, would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets.

"You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about '*my devotion*,' and 'abandonment of society for the sake of religion,' which appeared in your Messenger during last Lent;—all of which are not founded on fact: but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader.

"I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honour to be (as the correspondents to magazines say),

"Your constant reader,
"And very obedient, humble servant,
"BYRON."

LETTER FROM DR. POLIDORI, THE PHYSICIAN OF LORD BYRON, TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"SIGNORA CONTESSA,

"Chi ha avuto una volta la sorte di conoscerla non può scordarsi di lei. A farne prova à me vengono adesso questi tre piccoli tomi i quali spero ch'ella non sdignerà d'accettare e d'onorarli d'un posto nella sua libreria. Forse s'ella gli trova degni di suoi sguardi, le potrà venir fatto di menzionarli in quelcuno di suoi scritti lo che saria un favore distinto ch'ella mi farebbe ed io le ne sarei infinitamente obbligato.

"Sono Signora Contessa,
"Suo servitore,
"E. POLIDORI."

LETTER TO LADY BLESSINGTON, FROM THE REV. AUGUSTUS F. HARE.

Addressed to Lady Blessington, while living at the Palazzo Negroni, in Rome.

"Dear Lady Blessington,

"The poem of Wodin, or Odin, is, I hope, a great deal better than the MS. which I have been just perusing, and in which I have taken the liberty of putting a pencil mark opposite the few lines (there are only five of them) that struck me as having some merit. The first line I have marked is picturesque. I think the second and third are neatly expressed, the fourth and fifth are perhaps pretty. All the rest of all the poems I consign to your Ladyship's most critical indignation.

"Such is my opinion of the MS., and I write it, though I hardly know why; if it is right, you know it already; if wrong, you had better not hear it at all. The truth is, I wish to say a word on that "black hole," which contrasts so strangely with a guess of mine, that the ancients dreaded death; but that we, thanks to Christianity, only dread, if saved, dying. Nothing can be more opposite than Sir William's lines and my remark; and yet, perhaps, all things considered, the first confirms the last. To be sure, the lines on death have an odd appearance, coming so immediately as they do after the Platonist. To be told in one page that boxes are nothing, holes are nothing, the world itself is nothing but a make-believe! and to find the very next page filled with horror (horror so sincere, it almost makes one shudder), at the thoughts of what? of an imaginary confinement, in one of these imaginary holes, within one of those non-existent boxes! Is not such philosophy as this like a 'sick man's dreams?' Poor Sir William, I would not have such dreams for all his horses and all his learning, nor even for Lady D. to boot. The truth is, and the more I think, the more thoroughly I am convinced of it, there are but two consistent opinions in the world, Christian* Atheism and Catholic Christianity, and whoever halts between the two must, sooner or later, find unrest. I began with a criticism, and have ended with a sermon.

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* An almost illegible word, written over another that had been erased. —R. R. M.

"You perhaps, when you see me, will reverse the matter, beginning with a sermon for writing at all, will conclude with a criticism for having written nonsense. Well! be it so, a most clerical conclusion; so long as I may subscribe myself,

"Your Ladyship's
"Most obliged and very obedient servant,
"AUGUSTUS F. HARE."

"Wednesday."

This admirable letter, of a most estimable as well as erudite man, whom I had the pleasure of knowing at the onset of his professional career—unfortunately one too brief for all who came within the sphere of his duties or the circle of his acquaintance—it will be perceived, was in relation to a volume of MS. poems, written by Sir William Drummond, the philosophy of which was, to the Christian mind of Mr. Hare, "like a sick man's dreams," and which he consigned to Lady Blessington's "most critical indignation." How strangely and, it must be added, how sadly, does a letter of Lady Blessington to Sir William Drummond, on the same subject, contrast with the foregoing communication of Mr. Hare!—R. R. M.

LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

"Villa Gallo (Naples), April 24th, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

"The perusal of your beautiful poem, 'Odin,' has delighte me so much, that I cannot deny myself the gratification o expressing my thanks to its author, and, at the same time demanding why so exquisite a poem remains unfinished? It i cruel to your readers, and unjust to England, to leave such work incomplete: it is like the unfinished statues of Michael Angelo, which no hand has ever been found hardy enough to touch, for I am persuaded that we have no living poet who could write a sequel to 'Odin.'

"Do not think me presumptuous for venturing to give my opinion on poetry; I have studied it from my infancy, and my admiration for it is so enthusiastic, that I feel, more strongly than I can reason, on the subject. With this passion for poetry, you may more easily imagine, than I can describe, the delight that 'Odin' gave me. I have copied many, many passages from it into my Album, under different heads, such as Contemplation—Love of Country—Liberty—Winter—Morning—Meditation on a future State—Immortality of the Soul—Superstition—Vanity of Life—Jealousy, and many others, too numerous to mention; and they are of such transcendent merit, as to be above all comparison, except with Shakspeare and Milton. In the sublimity and harmony of your verses, you have equalled, if not surpassed, the latter; and, in originality of ideas, and variety, you strikingly resemble the former; but neither can boast of anything superior to your beautiful episode of 'Skiold and Nora.'

"Hitherto, my dear Sir William Drummond, I have looked on you as one of the first scholars, and most elegant prose writers, of the present day, permit me to say, that I regard you as *the first poet*. When I have been charmed with the productions of writers who were either personally unknown to me, or, unhappily, dead, how have I regretted I have not been able to pour out my thanks for the pleasure they have afforded me! In this instance, I rejoice that I have the happiness of knowing you, and of being able to express, though feebly, the admiration with which your genius inspires me, and of offering up my private prayers that you may be long spared to adorn and to do honour to the age, which is, and ought to be, proud to claim you. In writing to you, I abandon my pen to the guidance of my heart, which feels with all the warmth for which such hearts are so remarkable. A poet can understand and pardon this Irish warmth, though a philosopher might condemn it; but, in addressing you, I forget that I am writing to one of the most eminent of the last class, and only remember that I am talking of Odin to the most admirable of the first.

"I am at present reading 'Academical Questions,' which if I dare take possession of, should not again find their way to Chiaja: 'Odin' I shall most *unwillingly* resign, as I find it belongs to Lady Drummond; but if you have any other works by you, will you have the goodness to lend them to me? Pray name what day you will dine with us, accompanied by Mr. Stewart,* to whom I owe my best acknowledgments for having lent me 'Odin.' Believe me, my dear Sir William, to be, with unfeigned esteem, sincerely yours,

"MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON."

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* Mr. Thomas Stewart was a nephew of Sir William Drummond, and brother of the present Sir William Drummond Stewart, of Grandtully, co. Perth. Shortly after the date of the preceding letter, Mr. Stewart became a Roman Catholic, and eventually a clergyman of that church, and a dignitary of it in the kingdom of Naples. He was assassinated some years ago, while in the act of bathing—I think on the coast of Calabria; and, as I was informed, by an Italian servant who was in attendance on his master at the time of this catastrophe, the murder was committed by some desperadoes for the sake of a valuable gold watch he was known to carry with him.—R. R. M.

CHAPTER XV.

LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI, NOW MADAME LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY.

THIS lady is the daughter of the Comte Gamba, descended from one of the first families of Ravenna.*

Teresa Gamba was born at Ravenna, in 1802. She was educated at a convent, and was removed from one by her father, to be married, at the age of sixteen, to an old nobleman of considerable wealth, and very extensive landed property, on the borders of Ancona and Bologna—the Comte Guiccioli, a friend in early life of Alfieri. The Comte was not only old enough to be the father of this young lady (who was his third wife), but was even some years older than her father.

Youth, beauty, and intellect, united with age, ugliness, and mindlessness, proved an incongruous combination of jarring elements: antipathies, aversion, discords, and separation, were the result of this ill-starred, ill-assorted union.

Byron first beheld Madame Guiccioli at Venice, at the house of the Countess Albrizzi, in the autumn of 1818, two days after her marriage with the old noble of large possessions and small worth, then bordering on his grand climacteric. It was not, however, till the spring of 1819, that he became acquainted with the fair lady, at an evening party in the same city, and from that time daily meetings—"the despotism of a strong passion," on the part of one "a profound impression," on the heart of the other, an attachment that endured during the life of Byron, and that subsists to this hour, in the guise of a sort of *culte* for the memory of a man of transcendent talents, in the breast of the surviving lady—were the result.

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* "The Countess Guiccioli descends from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Her grandmother, a celebrated beauty in her time, was daughter to the Marquis di Bagno, of Mantua; and her mother, who died in childbirth only a year or so after the young Countess's marriage, was a very handsome lady, and daughter of the Contessa Macherelli; one of whose sisters married the Count Cobentzel of Vienna, and by another sister the family became allied to the noble houses of Erdeddi, Nadasti, and Esterhazy."—*Diary in Italy*, vol. ii. p. 53.

About this period, in June, 1819, Lord Byron, after a residence of upwards of two years at Venice, began to grow weary of the gloomy aspect of a great city falling into decay and dilapidation: "to see a city die daily, as Venice does, is a sad contemplation," said his Lordship. He accordingly abandoned Venice, and betook himself to Ravenna, where he renewed his acquaintance with the Countess Guiccioli.

The Countess had been obliged to quit Venice for Ravenna, with her husband, about the middle of the preceding April. Soon after her arrival, her mother died, in giving birth to her fourteenth child.

In July, 1819, Byron wrote from Ravenna to Mr. Hoppner, saying—"I greatly fear the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution leads. Thus it is with every thing and every body for whom I feel anything like a real attachment,—'War, Death, or Discord doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked, or that liked me."

Four years previously, Byron had met with some loss, which he made the subject of lines of much beauty and pathos, that are not to be found in his collected published works. These lines throw some light on the apparent indifference which Byron was in the habit of exhibiting, on occasions of separation by death, or other causes, from those he loved; and especially on the occasion of his parting with Madame Guiccioli, at the period of his embarcation for Greece.

STANZAS,

BY LORD BYRON.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye;
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls dreary on my heart.

2.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care;
As caverned waters wear the stone,
Yet dropping harden there—
They cannot petrify more fast,
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which coldly fixed, regard the past,
But never melt again.*

The Guiccioli Palace, at Ravenna, in which Byron resided for several months, is a large building, with spacious apartments, and a grand staircase. Like the majority of old Italian palaces, in towns and cities of secondary importance, it has a dilapidated, gloomy appearance. Here, however, a canto of Don Juan was written, and also his finest drama, Sardanapalus.

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* The above lines were obtained from the late Mr. R. A. Davenport, compiler of a Dictionary of Biography, and author of several works, who had the kindness to communicate them to my Publisher, with a note, wherein he said:—

"These lines are in Lord Byron's own handwriting. I received them from him, along with another poem, in 1815. I add the seal and post-mark, in confirmation of my statement.

"R. A. Davenport."

The rooms which were occupied by Byron, had been decorated by him, and one of the salons had been painted in fresco from pictures by one of the old masters.

The Guicciolis proceeded to Bologna in August, and were soon followed by Byron.

The latter end of that month Count Guiccioli, accompanied by his lady, left Bologna for his Romagnese estates. Byron fell into a state of melancholy, became reserved and exceedingly dejected, and solaced himself, in the absence of the Countess, by going daily to her house at the former usual hour of visiting her, entering her apartments, turning over her books, and writing in them. In one of those visits, he fell into a profound reverie, and was found weeping bitterly, brooding over the idea that had taken possession of his mind—that it was fatal to be loved by him.

In a copy of the Countess's "Corinne," on the 25th of August, 1819, he wrote some lines in the last pages, the concluding passages of which evince plainly enough the violence of his unhappy passion:—"My destiny rests with you, and you are a woman seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state. But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me—at least, you say so, and act as if you did so, which last is a great consolation, at all events. But I more than love you, and cannot cease to love you. Think of me sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us,—but they never will, unless you wish it."*

In September, the Countess and Lord Byron were for some time in the free enjoyment of each other's society in Bologna,

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* Life of Byron, ed. 8vo. p. 407.

(the Count being on business elsewhere); they proceeded together to Venice, and there, at his Lordship's villa of La Mira, they passed the autumn, and were visited by Moore.

In his Journal, (vol. iii. page 971), Moore speaks of having met Byron at Venice, in October, 1819. He makes mention of the Count Guiccioli applying to Lord Byron for the loan of £1000, at five per cent.; "that is, to give it to him, though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avilimento* to him."

Lady Blessington describes the personal appearance of the Countess Guiccioli as highly prepossessing, her manners distinguished, and her conversation spirituelle and interesting. "Her face," observes Lady B. "is decidedly handsome, the features regular and well proportioned, her complexion delicately fair, her teeth very fine, and her hair of that rich golden tint, which is peculiar to the female pictures by Titian and Giorgione. Her countenance is very pleasing; its general character is pensive, but it can be lit up with animation and gaiety, when its expression is very agreeable. Her bust and arms are exquisitely beautiful, and her whole appearance reminds one very strikingly of the best portraits in the Venetian school."

This account, in several particulars, corresponds with Mr. Hunt's earlier representation of her appearance; but in one respect it is entirely at variance with the latter; and from my own observation, though at a later period than that of either Lady Blessington's or Mr. Hunt's acquaintance with Madame Guiccioli, I am fully persuaded,—the description of her appearance as that of "a kind of buxom parlour boarder"—is very far from being correct.

"Her appearance," says Mr. Hunt, "might have reminded an English spectator of Chaucer's heroine:

'Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise,

Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yarde long I guess,
And in the garden (as the same uprist)
She walketh up and down, where as her list.

" And then, as Dryden has it,

'At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand.

" Her hair," observes Mr. Hunt, " was what the poet has described as rather *blond*, with an inclination to yellow; a very fair and delicate yellow, at all events, and within the limits of the poetical. She had regular features, of the order properly called handsome, in distinction to prettiness or piquancy; being well proportioned to one another, large, rather than otherwise, but without coarseness, and more harmonious than interesting. Her nose was the handsomest of the kind I ever saw; and I have known her both smile very sweetly, and look intelligently, when Lord Byron has said something kind to her. I should not say, however, that she was a very intelligent person. Both her wisdom and her want of wisdom were on the side of her feelings, in which there was doubtless mingled a good deal of the self-love natural to a flattered beauty. * * * In a word, Madame Guiccioli was a kind of buxom parlour-boarder, compressing herself artificially into dignity and elegance, and fancying she walked, in the eyes of the whole world, a heroine by the side of a poet. When I saw her at Monte Nero, near Leghorn, she was in a state of excitement and exultation, and had really something of this look. At that time, also, she looked no older than she was; in which respect, a rapid and very singular change took place, to the surprise of every body. In the course of a few months, she seemed to have lived so many years."

I have seen Madame Guiccioli thirty-three years after the period at which Mr. Hunt says this " rapid and very singular change" had taken place. And most assuredly, even at this day, there is nothing in the appearance of this fascinating person that would indicate that early change, or indeed any subsequent one, more than the hand of time, most leniently laid on that beautiful face and form, might have been expected, in his most sparing mood, to have made.

The Guiccioli's loveliness was of a kind to which Byron's lines on the Venus de Medicis, in the Florentine Gallery, might be well applied :

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness."*

As to the maudlin affectation ascribed to her by Mr. Hunt, and anxiety to parade her attractions, and the influence of a heroine of romance, the account is wholly at variance with the notices of other writers of her habits and tastes at different periods, not only during the life-time of Byron, but since that event.

With respect to the deficiency of intelligence, rather hinted at by Mr. Hunt than asserted, it may be observed, in decrying this lady, Lord Byron's taste and judgment were to be depreciated (morality was not taken into account), and altogether an unfavourable impression of the person who was most favourably looked on by the offending poet, was to be effected.

Lord Byron says the education of Madame Guiccioli had been carefully attended to, and her reading had been extensive. "Her conversation is lively without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue stockings, she contrives that her petticoats shall hide them.'"

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* Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 50.

The disinterestedness of the Countess Guiccioli is fully established by the testimony of Hobhouse and of Mr. Barry, the friend and banker of Lord Byron, and the statements of Moore, in the preface to the second volume of the first edition of his "Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron." When Byron went to Greece, he gave Mr. Barry orders to advance money to Madame Guiccioli; "but that lady would never consent to receive any." He had also stated to Mr. Barry that he intended to bequeath £10,000 to her. "He mentioned this circumstance also to Lord Blessington. But his intention had not been carried into effect, and it was fully ascertained that Madame Guiccioli had discountenanced the intention, and dissuaded his Lordship from fulfilling it."*

In Moore's diary of July, 1824, we find, in an account of a conversation with Mrs. Shelley regarding Lord Byron and his affairs, these words: "The Guiccioli has refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think)."

The 2nd of April, 1823, Byron wrote from Genoa that he had just made the acquaintance of the Blessingtons; and on the 2nd of June following, he wrote a farewell letter to Lady Blessington, who was then on the eve of departing from Naples, and on the 13th of the next month he embarked for Greece. Lady Blessington's intimacy with Byron was only for a period of two months, and during those two months, I am informed by the Countess Guiccioli (now Marquise de Boissy), that the interviews between Lady Blessington and Byron did not exceed five or six; and that the feelings of friendship entertained by his Lordship were not of that very ardent nature which would have prevented him from indulging in his favourite propensity of bewildering his *entourage*, by giving expression to satirical observations even on a friend on whom he had written such eulogistic verses as he had composed for the Countess of Blessington.

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* Moore's Life, &c., of Byron. Pref. to vol. ii. first edit. p. xix.

Madame Guiccioli at different periods visited England, and on each occasion found at Gore House a hospitable mansion, where she was occasionally domiciled or entertained. There was great intimacy between Lady Blessington and Madame Guiccioli, and a demonstration of affection in their correspondence, that might have denoted friendship of a very cordial kind; but I doubt if a very sincere, ardent, and disinterested attachment existed between them. Madame Guiccioli seemed to feel that she was lionized by Lady Blessington; and Lady Blessington appeared to remember that the Guiccioli claimed a property in the memory of Byron, which was not altogether compatible with the feelings of the author of "Conversations with Lord Byron." Lady Blessington courted the society of Madame Guiccioli, it is true, showed her great civility, and made a great deal of her in the salons; but any little peculiarities of the Italian lady were seized hold of eagerly, and made the most of in society, and laughed at in it.

Like most Italian women, Madame Guiccioli has very little comprehension of badinage or irony in conversation. The Guiccioli could not understand anything like a joke; she could bear with any neglect, or even a slight, provided it extended not to Byron's memory. Lady Blessington, who delighted in certain kinds of mystification in a sportive humour, mischief malliken of a playful sort, used sometimes to take advantage of Madam Guiccioli's simplicity and amusing peculiarities, her exaggerated ideas of Italian superiority in all matters of refinement, her invincible persuasion that Italians exceeded all other Europeans in genius, virtue, and patriotism, to enter into arguments at variance with her notions, and to propound strong opinions unfavourable to the people, culture, and climate of Italy.

At the commencement of 1820, Count Guiccioli having arrived in Venice, after some negociations, menaces of legal proceedings with a view to a divorce, and a formal agreement, by which it was covenanted that all communication with Lord Byron should cease on the part of the Countess—the lady consented to accompany her lord to Ravenna. The covenant was not long kept; letters soon passed between the Countess and Byron, with complaints of coldness on one side, protestations on the other, and intimation of intended departure from Italy, and farewells for ever.

The intended departure was soon relinquished; early in January Byron was again established at Ravenna. And in July of the same year (1820), a formal separation was pronounced in Rome between the Count and Countess Guiccioli, the lady and her friends having demanded it. The Countess was ordered to go back to her father's house, and a maintenance was decreed from her husband's property.

The allowance made to her was 22,000 crowns a year, her husband's income being 120,000 crowns a year.

Byron says, on this occasion he offered any settlement, but it was refused. The "Dama" went to reside at a villa of Count Gamba, fifteen miles distant from Ravenna, and there she was occasionally visited by Byron.

In July, 1821, the old Count Gamba, and his son, Count Pietro Gamba, the father and brother of Madame Guiccioli, as suspected chiefs of the Carbonari, were ordered to quit Ravenna, where the Countess was then residing. The two Gambas proceeded to Florence, and there were joined by the Countess. In the following month of August, she was established at Pisa, in the Casa Lanfranchi, an ancient palace, which had been just taken by Byron. In the latter part of September 1822, Lord Byron and the Countess removed to Genoa, and took the Villa Saluzzo at Albaro, one of the suburbs of the city.

On the 13th July, 1823, his Lordship embarked for Greece.

On the morning of that day, Madame Guiccioli parted with him, never more to behold him.

Of that parting, no particulars are to be found in the "Memoirs," by Moore, the "Conversations," by Lady Blessington, or, indeed, in any other account of Byron and his affairs in Italy.

Byron had lashed his imagination into a sort of romantic frenzy and enthusiasm, on the subject of the struggle of the Greeks for their liberation from Turkish tyranny. He had a generous feeling of devotion to the interests of liberty in all lands. But at this particular juncture he was becoming tired of Italy, and had just witnessed the hopelessness of an attempt there for freedom, and the ruin which that unsuccessful attempt had brought on many of his Italian acquaintances and allies, of his political opinions. A few months before, he had spoken of quitting Italy for England, and bidding farewell for ever to one who had been the delight of his existence there: but then, when the time for departure came, his courage failed, he could not separate from "*La dame de ses pensées.*" It was the same, in some respects, on this occasion; he talked for a long time to her of this romantic expedition, he descanted on its pleasure, its perils and excitement, and sometimes half seriously, half ironically, of its glories. He persuaded her to allow her brother, Count Gamba, to accompany him to Greece; he told her he was resolved, in a few months, to return to Italy, *ritornare a l'Italia* (to her, as it was interpreted, for what was Italy then to Byron without her?); but Madame Guiccioli says, "Notwithstanding all this, every person who was near him at the time, can bear witness to the struggle which his mind underwent (however much he endeavoured to hide it), as the period fixed for his departure approached."*

In the evening of the 13th of July, when all the preparations were made, and the persons of his suite who were at the

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* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 590.

Salluzzi, and were to accompany him, had been sent on, Byron, who had been busily engaged in superintending those preparations, with manifest effort endeavouring to appear composed, indifferent, wholly wrapt up in Greece and liberty, and affecting to be jaunty in his air and lively in his conversation, took his last leave of the person who for him had abandoned every thing in this life that should be held dear to woman.

His Lordship embarked the evening before the intended departure; he and his whole party slept on board the Hercules, the vessel chartered for the expedition. Byron's latest dream of love had been dreamed out; and that last vision of his life's romance past and gone, nothing now remained for him but a vague, undefined object, looked at through a refracting medium that tinged its imperfect outlines with bright hues, and invested them with glorious shapes and classical poetic illusions.

In that work, which Byron told Mr. Murray, in July, 1821, "at the particular request of the Contessa G——, he had promised not to continue — Don Juan," there are some farewell lines of the Donna Julia, which might have been appropriately addressed to the author of that poem by the Donna Teresa Guiccioli, on the occasion of his departure from Genoa.

> "My breast has been all weakness, is so yet,
> But still I think I can collect my mind:
> My blood still rushes where my spirits set,
> As roll the waves before the settled wind.
> My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
> To all except one image madly blind;
> So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
> As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul."*

Byron, at the time of his departure from Genoa, was in his thirty-sixth, and Madame Guiccioli in her twenty-second year.

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* Don Juan, canto i. st. 197.

The Hercules cleared the port at day-break on the 14th of July, but the vessel lay becalmed all day in sight of Genoa. At night-fall a storm set in, and after encountering considerable danger, the captain had to put back to port, and anchored there about six o'clock in the morning of the 15th.

Lord Byron came on shore dejected, and *appearing* thoughtful. On relanding he set off for Albaro, expecting to find the Guiccioli still at Saluzzi. On the way, he said to his companion, "*Where shall we be in a year?*" He arrived in the chill grey morning, at an early hour, at his former residence. But there was no light step of one rushing forth to meet him as he approached.

> "He entered the house his home no more,
> For without hearts there is no home, and felt
> The solitude of passing his own door
> Without a welcome: there he long had dwelt,
> There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er."

All was still and silent in the Saluzzi; a care-taker of the deserted house met his lordship at the threshold, and said, "La Senora è partita."

Madame Guiccioli had taken her departure that morning. A painter should have been there, ensconced in some nook,—one of a divining spirit, as well as of a skilful hand. Byron wandered for some time through the desolate-looking apartments, the rooms she inhabited, the grounds that were her customary walks; and, like that Lambro of whom he had written five years previously—"a man of a strange temperament"—he felt there was in the aspect of a place that had recently been an abode that had enjoyments, and joyous loving inmates, and all at once had become a solitude;—

> "A thing to human feeling the most trying,
> And harder for the heart to overcome,
> Than even the mental agony of dying."

Byron returned early in the day to Genoa, and there he passed some hours with his friend Mr. Barry, walking about some gardens near the city, and conversing in a way that shewed his thoughts had taken a gloomy turn.

In the evening of that day he embarked, and finally lost sight of Genoa, and soon of Italy.

During Byron's life, it was—" La nobile e bellissima sua fisonomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti, che lo circondavano che lo rendevano un essere cosi differente cosi superiore a tutti quelli che ella aveva sino allora veduti," which had nourished the passion of the Countess Guiccioli. But the fidelity of her attachment to the memory of that highly-gifted being at the expiration of thirty years even still survives. It has assumed a settled aspect of veneration, that with a pale but steady light shines not ineffectually over the remains of the greatly loved and honoured dead.

This kind of *culte* reminds one of the sepulchral lamps of the ancients, that are said to have burned continually in charnels, giving out a faint unfading light, without receiving aliment or support from without the precincts of the tomb.

> " The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
> Over his living head like heaven is bent,
> An early but enduring monument,
> Came veiling all the lightning of his song in sorrow,"*

on the 18th of April, 1824, was drawing to the end of life at Missolonghi. In the latter part of that day, few of his words could be distinguished, and these were names—" Ada," " Hobhouse," " Kinnaird." Later, in an interval of reason, he was heard to say—" Poor Greece !" " Poor town !" " My poor servants !" " My hour is come ; I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here ?" At another time he said—" There are things which make this world dear to me—for the rest, I am content to die.' He spoke again of Greece, saying—'I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life—what could I do more?' It was about six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, when he said—'Now I shall go to sleep;' and then turning round, fell into that slumber from which he never awoke."*

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* Elegy on the death of Keats, by Shelley.

At half-past six the following day, the 19th, after lying nearly twenty-four hours, almost bereft of sense or motion, he breathed his last. A great intelligence passed away into the world of spirits.

It remained for a clerical corporation to determine—that world into which his spirit had passed was one of wrath and woe. They would not suffer the place in which the ashes of Castlereagh—of hundreds of impious, profane, and many unprincipled persons, many mercenary, some sanguinary, and several very vile and worthless minions of power, were laid, to be contaminated with the remains of Byron: but then Byron was a liberal, and for the punishment of adverse politics, hypocrisy put on the garb of piety on this as well as many other occasions, and party had its revenge, while religion had the name of a vindication of her cause.

Johnson speaks of a Dean of Westminster, whose abhorrence of Milton was so intensely orthodox, that the name of the Bard, in his opinion, was too detestable to be read on the walls of a building dedicated to devotion.†

On the arrival in England of the remains of Byron from Greece, application was made by the executors, in their individual capacity, to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for permission to have his remains interred in the abbey; "but such an answer was received, as left little doubt of any more regular application."*

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* Moore's Notices, &c. vol. vi. p. 212.

† Life of Milton.

It was then decided on having *his remains* interred in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead. But some of "the nearest friends" of the deceased Poet, were not content that *his imperfections* should be buried with his ashes.

The remains of Byron were removed from the house of Sir George Knatchbull, in Great George Street, on the 12th of July, 1824, and on the 16th, in the small village church of Hucknall, the last duties were paid to the remains of Byron. They were laid in the family vault, close to those of his mother.

On a tablet of white marble, in the chancel of the church, there is the following inscription :—

In the vault beneath,
Where many of his Ancestors, and his Mother, are buried,
Lie the remains of
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
Lord Byron of Rochdale,
In the County of Lancaster,
The Author of "Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage."
He was born in London, on the
22nd of January, 1788,
And died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the
19th of April, 1824,
Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that Country to her ancient freedom and renown.

His Sister, the Honourable Augusta Maria Leigh, placed this tribute to his Memory.

About eight years ago, Madame Guiccioli married an elderly French noble, the Marquis de Boissy. One would have thought the first experiment of this kind might have sufficed.

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* Notices of Life of Lord Byron, vol. vi. p. 222.

Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen, when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside, and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotions on his young weeping wife, said, "My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit you for ever here below. Will you assure me, my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you may be called on to make?" Horrid ideas of Suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funereal pyres, with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman.

With a convulsive effort, and desperate resolution, old Wycherly's young wife gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed. Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice—"My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone—(here the poor young woman sobbed and cried most vehemently)—when I am in my cold grave—(Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair)—when I am laid low—(the disconsolate wife roared with grief)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you— ('Oh, for Heaven's sake!' exclaimed Mrs. Wycherly, 'what am I to do?')—I command you, my dear young wife—(said the old dying comedian)—on pain of incurring my malediction, never to marry an old man again." Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would; and that faithful woman kept her word for life.

The Marquis de Boissy (Hilaire E. O. Rouillé) is one of the new nobility of France, who owe their coronets to their own merits and successes in military, political, stock-jobbing, or mercantile speculations. The Marquis is a large landed proprietor, who recommended himself to the notice of the late Marshal Soult by his industrial efforts, and long-continued endeavours to improve the condition of the humbler classes in the district of Viezzon à Lignieres, in which his property is situated—the chateau and territory of Castelnau, near Charost, six leagues from Bourges.

The Marquis *se montre assez souvent à la tribune de la chambre de Pairs.* He was wont to appear there a little—*trop souvent*, for the tranquillity of his friend and patron, Marshal Soult.

His merits have been fortunate enough to be appreciated by the present ruler of France—he has been honoured with the title and functions of a Senator.

Madame la Marquise is still a most fascinating woman, conscious of her power to please, and calculated to succeed in her efforts, as well as by the external *attraits* of appearance and deportment. Brilliant talents she has no claim to; but she has considerable conversational talents, and a large share of keen observation and insight into character, and of cleverness and *naïveté*, mingled with simplicity. She is well versed in Italian and French literature, has read much, and to some purpose. She writes fluently, and though not very correctly in English and French, expresses herself fully and forcibly, gracefully, and with facility.

When reference is made to Byron, and her intimate relations with him, she seems half proud, half ashamed of her liason, and the conflicting feelings come strangely into contact in her conversation. But one feeling predominates over every other, in relation to her former friend and admirer; one of unalterable fidelity, and unchangeable constancy in her attachment to him, and devotion to his memory.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

To Madame Guiccioli, in Italy.

"Seamore Place, London, Aug. 19, 1833.

"My dear Madame Guiccioli,

"I have learned with deep regret the affliction that has fallen on your domestic circle, an affliction which few are so calculated to feel in all its bitterness as yourself. While I was accusing you of forgetting your friends in England, which would be indeed ungrateful, as they do not cease to remember you with affection, you were in grief, and absorbed too much by the recollection of what you had lost to be blamed for forgetting the friends who still remain. Alas! chere amie, it is not until we have lost those we loved, that we feel all their value. Memory feeds on grief, and calls up looks and voices, that we can see or hear no more on earth, but that brought back by memory, have power to make us forget for a few moments the painful present, in the happier past.

"I do not seek to offer you vain consolation, because I too well know its inefficiency, and you have been too highly tried in affliction, not to have learned its bitter lesson—submission.

"I hope we shall see you in England next year; you have left behind you too agreeable an impression, for those who have had the pleasure of knowing you, not to desire to see you here again; and among your friends no one more anxiously desires it than myself. London has been very full, but not very gay this season. Our Opera has been brilliant, and offered a galaxy of talent, such as we never had before. Pasta, Malibran, Tamburini, Rubini, Donzelli, and a host of minor stars, with a corps de ballet, with Taglioni at their head, who more than redeemed their want of excellency. I did not miss a single night, and was amply repaid, by the pleasure I received.

"You are so kind as to wish me to tell you of myself, and therefore I must play the egotist. My health has been good, and I have written a political novel, which appeared in June, with the reception of which I have had every reason to be satisfied, and for which I got a good sum.

"I am now coming forth with a very beautiful work, called 'The Book of Beauty;' I say beautiful, as it is to be embellished with fine engravings from beautiful female portraits, illustrated by tales in prose and verse, to which many of my literary friends have kindly contributed. You see, my dear Countess, that I have not been idle since I saw you; but the truth is, I like occupation, and find it the best cure for banishing painful retrospections.

"Mr. Bulwer set off yesterday for Italy, and will visit Rome and Naples. I saw Mr. Moore three days ago, and he enquired very kindly for you, and I saw Campbell lately, who does not forget you. I wish you would send me a little Italian tale, in prose or verse, for my book. I know you could if you would, but I fear you are too idle. I trust you go on with the Memoirs you promised to write. It would amuse and instruct you, and would be highly gratifying to the world. Pray write to me often, and your letters shall be punctually answered.

"Believe me, my dear Countess Guiccioli,
"Your sincere and affectionate friend,
"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London.

"Seamore Place, July —, 1835.

"As I have neither seen nor heard from you since Wednesday, I conclude that you have abandoned the project of accompanying me to Anglesea Villa. I regret this very much, as you would have liked the country, which is very beautiful, and the air and sea breezes would have prepared you for the longer journey you intend taking.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London.

"October —, 1835.

"I shall grow superstitious, my dearest friend, for I really had a presentiment that you were either in sickness or in sorrow, and, alas! I find that you are in both. I wish I was near you, for I understand your heart as well as I do my own, and I think I could lighten your sufferings by sharing them. I have great faith in the power of sympathy, and it is in moments of affliction that the presence of a true friend can be of use. I shall be more *triste*, knowing that you are unhappy and alone, than if I was near you. Be assured that I feel for you a friendship as warm as it is sincere, and that few people can love you as well, because few can appreciate you as truly as I do.

"My carriage shall be at your door to-morrow at seven o'clock, to bring you to dine with me; but if you wish to take the air, or have any visits to pay, it shall be at your service at any hour you like. We felt so solitary after you left us, and missed so much your fair face and sweet voice, that we were not sorry that letters of business recalled us to London.

"Count D'Orsay charges me with milles amitiés de sa part. Adieu until to-morrow, chere et belle amie. God bless you, prays Your affectionate and devoted friend,

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London.

"November, 1835.

"Well can I share your feelings at the fatal event that has taken place. I too, lost *two* brothers, dear to me as the life blood that warms my heart, and though years, long years, have passed since then, I remember the blow, as if it only yesterday fell on me.

"When such an affliction befalls us, we are apt to forget, that those we mourn have only preceded us to the tomb by at most a few years. We shall soon follow them, and be united never more to part, and this thought should console us. Think how quickly passes even the longest life, and be comforted with the certainty of our reunion where there are no more partings, and no more tears. Heaven bless you,

"My dearest friend.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"October 9, 1835.

"I am truly grieved, my dearest friend, to hear that you have been so ill. I thought that your silence boded no good, but I tried to think it proceeded from the occupation and consequent fatigue of sight-seeing, which to a person with so much imagination, and so impressionable as you are, never fails to be as exhausting as it is exciting. How fortunate that you found a skilful doctor! I shall henceforth venerate his name, and laud his practice, though I trust you will no more have occasion to try its efficacy.

"Your tour has been a very interesting one, and you had need of such an excitement to lessen the *tristesse* that had taken possession of you since the melancholy intelligence from Italy. There is but one source of consolation, my dear friend, under such afflictions, and I have been often during the last six years compelled to seek its aid, and this is the recollection that the friends torn from us by death (that ruthless destroyer of the dearest ties), only precede us at most by a few fleeting years, that only sure rendezvous where we shall all meet. Alas! such is our weakness, that we mourn as if they only were condemned to die, and that we were not to follow them. The brevity of life proves the best consolation for the pains that fall to ourselves while in it. But why dwell on the subject to you, who, like myself, have tasted deeply of the cup of affliction, and who are accustomed to its bitterness?

"I hope to see you again very soon after your arrival, with the roses of health again blooming on your cheeks. Count D'Orsay charges me with his kindest regards for you; we often think and talk of the pleasant hours passed in your society at Anglesey, when your charming voice, and agreeable conversation, gave wings to them. I have delivered your message, in a most triumphant tone, as to 'The Life of Napoleon,' by Lockhart. It is delightful to conquer an opponent so obstinate as our friend, and the victory is yours.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London.

"Gore House, July 4th, 1836.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you again, for I had begun to think you had forgotten me, a supposition calculated to give pain to one who feels, as I do, a lively affection for you.

"The papers will have informed you of the result of a singular trial. The evidence, though enough to shew imprudence, could not satisfy any jury of actual guilt; but the proceedings were of a nature to inflict great pain on any delicate-minded woman's feelings, and to furnish a theme of scandal to the censorious. Nothing can be more calculated to strike at the root of morals, than the vile system in England of bringing forward discharged servants, often of bad character, to give evidence against their mistresses. Such should be, in nine cases out of ten, refused belief, and in this case it was so; but the misfortune is, that though the good and virtuous part of society *disbelieve*, the bad and vicious *do not*, and as they are the largest party, a poor woman's honour never comes purely out of such trials, or from such commentators.

"I see a good deal of your friend, Mr. Trelawney, and like him very much; he is original, clever, and brave; and of how few men can one say so much. Comte D'Orsay charges me with his very kindest regards to you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"Gore House, October 24th, 1837.

"It gave me very great pleasure, my very dear friend, to see your writing again. It appeared a long, long time since you left me, and I anxiously looked for the assurance that you had got through your voyage and journey safely, and with as little inconvenience as might be hoped. I have missed you continually, and thought of you often. You are so warm-hearted and affectionate, that were you less *amiable* by many degrees than you are, it would be very difficult, after having enjoyed your society for a few weeks, to resign it without deep regret. But I console myself with the hope that you will come to me next year again, when we shall renew our sober conversations by the fire-side, like two philosophers, who have acquired wisdom by the only true road to that science—*suffering*.

"You ask me about my health, but, alas! I can give you no satisfactory account of it. I went to Margate the Tuesday after you left me, and remained there eight days, when, finding the sea air too cold for me, I returned home, and though not better in health, find it less irksome to be ill at home than at an inn.

"I send you the ring engraved. It has your cypher on the centre, and a Marguerite and a pensé on the sides, to remind you of one who thinks often and affectionately of you. Comte D'Orsay charges me with *mille choses aimables* to you; you have, *malgré all discussions*, secured a very warm and sincere friend in him.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"Gore House, January 1st, 1838.

"I cannot allow the first day of the new year to pass over, without offering you my best wishes that it may bring you health and happiness, and without thanking you for both your kind letters. Be assured that, although I have not sooner thanked you for them, my silence has not proceeded from want of regard, but has been compelled by the pressure of literary labour, joined to a delicacy of health, that still renders me a sad invalid. It gave me great pleasure to learn that you were looking so well, and are so comfortably settled in your new abode. My little Isabella was enchanted with your sweet cadeau, and has done great honour to it; how *aimable*, and how like you it was, to have thought of her.

"I want you to do me a little service at Venice, if you have any correspondent there. It is, to have enquiries made, or a few lines inserted in the newspapers there, stating that if any one will deliver up the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Signor Algarotti, written many years ago, they will be bought at a reasonable price. My publisher has asked me to do him this service, and you are the only friend I could think of, likely to assist me in the affair. The letters were, some years ago, in the possession of an inn-keeper at Venice.

"My niece and her family have been staying with me during the last month. She is kind and gentle, and you would, I am sure, like her. Comte D'Orsay charges me with his kindest regards to you; we often think of you, and always with sincere affection.

"I have no faith in the predictions of Madame Le Norman, but if only half the good fortune she foretells you arrives, I will be ready to become one of her most zealous converts. If the good and estimable were favourites of Fortune, you would possess every advantage.

"Adieu, ma chere amie.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"Gore House, June 26th, 1838.

"It gave me very great pleasure indeed to hear from you again, but pain to learn that you were going southward, instead of, as I hoped, turning your steps towards England, when I should have been so delighted to see you. I regret to find that your excellent father is not well, and shall be glad to hear better accounts of him. The poor Duchesse D'Abrantes! Her death, and the circumstances that preceded it, were very melancholy. You have not told me whether you heard from Venice, relative to Lady M. Wortley Montague's letters, or if there is any chance of their being recovered.

"London is at present insupportable. The streets and Park crowded to suffocation, and all the people gone mad. Pray let me hear from you from Aix, and do not forget that you have friends in England who think often and fondly of you. It was only to-day that Lord Fitzharris sent me your letter, and I am so hurried, that I can scarcely find time to write you these few lines.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Boulogne.

"Gore House, August 15th, 1839.

"I am obliged to accompany my niece, who is in very delicate health, to the sea-side, for a month, and this contretemps will deprive me of the pleasure of receiving you before the 20th of September. I am more annoyed at this necessity of leaving home than I can express, as it prevents me from seeing you as soon as I could wish; but I trust that it is only a pleasure delayed, and that you will come to me as soon after the 20th of September as you can, and remain with me as long as you can make it convenient. I cannot express to you with what pleasure I anticipate your visit. I had been ordered sea-bathing for my own health, but did not intend to adopt the measure, as I would willingly give up any plan that only concerned myself, to have the gratification of seeing you a month sooner; but the health of my niece requires my presence and care, and I cannot refuse accompanying her.

" Your friend Alfred charges me with his kindest regards to you. He is now an inmate at Gore House, having sold his own residence; and this is not only a great protection, but a great addition to my comfort.

" M. BLESSINGTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

" Gore House, December 16, 1839.

" MY DEAREST FRIEND,

" I have not yet been able to reconcile myself to your absence, or to forget our sad farewell. Parting is not to me, what Shakespeare calls it, ' a sweet sorrow,' but a bitter one, for I look on every one, which has not a definite period fixed for its termination, as partaking, in some sort, of the bitterness of death, and taking leave of those I love, afflicts me beyond the power of controlling my emotions. I wept your departure, until sleep weighed my heavy eyelids down, and the first thought on waking was, the painful one, that the sea divided us. No one can live for weeks under the same roof with you, without feeling the loss of your presence, as one regrets the last fine days of autumn; and this regret I experience every day. You have so much of the warmth and sunshine of your own bright land, that dear Italy, which I so much love, that I miss you as much as I did it, when I returned to England.

" I enclose you Marguerite's verses on you. She is a young poetess, but truly feels what she writes, so that her lines have the merit of truth, if they have no other, and this is more than can be said of better poets. She begs of me to thank you for remembering her, and bids me say that she needed no flowers to remind her of one who possesses all the brightness and sweetness that belong to them.

" Alfred charges me with his affectionate and cordial regards to you. He is not given to make professions, even when he most feels; but I do assure you, that you have in him a true friend. Have you heard that the Parisian papers announced his arrival at Paris? And did you read the article on him in the Charivari? It was very droll. The Prince N—— requested me to offer you his kindest wishes, and Mons. Thessily never comes to Gore House without asking for you, and praying to be recalled to your memory.

" Mr. Reeve, too, and Mr. Chorley, speak of you with enthusiasm. In short, no day passes in which you are not fondly remembered. You have not told me if the Mr. —— is at Paris. I hope he is, for it will be some consolation for your absence, to know that you have near you those who can truly appreciate you.

" The Viscount de F—— must have been charmed at your return, for I am sure he envied me the happiness of your society here. I feel disposed to like all who love you, and although this will lead to an extensive friendship, I nevertheless cannot feel indifferent towards your friends. Remember me most kindly to my friend Henry Bulwer, and let me hear from you soon. Alfred and Marguerite desire their most affectionate regards to you.

" M. BLESSINGTON."

" Gore House, May 15, 1840.

" MA TRÈS CHERE AMIE,

" I fear that this letter will not find you at Paris, and I wish so much that before you set out for Italy, you should receive the renewed impression of my unimpaired affection, and my vows that, ultimately, the late event in Italy may tend to lead to that happiness, which no one merits more than you do. I had seen the account in the newspaper, and since I read it, have not ceased to think of you, and the influence it may have on your happiness.

" Let me hear from you, ma chere chere amie, as soon as you reach Ravenna, for I shall be most anxious to be assured that all is going on as you wish. I will send this letter under cover to Mr. Henry Bulwer, with a request to forward it to Ravenna, in case you should have left Paris. Remember me most kindly to your brother, and tell your good father, that though we have never met, I have learned to esteem him.

" Votre ami Alfred, et croyez moi, il est veritable ami pour vous, begs me to offer you his affectionate regards, as does Marguerite, and praying heaven to guard and bless you,

" Votre devouée,
" M. Blessington."

" P.S. I do not believe that there is the least likelihood of Prince Montfort's daughter managing Prince Louis ; about the other person I know not, but will enquire.

" Monsieur Kinliff has left London, and is now attached to the embassy at Paris, where he will be greatly disappointed not to find you. We regret him very much, for he is good as well as agreeable, and has many good qualities, among which is a due appreciation of you. Adieu, encore adieu."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

" Gore House, April 14, 1841.

" Ma chere, bonne et belle amie,

" Mr. Hamilton Brown sent me your letter about a month ago, and long as it had been retarded, its receipt afforded me great pleasure.

" I know you so well, and love you so truly, that I never could doubt your affection, even though months passed without your giving me any assurance of it by letter ; for I judge your heart by my own, and that tells me I may safely confide in the stability of your attachment. I have thought of you often and fondly during the winter, and pictured you, to my mind's eye, surrounded by a family circle who must love you dearly, because they know how you deserve to be loved.

"I keep your little box of *cagea* always on my table next my chair in the library, and its odour breathes of your dear country and dearer self, and brings back to me our long *causeries* by the fire side. I trembled on reading the danger to which you were exposed during the terrible voyage to France. Little did I imagine that the storm which I heard raging with such fury, menaced the safety of one so dear to me. Absence and distance from those we love, always so painful and difficult to be borne, becomes doubly so, when we reflect on the dangers to which they may be exposed. It grieves me to think that you will return to Italy without our meeting. How glad would it make me, if you could pay me a visit before you depart.

"I have suffered so heavily from the old malady in the trachea during the winter and spring, that even my doctors do not think it would be prudent for me to remain in England another winter. I should like to take up my abode somewhere near you, if you were likely to remain in Italy; but, I fear, you will settle in Paris.

"You were wise not to waste years in a law-suit, for well has it been said, that he who commences a suit, resembles him who plants a palm tree, which he will not live to see flourish. Your friend Alfred, and you have not a truer friend, charges me with a thousand kind regards to you. Marguerite sends his affectionate wishes.

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"Gore House, June 7, 1841.

"How I grieve to find that you are leaving France without being able to pay me even a short visit. I write now merely to request you will keep me *au courant* of your movements, that in case I should be able to leave England, I may know where you are. May all happiness attend you. If only half what you merit falls to your share, you will be happier than most people.

"Marguerite desires to be affectionately remembered to you, and so does Alfred, who entertains for you a sincere and warm attachment. Heaven bless you, ma chere et belle amie, and be assured you have not a more affectionate or devoted friend than

"M. Blessington."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"Gore House, January 8, 1845.

"As I see by the newspapers that you are returned to Paris, I write to scold you for your long silence, and for leaving me to learn your movements only by the journalists! I have also a piece of intelligence to convey, which I am sure will give you pleasure. You have, I dare say, heard that your friend Count D'Orsay has within the last two years taken to painting, and such has been the rapidity of his progress, that he has left many competitors, who have been for fifteen years painters, far behind.

"Dissatisfied with all the portraits that have been painted of Lord Byron, none of which render justice to the intellectual beauty of his noble head; Count D'Orsay, at my request, has made a portrait of our great poet, and it has been pronounced by Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and all who remember Lord Byron, to be the best likeness of him ever painted! The picture possesses all the noble intelligence and fine character of the poet's face, and will, I am sure, delight you when you see it. We have had it engraved, and when the plate is finished, a print will be sent to you. It will be interesting, chere et aimable amie, to have a portrait of our great poet, from a painting by one who so truly esteems you: for you have not a truer friend than Count D'Orsay, unless it be me. How I wish you were here to see the picture! It is an age since we met, and I assure you we all feel this long separation as a great privation. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not as delighted with the engraving as I am, for to me it seems the very image of Byron.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris.

"Gore House, July 16th, 1845.

"MA CHERE ET AIMABLE AMIE,

"Your approval of the engraving has given us all the greatest pleasure; I only wish you could see the picture, for that is infinitely more like than the engraving.* The portrait has all the refined and intellectual look of our great poet; colour does so much for likeness. I really think you would be delighted to see the oil picture, which is a half-length, as large as life.

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* The portrait of Lord Byron, by Count D'Orsay.

"And so you are again returning to Italy, without finding time to come to England, to see the friends so anxious once more to embrace you. Think how long a time it is since we met, and how delighted I should be again to welcome you beneath my roof. You know, or ought to know, chere amie, that your presence will always be welcome here, and whenever you have any time to spare, you should devote it to me.

"I saw your Italian friend only once, but the fault was not mine. I invited him to return, but have not seen him since, nor has he left his address.

"Pray let me hear from you often, and tell me all that concerns you and those dear to you. I hope you will find your father better. Comte D'Orsay sends his most cordial regards, Marguerite her tender amitiés. Heaven bless you, chere belle, et aimable amie, prays

"M. BLESSINGTON."

LETTERS FROM LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

(No date.)

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

"I am just coming back from Harrow, where I have enjoyed many melancholy pleasures, and dined with Mrs. Drury's[*] family, and spent all the day, from one o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening, amidst them.

"Indeed, it has been a fatiguing, melancholy, but very interesting day for me.

"My dear Lady Blessington,
"Believe me always,
"Yours very affectionately,
"Wednesday night." "T. GUICCIOLI."

"Saturday.

"I send you back the lines of Mr. Barry, which I have read with great pleasure.

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[*] The family of the Rev. H. Drury, of Harrow, the tutor of Lord Byron.—R. R. M.

"Fletcher's letter to Mr. Hobhouse is a very curious thing, and it has amused me a great deal.

"You ask me for some documents, for some extracts of Lord Byron, and letters to me from Greece, to prove how his *devouement* to me continued to be the same till his death.

"But what shall I answer you on this subject? Perhaps you will blame me, but I cannot conceal from you, that I have the greatest dislike to publish *now* any of Lord Byron's letters to me. One day or other they will be published, but the moment is not come yet. And also, don't you think, my dear Lady Blessington, that if I were to give you extracts and names, don't you think that the malicious part, at least, of your readers would say you were influenced by your friendship towards me, or by my entreaties to speak in honourable terms of Lord Byron's affection for me? This is so much my own opinion, that I am convinced the world would give much more credit to everything honourable you will say about Lord Byron, not only without my own extracts, &c., but still more, also, had you published it when you had no acquaintance with, or friendship for me. But upon all that, I will speak about with you, the first time I shall have the pleasure to see you. And if you like to see all Lord Byron's letters to me, at every part of our acquaintance, I will shew them to you with pleasure.

"Good evening, my dear Lady Blessington, and many thanks for all your kindness towards me.

"Believe me always,
"Your friend,
"T. Guiccioli."

"Thursday.

"I am just returned from Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister. We passed three hours together, always speaking of him. You may then imagine, my dear Lady Blessington, in what way my feelings must be in this moment. Mrs. Leigh is the most good-natured, amiable person in the world; and besides, poor Lord Byron was so fond of her, that she is a very interesting person for me.

"I am quite well, though not able to accustom myself to the dreadful noise of Picadilly, and to the English songs, so that I have taken the resolution to go next week to an hotel.

"T. GUICCIOLI."

(No date.)

"......Je vous renvoye le Romance de Mr. Bulwer, et les deux numero du Monthly. Je trouve des idées si *justes* et si bien *exprimés* dans les extraits de votre Journal que je n'aurois pas desiré mieux. Seulement les passages relatifs à cette dame, et vos reflexions sur elle peuvent inspires une sympathie pour elle qu'elle ne mérite pas, vû qu'elle a eté la cause volontaire et obstinée de tous les malheurs de Lord B.

"Je trouve aussi que quelques une de vos reflexions sur le genre de vie que B. menoit à Venise sont un peu trop severe et exagérent la verité. Comme il aimoit à se calomnier, il étoit bien lui la cause principale des fausses opinions qu'on entretenait de lui.

"T. GUICCIOLI."

"Brighton, August 27th, 1832.

"I received a note from you before my departure from London, which being a reply to the last of mine to you, I did not answer. I found your remarks on my critique true and reasonable, and for some of them, at least, I could have scarce any other thing to reply, but that you are right. Yes, you are right, my dear Lady Blessington, when you say, that on account of my sensitiveness towards Lord Byron, (which has its source not only in my exalted sense of his perfections, but in all the results of my experience of the world), I cannot be satisfied with any of his biographers. But if I ever shall give my own impressions of him to the public (which I look upon as a duty it remains for me to perform towards his memory, one day or other), I fear, my dear Lady Blessington, that instead of being received by the public with the interest you say, they would find I have seen Lord Byron through a medium of affection, and would laugh, perhaps, at what I feel so deeply in my heart......

"I am now living quite an English life, a quiet, serious life, speaking all day the language of English people; but I must confess, for an Italian, this kind of life is a little too formal, too cold, has too much of restraint in it on the feelings, and makes me feel a kind of oppression upon my breast. I feel as if I could not breathe freely, and yet I have before my eyes the calm, wide, sublime ocean! I don't find here the beauties of the Mediterranean shores, the Bay of Naples, with its smiling islands, and its brilliant sky, but perhaps there is in this unlimited ocean a degree more of sublimity. It appears to me that it is calculated to inspire one with Ariosto's musings—that other Byron's poetry....

"Believe me always,
"My dear Lady Blessington,
"Your affectionate and obliged friend,
"T. Guiccioli."

"Wednesday morning.

"I have tickets sent for me for the House of Lords to-morrow, so I pray you not to take any more trouble about it. But if you, *instead, find me one for my brother*, I should be very much obliged to you.

"Perhaps, by the means of Sir Francis Burdett, you could obtain me this favour.

"I read, in the ticket, that ladies must go in *full dress*. Will you have the goodness to explain to me what means precisely this full dress, short or long sleeves? and if, on entering, the *bonnet* is worn on the head, or a simple morning hat.

"Excuse with your usual kindness, my importunity, and believe me, with the most sincere affection,

"Yours affectionately,
"T. Guiccioli."

"Ravenne, ce 4 Juillet, 1833.

"Je me suis arrivée à Genes et à Florence, ou j'ai passé les derniers jours du Carnival. Je me suis ensuite rendu à Ravenne, mais en remettant le pied dans ma maison paternelle ou je me promettais tout de joie en revoyant mes Parens après une si long absence, je les ai trouvés dans le plus grande consternation. Ma plus petite sœur, une jeune fille de 13 ans,

etait à ses derniers moments. Elle etoit tombé malade quelque mois auparavant dans la couvent où elle etoit en pension, on l'avait soignée de toute manière, ou l'avait fait transporter à Ravenna, esperant dans le changement de l'air; mais tout à etè inutile. Elle est morte de consumption après un longue agonie quelque jours après mon arrive. Elle etoit une jeune fille charmante, remplis de talens douce, d'une beauté non commune et je l'aimais tendrement. Vous pouvez donc vous imaginer, ma chère Lady Blessington, comme sa perte à du m'affliger. Pour elle je ne devrais pas m'affliger pourtant, car les epreuves de la vie lui ont ete épargnées. Mes autres sœurs seront toutes mariées dans le courant de l'année. Le mariage de la première à en lieu dans le commencement de mai. Après les cérémonies du mariage, qui etoit heureux sous tous les rapports et nous avaient tous rejouis. Elle est parti de Ravenne pour se rendre à la résidence de son epoux. La fatigue du voyage, l'emotion d'une cérémonie si imposante, ont ébranlè son ame et son corps, au point qu'elle est tombée malade, et nous, et son epoux, qui l'adorent, nous l'avons eu deux mois entre la vie et la mort à 18 ans. Ce n'est que depuis trois jours que le médecins ont déclarés sa vie hors de danger. Mes autres sœurs se marieront dans le courant de l'année. Mes parens voudraient que je fusse presente à tous ces mariages. C'est à cause de cela particulièrement que je me trouve forcée a remettre a une epoque plus eloigné la realisation de mes plus cheris, esperances de visiter une fois encore l'Angleterre. Je me porte très bien et entourée de l'affection de mes parens, je ne m'appercois pas des ennuis en ce séjour. Je vous remercie bien de la lettre que vous m'avez envoyé.

"Veuillez je vous prie me rappeller à Madame votre sœur et au Comte D'Orsay: m'écrivez quelquefois, et me gardez une place dans votre affection.

"Votre devoué et sincere amie,
"T. Guiccioli."

"London, June 11, 1834.

"Mr. Campbell cannot go to Richmond on Monday, so we will defer the party: he is always very amiable, very kind

with me, and he is almost decided to be my cicerone, while I am in London. Good morning, my dear Lady Blessington.

"T. Guiccioli."

"Hotel Jaunay, Leicester Square,
"Londres, Mai 31, 1835.

"Mon frere donc me quitte Jeudi prochain, et vous pouvez vous imaginer ma chere Lady Blessington, comme je dois etre sensible a une separation faite dans de telles circonstances.

"Je n'ajouterai pas davantage pour ne pas vous ennuyer avec les details des tourmens que je souffre : mais j'ai voulu pourtant vous faire connaitre ma position, afin que vous m'excuserez de n'etre pas venu encore chercher de vos nouvelles, que j'espere bonnes sous tous les rapports.

"Adieu, ma chere Lady Blessington,
"T. Guiccioli."

"July 5, 1835.

"My dear Lady Blessington,

"My brother told me that the Count wished me to send the little miniature of L—— B——; that I can't do, having sent this miniature, together with some papers very valuable to me, to Paris a week ago, by a good opportunity. But if that was not the case, I would not have given him the miniature (and I am sure he will not be angry with me for that), unless you would have given the permission, as you wished me not to give it to any body to take a copy.

"Pray present my compliments, and my adieus, to the Count for me; preserve me a place in your remembrance and affection, and give me your commissions for Italy, if you have any. Once more, God bless you, my dear Blessington, and

"Believe me, very sincerely,
"Your obedient and affectionate,
"T. Guiccioli."

"106, Rue St. Lazare, Paris, Juin 21, 1836.

"Il y'a un age que vous ne diséz plus rien par ecrit, et cependant de mon coté au moins je suis bien souvent

avec vous, en idée, et avec mon cœur. Je m'imagine parfois de vous voir toute contente vous promener dans le jardin de votre charmante maison, ou vous recevez tant d'amis et des personnes distinguées dont vous faisez delice, et y mediter plus tranquillement que dans l'autre, trop au centre du grand bruit, du grand monde, des ouvrages nouveaux que le public doit toujours attendre avec impatience, et accueiller avec enthusiasme.

" J'en suis reellement curieuse. Le cholera m'empeche de me rendre en Italie, et un peu aussi la crainte qu'on ne veuille pas me laisser partir. J'y irais doucement l'année prochaine. Ma sœur est mariée, et tres heureuse, et tout va bien dans ma famille : mais j'ai perdu toute espoir de faire passer les Alpes a mon frere, car mon père depuis notre malheur, il ne peut plus souffrir qu'il s'eloigne de lui pour un jour. Adieu, ma chere Lady Blessington, ecrivez moi et veuillez croire a mon amitie,

" Sincere et inalterable,

" T. Guiccioli."

" Boulogne Sur Mer, ce 17 Aout, 1837.

" Je viens de recevoir votre lettre si bonne et si aimable, et j'ai beau me dire qu'en acceptant l'hospitalité que vous m'offrez de si bon cœur, j'abuse de votre bonté, que peut-etre il me serait possible de trouver tout près de vous un logement qui me permettroit de jouir souvent de votre compagnie, sans cependant vous être à charge. Tous ces efforts de ma raison sont etouffé par le souvenir des jours heureux que j'ai passé à Anglesea villa auprès de vous, et par le desir d'en passer encore de pareils.

" En acceptant donc comme je fais votre offre, je fais cependant un petit traité avec ma discrétion ; je placerais ma femme de chambre (que j'amène avec moi étant sous tous les rapports le phenixe de son état) ; dans un logement tout près de votre Hotel : où elle pourra encore très bien s'occuper de moi.

" Une passage de votre lettre me fait aussi de la peine et augmente mes indécisions. Vous me dites—' faites moi connaitre si vous viendrez chez moi, afin que je puisse renoncer a tout autre engagement pour vous recevoir.'

"Ma chère Lady Blessington, je dèsire bien de passer quelque jours avec vous, et très vivement, car j'ai pour vous les sentiments de la plus sincère amitié, et votre esprit, et votre âme élevée et sensible, donnent a votre societé un charme au delà de toute expression pour moi, mais si pour me laisser jouir de ces avantages, vous voulez renoncer à d'autres engagements, alors je ne pourrai plus accepter votre offre. Ce serait de ma part de l'egoisme.

"Je crois partir d'ici avec le Paquebót à vapeur de Dimanche nuit. Il part d'ici à minuit, et il arrive Lundi d'onze heure à midi a Londres.

"T. GUICCIOLI."

"Paris, 7 August, 1839.
"44, Rue Basse des Rempart.

"MA CHERE AMIE,

"Votre Journal de Voyage en Italie est delicieux. Je l'ai lu d'un bout a l'autre sans presque quitter mon fauteuil. La modestie du titre de ce charmant ouvrage doit confondre tous ceux qui se faisent une occupation d'ecrire leurs impressions de voyage, ne savent y mettre une centieme partie de la finesse, de la grâce, de la profondeur d'observation que vous grande dame ——— —— ——— ———* vous avez su y mettre.

"Quant a ce qui me regarde personnellement je dois vous remercier, ma chère amie, car vous m'avez donné la une page que je me sens loin de meriter.

"Je n'irais pas en Italie cette année; l'objet principal de mon voyage aurait eté d'aller tenir compagnie a mon père, et soulager un peu la douleur de mon frère qui se trouve a la veille de perdre sa jeune épouse, car lui même m'ecrit qu'il a perdu toute espérance, et toute illusion, et qu'elle ne peut plus survivre que quelques semaines encore.

"Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington. Mille choses au cher Comte, et croyez moi comme je vous aime.

"Votre amie sincère,
"T. GUICCIOLI."

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* Four words illegible.

"Paris, ce 22 Mars, 1839.

"C'est avec un bien grand plaisir que je profite du retour de Mr. Moore a Londres, pour venir vous rapporter les expressions de mon amitié. Il y'a bien long temps que je suis sans lettres de vous, je ne pense pas dire que je sois privée de vos nouvelles, car vous êtes en possession d'une place sociale trop *remarquable* pour qu'on puisse se passer de vous mettre à contribution, pour donner de l'interet aux conversations, et aux écrits de tous les pays civilises. Je sais donc très bien de vos nouvelles; assez de ces manifestations de vie extérieure que vous abandonnez au public, mais cela ne peut pas contenter ceux qui vous aiment, et qui ont eté admis dans le sanctuaire de votre vie intime. Ce qui me manque et que je voudrais, c'est le mot adressé à moi qui m'assure de votre bien être, et me repéte ce dont je ne doute pas, mais qui fait tout le bien à s'entendre dire encore et encore, le mot *amitié.* Vous devriez donc vous imposer la tâche de me l'écrire; sure toutefais que je ne vous garderais pas *rancune* si vous ne le faites pas, ni même pour ne m'avoir pas accusé reception de la lettre que je vous ai écrite de la compagne de mon père dans le mois de Septembre dernier.

"Je vous informais dans cette lettre des recherche jusqu' alors inutiles faites a Venise pour trouver la correspondence de Lady M. W. Montague avec le Comte Algarotti, mais pour ne pas augmenter le volume de ma lettre je ne vous envoyais pas le Journal de Venise qui contenait l'annonce. Je le fais pourtant aujourd'hui, non pas que je pense que vous puissez avoir besoin de cette preuve pour etre persuadée qu'on s'est occupé de cette recherche, mais parceque je désire que vous en ayez un témoignage de plus pour vous justifier auprès de la personne qui s'etoit addressée à vous pour cette recherche.

"J'ajouterai encore que l'article corrigé ensuite et augmenté par moi est resté pendant tout un mois dans le Journal, et que rien n'a eté oppossé a Mr. Brunetti, Secretaire du Comte Guiccioli.

"Veuillez donc, ma chere Lady Blessington, me charger en dédommagement de cette infructueuse recherche d'une commission où je puisse être plus heureuse. Je n'ai pas non plus oublié Bianca Cappello, mais le succés a oublié me porte. J'en suis encore même pour cette recherche au désir et au regret.

"Je ne vous donne pas des nouvelles de Paris. Que pourrais-je ajouter que vous ne sachiez déjà sur ce dramme politique qui se développe, et tient en haleine tout le monde, presentant a l'entré des scenes étranges et grosse d'avenir et des turpitudes. Ce qui se passe à cette heure, est plutot le triomphe des mauvais principes, sur les bons, triomphe qui s'appui plutôt sur des passions que sur des convictions.

"Cependant il faut attendre pour juger acteurs et drame. On dit qu'a cause de ces préoccupations politiques, l'hyver a eté moins brillant pour la partie de la societé tres active au plaisir. Mais pour moi, je ne m'en suis guère apercue, la part que j'en demande pour moi est si modérée, qu'elle ne me manque jamais.

"Et vous, ma chére Lady Blessington, comment gouvernez vous votre santé. Comment plutôt pouvez vous bien la gouverner, lâchant la bride comme vous faites à toutes les exigences, à toute l'activité de votre intelligence. Les beaux fruits que le monde recueille avec tout d'avidité et de plaisir ne substrairont ils pas trop la substance de la vie?

"Quand vous verrais—je donc? Il me semble dejá toute une vie d'absence qui me separe de ce plaisir, et sans la necessité ou pour un nouveau malheur je vais me retrouver peut-etre retourner cet eté en Italie—je crois bien que je serais venue vous voir. Helàs ma chère Lady Blessington, ce malheur qui menace ma famille est bien grand, c'est la perte de ma jeune belle-sœur, qui se meurt de la même terrible maladie qu'a déja mis le deuil tout de fois dans ma famille, la consomption. Au commencement de l'hyver à l'occasion de mon depárt, elle m'a accompagnée jusqu'a Boulogne, et là une toux sans aucune caractère, grave s'est déclarée. On l'a traitée comme un rhume ordinaire, et maintenant elle est aux portes du tombeaux, a 19 ans. Mon frère est désolé, car il l'aimait tendrement, et elle le méritait sous tous les rapports. C'est lorsque cet evénement si lugubre aura lien que j'irais rejoindre de nouveau mes parents, pour tâcher de mettre un peu de *baume* sur leurs douleurs.

"Veuillez bien je vous prie me rappeller au bon souvenir du cher Comte D'Orsay, et dites lui aussi que je serais bien heureuse de nos luttes, et de croiser d'encore nos lances, ne fut-ce que pour la beauté du fait et pour accomplir des belles emprises, comme dit le dilettanti de la chevalerie. Et vous, ma chère Lady Blessington, veuillez croire a l'amitié la plus devouée,

"T. Guiccioli."

"Ravenna, 18 Octobre, 1840.

"Comme vous voyez, ma chère amie, par la date de cette lettre je me trouve au milieu de ma famille à la campagne. J'y suis depuis presque deux mois mais j'en partirai bientôt et après avoir passe deux autres mois entre Florence et Rome j'ai le projet de me rendre a Paris pour y finir mon hiver. C'est la'où j'esperè du moins recevoir de vos nouvelles. Si Florence ou Rome ou quelq'ue autre partie de l'Italie pouvait produire quelque chose qui vous fut agréable je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire comme je serais heureuse de recevoir vos ordres et si vous vouliez me procurer le plaisir d'une de vos lettres mon adresse est egalement Rome, Florence, mais Ravenne plus surêment encore *poste-restante* car mes parens sauraient où me la faire parvenir.

"Adieu, ma très chère amie, milles amitiès au Comte D'Orsay, et a vos charmantes nieces, et croyez a tout mon devouement,

"T. Guiccioli."

LETTER FROM MADAME LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY (LATE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI).

"23, Rue d'Anjou,
"Paris, ce 20 Juin, 1848.*

"Ma chere Amie,

"Votre lettre et les nouvelles que m'ont apporté de vous mes amie les Sampieri, m'ont fait un bien grand plaisir. Vous les avez comblés de ces politesses dont personne ne connait autant que vous le secret enchanteur, car personne ne posséde plus que vous tant, ce qui en fait le charme, le cœur, la grace, l'esprit.

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* This letter was written within a few days of *les grandes journées de Juin.*—R. R. M.

Enfin ils emportent avec eux votre souvenir, et le souvenir de *tout ce*, et *de tous ceux* qui vous entourent, comme la réalization de ce qu'ils ne croyaient peut-etre qu'un idéal. Agréez mes remerciments pour toutes vos bontés pour eux.

Vous recevrez en meme temps que cette lettre un numero d'un Journal qui à un grand succès pour son courage, et son bon sens. Dans ce journal vous y trouverez une lettre de Mr. de Boissy, qui vous expliquera comment, et pourquoi nous n'irons pas en Italie avec la mission diplomatique qu'il avoit acceptée. Je suis certaine que l'esprit de la lettre et la noble franchise de la réddaction vous plairont, et obtiendront aussi l'approbation du cher Comte, auquel vous direz 1000 choses affectueusex de ma part. Quelques grand que fut le désir d'aller remplir cette mission en Italie pour s'eloigner de ce terrain volcanique où des explosions terribles nous menacent tous les jours ; il etait cependant impossible à un homme d'honneur de l'accepter dans les conditions actuelles, lorsque on voit évidemment que c'est une *propagande républicaine* qu'on impose à la diplomatic. Pour le moment nous resterons donc en France, et même à Paris, à attendre les evénemens qui ne peuvent manquer d'arriver, et bien graves hélas je le crains, car l'horizon est bien chargé, bien troublé ! L'état actuel, le gouvernement, et le ministère (si de ce nom regulier on peut appeler cette agglomeration d'hommes, d'elements discordants, hétérogeneux, incroyables, anarchiques, qui sont à la tete des affaires de la France dans ce moment), tout cela n'a aucune condition de vie. Si pourtant ou laisse vivre cet embryon monstreux c'est par crainte de pire, c'est parceque les partis son nombreux, point organisés, point dessinés, c'est parceque l'assemblée n'a pas le courage de sa mission, c'est parceque le spectre hideux de Blanqui et Compagnie est la, toujours devant leurs yeux pour les empècher de monter à la tribune, ou pour refouler leurs paroles dans leurs gosiers lorsque leur conscience porterait la vérité à leurs levres. C'est qu'une assemblée qui a besoin d'une armée permanente pour se défendre, et qui ressemble (moins la forme) à une fortoresse prise d'assaut et ne peut pas être indépendante. Ajoutez à celà que les chefs des Socialistes, Communistes, les Prudhons, les Leroux, les Louis Blancs, (qui devraient trouver leur places dans des maisons de Santé, car évidemment leur esprit est malade), siégent pourtant à l'assemblée, et que le Socialisme en germe, en tendance est la même dans le pouvoir exécutif, et dans les Ministéres ; de sorte que, on a tout lieu de craindre que à tout acte de courage de l'assemblée, ou crie à la réactions, et on lâche l'armée Socialiste en blouse dans les rues. Pensez à tout celà ma chére amie et des lors ne vous étonnez pasque cela dure encore. Mais cependant, la crise ne peut pas etre bien eloignée. La nomination du Prince Louis Bonaparte,* à l'Assemblée a eté pour le gouvernement une surprise dont il est furieux. Il n'y a pas d'effort qu'il ne ferà, pour la faire échouer de nouveau, mais je ne pense pas qu'il y réussirà. Je puis vous assurer que le parti du Prince Louis est tres fort et il le serait bien plus, si les honnêtes gens qui vondraient l'ordre partout ne s'en défiaient pas un peu, le voyant porté par le parti qu'on appelle la *république rouge*, et même par les communistes. Mais toutefois son parti est très fort, et dans les Provinces, et les campagnes surtout, ce nom de Bonaparte et d'Empire exerce *un prestige immense.* La constitution a eté lu hier à l'Assemblée pour la discuter et voter. On propose un Président, et dèjà on nomme le Prince Louis.

" Si le Prince Louis peut sauver cette pauvre France sous quelque nom que ce soit, il sera le bien venu. Lamartine a eû un moment la destinée de la France dans ses mains, mais son association avec Ledru Rollin et Louis Blanc l'a perdu ; il espère cependant de ressairir la popularité. Je vous raconte des faits, mais quant à faire des présages, je n'en ai pas la témérité, apres ce que nous avons vu, et ce que nous verrons *peut-etre.*

" Heurez vous autres qui savez et pourez avec une poigné de constables éloigner tous les dangers, et jouir d'une prospérité qui s'accroit encore avec les débris de notre naufrage.

" Heureuse aussi ma belle patrie jusqu'à présent ! Son héroisme l'a vengée en forcant le respect de ceux qui voulaient bien l'aimer sans la respecter. A Rome, on a ouvert les Chambres mon frère Hyppolite a eté èlu deputé à l'unanimitie par sa province. Il m'écrit de Rome ou il est avec sa famille. Le Marquis Guiccioli est dans la Chambre haute ainsi que beaucoup d'autres de mes parents et amis dans l'une ou l'autre chambre.

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† Illegible.

Jusqu'à present tout s'y passe bien: mais comme je vous l'ai d'ici on organise une puissante propagande armée et non armée qui pourra si on reussit à la jetter sur notre chere Italie, *la ruiner ! !*

"On me dit que Londres est bien brilliante, bien magnifique cette année. Pauvre Fance!

"J'aurais eté bien heureuse de passer l'hiver en Italie avec vous; mais qui sait?

"Mille amities au cher Comte, de la part aussi *de mon mari:* et mon souvenir affectueux à votre niece charmante, Mlle. Marguerite.

"Aimez moi comme je vous aime.

"Votre amie dévoué,

"MISE. DE BOISSY."

In the letter of Madame le Marquise de Boissy, where reference is made to the expected employment of the Marquis in a diplomatic position in Italy, there are passages which it would be impossible to comprehend, without noticing some portions of rather a remarkable letter of the Marquis, published in "L'Assemblée Nationale," du Mardi, Juin 20, 1848.

A. M. BASTIDE, MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGERES.

"Paris, le Juin 10, 1848.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

"Voici quelles sont les paroles, que Monsieur Lamartine m'a eu addressè, il y a de hier samedi 8 jours. "Vous avez été sur le tapis á la séance du gourvernement; je vous en préviéns, Bastide ne veut pas de vous; il vous trouve trop aristocrate, pas assez republicain, il croit que vous voulez la régence. 'J'ai repondu:' Réelement! 'Est-ce qu'il m'a jamais cru democrate à la façon de quelques uns de nos démocrates de ruisseaux, et republicain dit de la veille? Il a raison, et qu'avez-vous repondu? J'ai répondu, me dit M. de Lamartine, quand j'ai nommé Boissy, j'ai cru nommer un homme de cœur et d'intelligence; je l'ai connu et le maintiens peur tel. Quant à être républicain, il l'était autant que nous avant la république. Au reste, comme c'est sur vous que pèse la responsabilité du choix ou du maintien des agents diplomatiques, je ne vous impose point Boissy, mais je vous déclare que je considérerai comme une injure personnelle sa révocation.'

"M. le Ministre, puisque je cite textuellement les paroles de M. de Lamartine, permettez-moi de rapporter textuellement aussi, moins trois, celles que je prononçai. Je lui dis : Je vous remercie beaucoup, Monsieur ; si je ne leur conviens pas, qu'ils aillent . . . . Par des relations anciennes et nouvelles, en un mot, par une réunion de circonstances que j'appellai exceptionnelles, je puis plus que, qui que ce soit, être utile en ce moment. Eh bien, me dit M. de Lamartine, vouz avez Rome d'ou vous venez, voilà qui est dit, c'est chose faite.'

"Plus tard les idées de M. de Lamartine se modifièrent, quant au lieu ; il me dit. Il faut que vous alliez à Florence ; c'est petit de nom, petit en apparence, mais c'est pour le moment le point important ; il nous faut là près du théâtre de la guerre, près des légations, à cheval entre Rome et Turin, sur les lieux ou se prépareront et ce décideront les grands événemens, un homme actif comme vous l'êtes, qui connaisse bien le pays, qui y soit connu, qui y soit aimé ; allez à Florence pour deux ou trois mois, puis je vous donnerai Rome ou Naples ou Turin.

"Soit, dis-je, parce que vous me le demandez, et parce que c'est vous qui resterez encore quelque temps ministre des affaires étrangères. J'ajoutai : on dit que . . . va à Madrid, vous feriez bien mieux de l'envoyer à Rome ; lui et moi avons toujours été d'accord en politique ; tous deux placés en Italie, l'un près de l'autre, nous marcherions ensemble, et évidemment nous servirions mieux. M. de Lamartine trouva mon avis juste et bon, l'ambassade fut à l'instant même destinée . . . ., toujours avec promesse que je l'y remplacerais quand il l'a quitterait, que s'il ne l'acceptait pas j'irais certainement trois mois après si je voulais. La difference radicale qui existee ntre la politique d'alors de M. de Lamartine et celle suivie aujourd'hui, politique se révèle tout entière dans l'esprit qui préside au choix de certains agens diplomatiques. Qu'il me suffise de dire en peu de mots, Monsieur le Ministre, que quand j'acceptai une mission en Italie, il ne s'agissait nullement d'aller y faire de la propaganda, de vouloir républicaniser de force l'Italie entière, mais au contraire, de la laisser maîtresse d'elle même, en lui conseillant toutefois la fédération après qu'elle serait parvenue, seule si elle le pouvait, avec notre secours, si elle en avait besoin et le réclamait, á s'affranchir de l'étranger.

" Soyez-en certain, l'Italie vraie (j'appelle ainsi l'immense majorité de ces hommes dont le patriotisme éclairè, la haute intelligence ont préparé l'affranchissement et la régénération de l'Italie), l'Italie vrai ne rêve point un remanierement general de territoires; elle veut des changemens importans, des reformes profondes et non pas comme le disait M. Guizot, et comme le disent aujourd'hui certains de vos agens, perturbateurs par état, par habitude, par necessitè, elle ne veut pas passer à l'etat de république unique à l'etat de républiques diverses. Ce qu'elle veut, ce qu'elle a raison de vouloir, ce qu'elle aura, c'est la fédération des divers Etats. Ce que doit vouloir la France, ce que sa politique doit favoriser, c'est la fédération, des divers Etats de l'Italie et non leur fusion en un seul, quelle que soit d'ailleurs sa forme de gouvernement.

" La commission executive est-elle dans le vrai, n'est-elle pas, au contraire, dans une erreur qui pourrait devinir fatale à la république française, grand elle croit qu'une condition essentielle de vie pour la republique est de n'avoir pour voisins que des Etats à gouvernement républicain? Vaut-il mieux pour la republique de n'avoir pour voisins que des Etats en république, ou des Etats à gouvernemens de forme differentes? Si tous les états voisins de la France étaient républicains, n'auraient-ils pas à redouter au moins, la guerre des principes? n'auraient-ils pas alors à calculer, pour être nos alliés ou nos ennemis, uniquement les chances de la victoire par les armes? Des états monarchiques n'auraient-ils pas au contraire à se préoccuper vivement, en outre, de la puissance des armes, qui est la même dans l'un et l'autre cas, de ce qu'ajoutera à la puissance des armes le secours de la guerre de principes?

" Peu de jours après le 24 Fevrier, M. de Lamartine me demanda si je voulais servir la république, si j'accepterais une

mission à l'étranger. Je lui repondis que oui, à la condition que la mission qu'il me donnerait ne serait point une sinecure, qu'i y aurait des services réels à y rendre, que cette mission ne serait que temporaire, conservant l'opinion constamment soutenue par moi à la tribune sur les incompatibilités. M. de Lamartine me demanda de lui indiquer quel pays je préférais, quelle mission je voudrais. Je repondis : Rome, Turin ou Naples, car c'est en Italie que par l'étude que j'ai faite en Italie même de sa situation politique, de ses besoins, de ses hommes, de leurs idées, que par les sympathies, que je m'y suis acquises dans toutes les classes, je puis etre utile.

"M. de Boissy, Ancien Pair de France."

In the preceding letter, there are some observations well deserving of attention, on the impracticability of all attempts to combine the several States of Italy in one great Italian sovereignty or republic, and on the practicability and desirableness of the confederation of the several principal Italian States in separate federal republics, and not the fusion of so many heterogeneous elements, each with its separate nationality, peculiar interests, particular circumstances, and distinct character and traditions.

CHAPTER XVI.

L. E. L.

" When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead ;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song, when the spirit is mute.
No song ; but sad dirges,
Like the wind thro' a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead mariner's knell."

SHELLEY.

PECULIAR circumstances enable me to give some details respecting the brief career and death of Miss Landon, at Cape Coast Castle, perhaps more to be relied on than any previous accounts that have been given to the public by the friends of Mr. Maclean, or those who have been influenced by them.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born at Chelsea in 1802. Domestic occurrences had unfortunately led to a separation of L. E. L. from her family at an early period, and her residence with comparative strangers, who eventually, however, became her warmest friends. Miss Landon possessed qualities eminently calculated to gain esteem and affectionate regard—great warmth of feeling—a peculiar charm of manner and address—an affectionate, loving nature—a simplicity of mind, wholly free from affectation—a guileless character, child-like in many of its traits—devoid of all suspicion of evil intentions and designs, and yet not free from impulsive tendencies and some degree of wilfulness. These very qualities, united with an intensely acute sensitiveness, and almost morbid sensibility, which made her keenly alive to injuries, and slights, and misrepresentations, were made instrumental to the designs of malevolent people, who inflicted wrongs and insults on her, and persecuted her for years with calumnies and slanders, rendering a great part of her brief, but most unhappy career, one continued scene of unmerited annoyances and sufferings.

The extent to which these vexations went, would almost seem incredible; but facts have come to my own immediate knowledge, which leave the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. Her anonymous and mysterious tormentors for years together, before her unhappy marriage, worried her almost continually with anonymous letters, filled with accusations, menaces, and invective.

Her peace of mind was more than disturbed by those diabolical efforts to annoy her—it was destroyed by them; and when labouring under recent inflictions of outrages of this sort—all her energies, bodily and mental, were disordered and impaired by them: the first paroxysms of suffering were usually followed by syncopes, spasms, tremors, and convulsive attacks, approaching to epileptic seizures. And when the violence of this nervous agitation would cease, then would come intervals of the most profound dejection of spirits. If the wretch, or wretches, whose wicked machinations produced those melancholy results only witnessed them, on a single occasion of the infliction of these torments, nothing could be wanting to the triumph of their artifices, save the unhappy marriage to which this poor lady was driven by despair, and the catastrophe that might be expected for the sequel of such a union.

Many traces of that deep-seated melancholy and dreariness of mind, and weariness of life, too, are to be found in the writings of Miss Landon; and even in some of the earliest, as well as in the latest of them.

In 1838, "Flowers of Loveliness," with poetical illustrations, were edited by L. E. L.; and one of the most exquisite of her small poems, full of poetic feeling, but indicative of profound melancholy, appeared in that volume. In this poem, entitled "The Clematus," there are some stanzas well worthy of being recalled:—

"Around the cross the flower is winding,
Around the old and ruined wall;
And with its fragile flowers binding
The arch with which it soon must fall.

Saint Mary's shrine is now laid lowly,
Shiver'd its wondrous rain-bow panes,
Silent its hymns—that pale flower solely
Of all its former pride remains.

Hush'd is the ancient anthem, keeping
The vigil of the silent night;
Gone is the censer's silver sweeping,
Dim is the sacred taper's light.

True, the rapt soul's divine emotion
The desert's wind to Heaven may bear;
'Tis not the shrine that makes devotion,
The place that sanctifies the prayer.

But yet I grieve that thus departed,
The faith has left the fallen cell;
How many born and broken-hearted,
Were thankful in their shades to dwell.

Still is the quiet cloister wanted,
For those who look with weary eye,
On life, hath long been disenchanted,
Who have one only wish, to die.

How oft the heart of woman yearning
For love it dreams but never meets,
From the world, worn and weary turning,
Could shelter in these dim retreats.

Then were that solemn quiet given,
That life's harsh, feverish dreams deny;
Then might the last prayer rise to heaven,
My God! I prithee let me die!"

The annual from which these lines are extracted was for the year 1839; but it was published in December, 1838. It is to be borne in mind, that her death took place on the 15th of October, 1838.

Miss Landon had the necessity forced on her, at a very early age, of pursuing literature for a livelihood, (and for the support too, for many years, of an aged mother)—a necessity, for a woman, which it is impossible to exaggerate the miseries of. No amount of emolument acquired, or fame achieved by a young literary woman, ever compensated for the penalties of the struggle of female talent, modest worth, and feminine gifts and graces of intellect, of the strife in the arena of "the trade" in the press, in the public gaze, in literary circles, in cliques of critics, and coteries of patronizing people of fashion.

The popularity of Miss Landon suffered no abatement by the frequency of her appearance before the public. It appeared rather to augment than to decline in the latest years of her literary career in London. And this is the more surprising, as no extensive poem, approaching to an epic character, nor very detached pieces of hers, of any sort, in verse, of considerable length, have appeared. Still she had the power of seizing hold of the public esteem; an affectionate interest was felt in her; her very name inspired kindly feelings and expectations of meeting amiable sentiments associated with beautiful imagery in her productions.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of L. E. L. consist in imaginative power, tenderness, and geniality of feeling, and harmony of versification.

The principal productions of Miss Landon, before her departure for England, besides her poetical contributions to the leading periodicals of the day, under the signature of L. E. L. were the following:

A volume of poetry, the first published by Miss Landon, appeared in 1820, entitled "The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss romantic tale," and "The Improvisatrice, and other poems," was published in 1824; "The Troubadour," to which were added poetical and historical sketches, in 1825; "The Golden Violet and other poems," in 1826; "The Venetian Bracelet," "The Lost Pleiad," &c. in 1829; her first novel, "Romance and Reality," in 1830; "Francesca Carrara," in three vols. followed in 1834; "The Vow of the Peacock, and other poems," in 1835. A volume of sketches, entitled "Traits and Trials of Early Life," in 1836; "Ethel Churchill," a novel in three vols., in 1837; "Duty and Inclination," a novel in three vols., in 1838.

After her death, in 1842, a novel appeared with her name, entitled "Lady Anne Granard," but the very early part only of the work was written by her.

A few months before her most ill-assorted union with Captain Maclean, I was in her company at the house of Colonel Stanhope, in London. She was there "the admired of all admirers," the great object of attraction, surrounded by many of the most eminent literary men and artists of the day.

Few persons, with so few pretensions to beauty as she had at that period, could inspire the same warm interest, and make one feel there was such a power of fascination about her, that was irresistible, in spite of plainness of looks and diminutiveness of form. Her features, when not lit up by conversation, had a pensive cast of expression in them. They were not sombre, but there were dark illuminations in them, like the effects, rich and beautiful, of the lights transmitted through stained glass windows—tints of thought that shewed

> " 'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife."

Mr. J. S. Heraud must have had some such impressions of her appearance when the following most appropriate and beautiful lines were written, which appeared in "The English Bijou Almanac," for 1838.

" Sappho of a polished age,
  Loves and graces sweetly sing,
Chasten'd splendours o'er thy page,
  Like moonlight on a fairy's wing.

Feelings soft as morning's dews,
  Breathings gentle as the May's,
Verses soft as violet's hues,
  Once sported in thy happy days.

Sad is now thy plaintive strain,
  Melancholy is thy mood—
Bring us back thy youth again,
  For cheerfulness befits the good.

Yet if thou be sad—'tis well
  If we weep—'tis not in vain!
Sighs attuned to Sappho's shell,
  Allure us into love with pain."

Sad, indeed, had been the plaintive strain, and melancholy had been the mood of poor L. E. L., at the period when those lines were written, and even for some years previous to that time.

Her unknown tormentors had been already too successful, for real cheerfulness and gaiety ever more to come back to her bosom. They had prevented her union with one of the most eminent of living sculptors.

Proposals of marriage too had been made to her by one whom she could have loved, who was worthy of her, a man of exalted intellect and honour, as well as of a kindly nature; who was capable of appreciating her genius, and warm-hearted kindness of disposition: but the terrors of the persecution she had been long subject to, and feelings of extreme sensitiveness on a subject that, she imagined, might possibly admit of the shadow of a doubt, in the mind of one by whom she was held dear, as to her entire frankness in dealing with that matter at any future time, led her to break off the proposed marriage, though one in every respect most desired and desirable.

In the mean time her annoyances continued—the difficulties of her literary position augmented—her health and spirits had begun to suffer from the arduous mental occupation she had long been engaged in; and at this juncture, about October, 1836, a gentleman from the west coast of Africa—styled the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Captain Maclean—was frequently met by her in London society; and the result of that acquaintance was an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her in an evil hour, and in a frame of mind that rendered any resolution, however desperate, in regard to change of scene and country, a course rather to be adopted than considered.

When the time came for fulfilling his engagement, in the summer of 1837, Captain Maclean manifested no anxiety or impatience for its accomplishment. He had proceeded to the Gold Coast, remained there for some time, but he returned at length; his business habits, and peculiar turn of mind, admitted of no waste of time or words in nonsensical dalliance:

preparations for the wedding were made with all convenient despatch.

The marriage of Mr. Maclean with the ill-fated L. E. L. took place the 7th of June, 1838 ; and on the 15th of October following, she was laid in her dismal grave, in the court-yard of Cape Coast Castle.

Every one is aware that this gifted creature died by poison ; that she had been in the habit of taking prussic acid for the relief of spasms ; that she had taken an undue quantity of that drug on the morning of her decease, but whether intentionally or accidentally, there was no evidence given on the Coroner's inquest, to enable *an English public* to determine.

In February, 1841, I visited Cape Coast Castle, the grave of Letitia Elizabeth Landon — or, if that name must be uttered, which she had the misfortune to bear for a few miserable months—Mrs. Maclean. I sojourned for some weeks at the Castle, in the discharge of the duties of my office of "Commissioner of Inquiry on the Western Coast of Africa." Mr. Maclean was then President of the Council of Government of Cape Coast Castle, the senior magistrate of the settlement.

The wretched town of Cape Coast, to the eastward of the fort, contains some 4000 inhabitants, natives of the country, a few European traders, and a tolerable proportion of half-cast people, among whom many specimens of the genus, "Betsy Austin," neither Crab nor Creole, but true "Barbadian born," are to be found.

Cape Coast Castle is a large, ill-constructed, dismal-looking fort, with a few rooms, of a barrack-looking fashion, for the residence of the Chief Magistrate, now Governor of the Gold Coast.

Mr. Maclean, in early life, having joined the Royal African Corps after the peace, and attained the rank of Lieutenant, at the termination of the Ashantee war, when it was determined to retain the Gold Coast settlements, was appointed President of the Council of Government of those dependencies; and for some years displayed a great deal of activity, on some occasions a little too much energy, on one occasion at Accra, in particular, in dealing with the native tribes of the Gold Coast. The salary of his office was £500 a-year; an amount utterly inadequate to the expenditure which his position necessitated, for he *virtually* exercised the functions of a Governor, and was expected to entertain the naval officers of the cruisers on that coast, the merchants of the place, and the travellers who came there. The expenditure for his yacht alone must have amounted to a third part, at the very least, of his official income.

Mr. Maclean was a good mathematician, all his tastes were for the cultivation of the exact sciences. His favourite pursuits were geometrical and algebraic calculations, barometrical and thermometrical observations.

He was in the habit of speaking contemptuously of light literature, and yet he had occasional fits of novel reading; he affected scorn, and even loathing, for poetry and poets, but I think he did not feel as much contempt for the former as he expressed.

He had become, by long privation of the humanizing influence of the society of educated women, previously to his marriage, selfish, coarse-minded, cynical—a colonial sybarite, with an impaired liver, a bad digestion, and all the unpleasing peculiarities of a valetudinarian.

Yet he could be a very agreeable man in male convivial society; and periodical bouts of revelry, not of hours, but even of days' continuance, were by no means uncongenial to him in his days of single blessedness.

But with them passed away all enjoyments, except with theodolites, quadrants, sextants, barometers, and thermometers.

Mrs. Maclean's husband had unfortunately no sympathy with her poetic tastes and literary pursuits. He did not conceal from her his contempt for verse-making. On one occasion in particular, he expressed his opinion on the loss of time, and the supposed neglect of household duties they occasioned, in a manner which gave her very great pain, and of which she complained to the only person at Cape Coast Castle whom she thought entitled to her confidence.

Mr. Maclean had some opinions in common with Monk Lewis. That gentleman was a very ascetic critic when dealing with the literary productions of female writers. In one of his letters, published in the "Diary and Times of George the Fourth," alluding to a rumour that Miss F——r wrote novels, he says, "I wish she would let such idle nonsense alone: for, however great a respect I may entertain for her talents (which I do), I tremble lest she should fail in this bookmaking: and as a rule, I have an aversion, a pity and contempt for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle, and the only one they ever use dexterously. I must except, however, the love-letters, which are full of pleasing conceits; but this is the only subject they should ever attempt to write about. Madame de Stael even, I will not except from this general rule: she has done a plaguey deal of mischief, and no good, by meddling in literary matters, and I wish to heaven she would renounce pen, ink, and paper, for evermore."*

Proclus makes mention of the gifts of one in whom was "the very form, substance, and image of poetry in all its brightness."† And the felicity of that gifted being was consummated: "When feeling the mighty influence of enthusiasm, and fully subdued by the power of the muses, he called forth into action all the primal, original, and divine energies of poetry."

What was the condition of poor L. E. L. when she felt those poetic influences within her, those divine energies and powers of enthusiasm, without the privilege of communicating them to others, or calling them into action and committing to paper the inspirations of her genius, or when she had to dread the coldness of contempt, or the hasty expression of reproof for those pursuits which had gained her honour and renown at home and a high place in the literary world, pursuits which alone could be the solace of her weary life in a dismal fort on the coast of Africa?

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* Diary and Times of George the Fourth, vol. iv. p. 117.

† Procli Comment. in Platonis, p. 403. Edit. fol. Basil. 1534.

The account of the inquest sent home by the friends of Mr. Maclean, that was published in the newspapers in this country, shortly after the arrival of the intelligence of that lamentable event, states the circumstances of most importance that were brought to light on the inquest, and all the essential particulars are given in the following report of Mrs. Bailey's evidence:

"At an inquisition held at Cape Coast Castle, the 15th day of October, 1838, before me, James Swansey, Esq., one of her Majesty's justices of the peace, and others, upon view of the body of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean—Emily Baily, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith—That between the hours of eight and nine of the morning of the 15th instant, the deponent having received a note, addressed to Mrs. Maclean, from Mr. Swansey, went to her room for the purpose of delivering the same to her, and found some difficulty in opening the door, in consequence of Mrs. Maclean having fallen against it.

"That deponent, on entering the room, discovered Mrs. Maclean lying on the floor with an empty bottle in her hand (which bottle being produced, was labelled 'Acid hydrocianicum delatum, pharm. Lond., 1836; medium dose five minims'), and quite senseless; that on seeing this, deponent went for her husband to call Mr. Maclean. She believed that Mrs. Maclean must have been attempting to open the door to call for assistance, when she fell. That her mistress was subject to be attacked by spasms, and was in the habit of taking occasionally a drop or two of the medicine in the bottle in water: but had not herself seen her do so more than two or three times. She (Mrs. Maclean) had the spasms rather badly the previous evening, and wished to take a little of the medicine contained in the bottle to give her relief.

"She did not complain much this morning. Deponent was not present when her mistress was taken ill; but had seen her about half an hour before, when she appeared well, and made her a present, as the deponent was about leaving the coast for England. That Mrs. Maclean then told deponent to retire, and she would send for her, when she wished to dress. Deponent had not seen her write this morning, but she was so employed the previous evening, when she delivered to deponent two letters for friends in England, and was affected at the thought of deponent leaving her. That when deponent saw her last, she was in her usual spirits. The bottle found in Mrs. Maclean's hand was uncorked, and she (deponent) afterward corked it, and put it aside. She could state nothing more which could throw any light on the subject." (Some other witnesses were examined, but nothing of any importance was elicited, no post mortem examination was made.)

"The verdict was, that the death of Mrs. Maclean was caused by her having incautiously taken an over-dose of prussic acid, which it appeared she had been in the habit of using as a remedy."

Mr. Cruickshank, a merchant of Cape Coast, and a friend of Mr. Maclean, has recently published some information purporting to be more reliable than any that has yet been given to the public, on the subject of the sudden and mysterious death of Mrs. Maclean. As an account given by a friend of Mr. Maclean, this statement is worthy of attention; but as to the opinions of Mr. Cruickshank of Mrs. Maclean's felicity and content, they are of very little value.

Mr. Cruickshank says, "As one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady upon the coast, who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling, who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death, whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence, and who, with a sorrowing heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting-place, * * I will endeavour to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa."

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement, and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the Governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the castle:—

"I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, 'You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you it is not every one that is admitted here.' I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good humour and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a temporary bed, which had been made for her upon the floor, and said, Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the castle, but promised to call daily during my stay in Cape Coast, to pass a few hours with them.

"As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. * * At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine and clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but, not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlour. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. 'But you must not,' she said, 'think me a foolish, moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F——, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken.' We joined the Governor in the parlour. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning, to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons—"You are wanted at the castle; *Mr.* Maclean is dead," said the messenger. Hurrying to the castle, he found that it was not Mr. but *Mrs.* Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance."

"We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding.

"All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this:—It appeared that she had risen, and left her husband's bed-room about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a-half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey farther asserted, that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated, that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England, to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife. Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a *post mortem* examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved, that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor, that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. The verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an over-dose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently.

" In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as wrapped up in my cloak I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and of that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same time I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, oh, how very—very sad the change!"

Mr. Cruickshank further observes :—" It was also afterwards proved that Mrs. Bailey, upon her return to England, with the view of attracting attention toherself, and gaining notoriety, had made some flagrantly false statements in reference to this event, and that she was altogether a person undeserving of credit. I then remembered that she had made no mention of the phial having been in Mrs. Maclean's hand until some time after she had found her mistress on the floor, and only then in answer to a question from Mr. Maclean; and it occurred to me that such a suspicious circumstance as a phial being found in the hand of a person suddenly deceased, could not fail to be immediately noticed and mentioned, without any inquiry. These considerations induced me to discredit Mrs. Bailey's testimony altogether, and to believe that the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all."*

In regard to the preceding account, there are some matters to be observed.

There is a great discrepancy in the accounts given by Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Cruickshank, as to the interval between Mrs. Bailey leaving her mistress writing, and her (Mrs. Bailey's) return to Mrs. Maclean's room. There is a discrepancy also in the reasons given for Mrs. Bailey's leaving the room after her first entrance that morning. Mr. Cruickshank says "Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes;" she had been called by Mrs. Maclean, "and sent to a store room to fetch some pomatum." Mrs. Bailey, on the other hand, deposed at the inquest, that "she had seen her mistress about half an hour before (the catastrophe)—that Mrs. Maclean told her to retire, and she would send for her when she wanted to dress."

Mrs. Bailey deposed, that "on again entering the room she found an empty bottle in her (Mrs. Maclean's) hand, labelled 'acid hydrocianicum;'" and Mr. Cruickshank says circumstances induced him "to believe the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all."

Now Mr. Cobbold, the surgeon of the Castle, deposed at the inquest, that on being called to attend Mrs. Maclean, "he found her perfectly insensible, with the pupils of both eyes much dilated, and fancied he could detect a slight pulsation of the heart, but very feeble, and which ceased a very short time after his arrival."......He was of opinion " that death was caused by the improper use of the medicine, *the bottle of which was found in her hand*......The body after death was perfectly natural......was so fully convinced that the medicine was the cause of her death, he did not think it necessary to open the body."

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* Eighteen Years in the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes, and their Intercourse with Europeans. By Brodie Cruickshank. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. Cruickshank says, " Dr. Cobbold was sent for, but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life." " Dr. Cobbold," he tells us, " who had been asked to make a post mortem examination, did not think it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded that she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased, and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person."

The phial, it is to be observed, contained none of the drug when found. Mrs. Bailey says she found it uncorked in the hand of her mistress, and put it aside.

Then Mr. Cobbold must have declined to make a post mortem examination mainly because " he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person." How far the principles of medical jurisprudence are consonant with the practice at Cape Coast Castle in a case like this, of a lady alive and well between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, suddenly carried off by poison—a corpse before noon—the subject of a coroner's inquest without a post mortem examination, coffined before sunset, and buried in a court-yard of a house she had been a living, healthful inmate of, within less than twelve hours of that burial,—is a question which must be determined wholly and solely on its own merits.

CHAPTER XVII.

L. E. L.

I HAVE given elsewhere an account of the death of L. E. L., written by a friend of the deceased lady—the Countess of Blessington, which may be presumed to be, in all important particulars, derived from the best sources of information that were available to her, though I do not vouch for their correctness in all particulars. The friends of the husband of the deceased lady have said their say; it is only fair the friends of L. E. L. should at last be permitted to have theirs.

Shortly before my departure from England, Lady Blessington charged me with a commission, to be executed on my arrival at Cape Coast—namely, to obtain the permission of Mr. Maclean to erect a monument, at her Ladyship's expense, over the remains of her deceased friend. I felt some hesitation, for some days after my arrival, in speaking to Mr. Maclean on the subject, but at length I communicated to him Lady Blessington's wishes. Mr. Maclean said it was unnecessary—he had already ordered out from England a mural slab, with an inscription; and it had been lying for some time in a store in the Castle, and he would have it put up shortly. In a day or two after this conversation, I heard some firing of guns early in the morning; on enquiry, I found the firing was the inauguration of the monumental tablet, which had been set up in the wall opposite the grave of Mrs. Maclean.

There is a spacious court-yard in front of the Castle, surrounded by the dungeons (well filled with human Pawns by Mr. Maclean) which had formerly been used for slave barracones; and this court-yard is now the place of exercise and parade for the native soldiers who form the garrison of Cape Coast Castle. In the centre of this court the remains of L. E. L. are deposited.

A small white marble tablet, inserted in the castle wall, bears the following inscription:

Hic jacet sepultum
Omne quod mortale fuit
LETITIAE ELIZABETHAE MCLEAN,
Quam, egregià ornatam indole,
Musis unicè amatam,
Omniumque amores secum trahentem,
In ipso aetatis flore,
Mors immatura rapuit,
Die Octobris XV., A.D. MDCCCXXXVIII.,
Ætat. 36.

Quod spectas viator marmor,
Vanum heu doloris monumentum,
Conjux moerens erexit.

Words might be added to it, and truth suffer no wrong:—

This monument is the only memorial
That is left at Cape Coast Castle,
Of the untimely fate
Of a woman everywhere else beloved,
And honoured for her genius.
Who died here, after a residence of two months,
Wearied of life, and wanting all
Sympathy, where Nature itself has nothing
That is cheering in its aspect
Or its influences.

The spot that was chosen for the grave of this accomplished but unhappy lady could not be more inappropriate; a few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle, and roll of the drum, are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles, where the soldiers on parade do congregate.

There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor of anything green, in that court-yard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L.

When I arrived at Cape Coast, though Mr. Maclean was absent from the settlement, I found a room had been prepared for me in the Castle, which was then undergoing extensive repairs. The only habitable room then available for me was the one which was called Mrs. Maclean's room,—it was the room in which she was found dead. The furniture, bed-hangings, muslin decorations round frame of looking-glass, arrangement of prints, every thing, in short, was in the same state as when the room was used by her. On Mr. Maclean's return to the Castle, he expressed much gratification at my arrival: and in the course of our first interview on that occasion, he said he trusted I was directed by government to make enquiries into the circumstances of the death of Mrs. Maclean; that he had been foully slandered and injured by scandalous reports in relation to that event, and his conduct to Mrs. Maclean; and he would be rejoiced to hear it was a part of my duty to make those enquiries; and farther, he told me that he would furnish documents of the most conclusive kind, that would shew the vile nature of the reports he referred to. It was evident to me, that Mr. Maclean was labouring under some erroneous impression, on the subject of his observations. I assured him I was charged with no such enquiry as he referred to; that I was directed to make enquiries solely into the alleged assistance given by English commerce at our Gold Coast settlements to slave-trading pursuits, and generally respecting the trade and condition of the several British factories.

The conversation then dropped ; but it was resumed again, and Mr. Maclean insisted on reading some documents, two, I think, in the hand-writing of Mrs. Maclean, in proof of the perfect state of ease and tranquillity of mind in which she was immediately previous to her decease. For Mr. Maclean's satisfaction, I very reluctantly consented to enter on the enquiry he wished; but I told him, having undertaken to do so, that I must be permitted to make my own enquiries of Dr. Cobbold, the medical man who had been examined on the inquest, and such other persons as I might think proper to communicate with, in any way and at any time I chose to apply to them for information. This Mr. Maclean at once readily assented to. I called on Dr. Cobbold, without any previous notice, to give me the requisitions for all medical stores for the use of the establishment that existed in the office of the dispensary, and also all druggists' accounts of medicines furnished for several years—all, in fact, that existed. There was no evidence of prussic acid ever having been ordered or procured from England or elsewhere for the use of the establishment.

I made all the enquiries I deemed it necessary to make about the appearance of the body, and the suddenness of the death that had taken place; and the conviction left on my mind was, that Mrs. Maclean had died from the effects of prussic acid.

I was satisfied, from documentary evidence shewn to me by Mr. Maclean, that the deceased had been subject in England to violent spasmodic attacks, and had been prescribed certain drops of a colourless fluid, which she was cautioned to use with the greatest care, inasmuch as they were of a poisonous nature, and would produce death, if taken in large quantities.

It was proved, to my satisfaction, by the evidence of native servants and native soldiers, who were constantly about the castle, that a native woman, (a half sister, I think, of a man of colour, of respectability, living in Accra, a Mr. Bannerman,) who had been living with Mr. Maclean, up to the time of his last departure for England, in relations which custom sanctions in those settlements, but which no religious ceremony sanctifies, had continued living in the Castle, up to the time of the arrival of the vessel with Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at the settlement, but before their landing, she had taken her departure from the Castle, and never had been in it subsequently to their arrival there. I saw this woman at Accra, and my enquiries at that place confirmed the accounts which had been given to me at Cape Coast.

I made very particular enquiries of parties who were on the inquest, some who were acquainted with Mrs. Maclean at Cape Coast, and intimate with her up to the day of her death, one of whom, I believe, enjoyed the confidence of Mrs. Maclean more than any other English resident at Cape Coast; and the result of all my enquiries was, the conviction that Mrs. Maclean met her death by no foul means; that the native woman, whose name has been mixed up with various rumours and suspicions of being at the Castle at the time of Mrs. Maclean's death, and animated with deadly feelings of animosity towards her, had neither hand, nor act, nor part in the death of Mrs. Maclean; that every rumour of complicity on the part of Mr. Maclean, in any alleged crime of this kind, was utterly unfounded, as was likewise every rumour of ill-treatment of his wife, amounting to actual violence or outrage even of violent language or of gesture, in any sudden ebullition of anger.

Mrs. Maclean, at the time of her death, was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty."

On the morning of her decease, having risen about seven o'clock, she left her husband's room, and proceeded to her dressing-room, which was a separate apartment, and occasionally her bed-room also. She began writing letters on reaching her dressing-room, and continued doing so till nearly half-past eight o'clock, attired simply in a white robe-de-chambre.

She called for her servant, Mrs. Bailey, who, on making her appearance, was sent by Mrs. Maclean for some article that was in another room. Mrs. Bailey, on her return, in the course of a few minutes, according to Mr. Cruickshank—but according to Mrs. Bailey, of about half an hour—found the door closed and some heavy weight pressing against it. The door was pushed back, and Mrs. Bailey on entering found her mistress stretched on the floor, senseless and entirely motionless, with a small empty bottle in her right hand, which had contained prussic acid. The medical gentleman attached to the port, Dr. Cobbold, being called, on examining the pulse, found that life was extinct, and from the appearance of the eyes, and "his belief that he could detect the smell of prussic acid about the person, declared that he considered it was unnecessary to make a *post mortem* examination."

At the inquest, a few hours after her decease, it was satisfactorily proved by Mr. Maclean, that his lady had brought out a bottle of prussic acid with her from England, and had taken it once on the passage out from England for severe spasms, to which she was subject. He stated there was no quarrel or unkindness between him and his wife, and the letter moreover, addressed to a Mrs. Fagan, was produced, which she had been writing, and left on her desk not yet folded, when she must have risen from the table, either on being seized with spasms, or having taken the prussic acid, and approached the door, probably, as he thought, to call for assistance. In this letter, and another one written the same morning, there were certainly expressions of content with her place of abode, and mode of life; there were eulogistic allusions to the beauty of the scenery, the romantic aspect of the place, and richness of vegetation about the castle, which seemed to me extravagant, and utterly at variance with the real appearance of this most desolate, uncheering, and uninteresting place of all the forts along this coast.

The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the evidence of Mr. Maclean and the supposition of the surgeon of the Fort.

The same evening—the evening of the day on which she died, the 15th of October, with more haste than I think was necessary, even in that climate—the remains of the ill-fated L. E. L. were buried by torch-light, in the court-yard of the castle.

The same night, Captain Maclean ordered his yacht to be in readiness to put to sea, embarked and proceeded to Accra.

Mrs. Maclean's last letters were written in a strain of forced cheerfulness, and an evident disposition of mind, that was any thing but healthful or indicative of happiness.

There are states of mind, in which people of much sensibility shrink from being suspected of infelicity, even by their nearest and dearest friends; when their pride makes a merit of the concealment of tribulation, and in their efforts to keep up false appearances of contentment, when they exaggerate, not only the advantages of surrounding objects, but their own sentiments with regard to them.

The night before her death, Mrs. Maclean wrote two letters. In a letter addressed to Mrs. Hall (probably one of the two then written, and only received after her death), she mentions the vessel she is writing by, being just on the point of sailing—she "is as well as possible." "The castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England." The room in which she is writing "is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engravings." "Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany, and portraits of distinguished authors."

And she adds—"But I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded it is with scientific instruments, telescopes, &c. &c., none of which may be touched by hands profane." She expatiates "on the splendid land views"—"The dense mass of green, varied by some large handsome white houses." The cocoa trees with their beautiful fan-like leaves—the picturesque appearance of the natives, &c. &c.

But at the end of all the commendation of scenery, dwelling, mode of life, and native people, comes the admission—"You cannot think the complete seclusion in which I live."* There was another letter of this poor lady, written on the very morning of her decease, dated the 15th of October, and was produced by her husband at the inquest, "as shewing her state of mind," we are informed, immediately before the fatal catastrophe. That letter had been referred to in confirmation of the declaration, "*that an unkind word had never* passed between Mrs. Maclean and deponent."

In the letter just referred to, addressed to her "dearest Marie," she begins with eulogiums on the castle "infinitely superior to all she ever dreamed of." The rooms are excellent. The building is fine; she does not suffer from heat. "Insects there are few or none, and," she adds, "I am in excellent health." But then follows the admission of the dreariness of her life—"*The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else.*" But then she informs her friend, she was welcomed to Cape Coast by a series of dinners, which she is glad are over, "for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still the *great* kindness," she observes, "with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, have made me feel it as little as possible." At the end of the letter, she says, "*I have not yet felt the want of society the least.*

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* The letter to Mrs. Hall was published in "The Times" newspaper.

I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of the old ones." Once more she eulogizes, after a sorrowful fashion the sea views from the castle—"On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed to pieces, like human hopes, that can only swell to be disappointed." We advance: —up springs the shining froth of love or hope, "a moment white, and gone for ever." And then, as if suddenly reminded of the key in which the tune of all her homeward communications (except to one friend) was to be pitched, she breaks out into the old strain of delight with scenery, that really had nothing to make it sublime or beautiful, but the enchantment of poetry, and the power of her brilliant fancy.

"The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable: the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only once been out of the fort by day-light, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light."

A wilderness of seared verdure, and tangled shrubs and stunted bushes—a jungle and a swamp—realizing the beau ideal of desolation—this was the scenery that met the eyes of poor L. E. L., with the exception of a few clumps of trees, from the time she arrived at Cape Coast Castle till she reached the truly dismal swamps in the vicinity, in one of her excursions, which the creative power of imagination, all potent to adorn, embellish, or brighten, clad with beauty, and illumined with a thousand stars.

The silvery purple of the moon-lit sea may have existed, but it certainly was not easily discernible from the windows of Cape Coast Castle.

The ink was hardly dry on the paper which contained that last poetic image of the resemblance between the perpetual dashing of the waves on the rocks on the sea-shore, and the dashing in pieces of human hopes with their shining froth of love and expectation—" a moment white, and gone for ever " —when she who gave expression to the thought, the child of song — England's own dearly loved and gifted daughter, L. E. L., was lying a pale corpse, and strangers only, or those with hearts to her as those of strangers, were gathered round all that remained of so much genius, so much kindness, gentleness and sweetness of disposition.

The conviction left on my mind by all the inquiries I had made, and the knowledge I had gained of the peculiarities of Mr. Maclean, was, that the marriage of L. E. L. with him was ill-assorted, ill-calculated to promote her happiness, or to secure her peace: and that Mr. Maclean, making no secret of his entire want of sympathy with her tastes, of repugnance for her pursuits, and eventually of entire indifference towards her, had rendered her exceedingly unhappy. In such circumstances she might have been suddenly seized with those spasms to which she was subject, on the morning of her decease, and have taken unconsciously an undue quantity of the medicine she was in the habit of using for a remedy in such seizures ; but, more probably, at the last moment of her preparations for the dispatch of her letters by the vessel about to sail for England, the idea of losing the services of the English woman who had accompanied her to the settlement, the only English or European woman in Cape Coast, the only person there probably intimately acquainted with her real feelings, her occasional profound dejection and depression of spirits, of bodily as well as mental energies, the excitement too caused by writing those letters which were found on the table she had just left ; the terrible contrast in them of her real feelings, with the masquerade of them in words expressive of cheerfulness and content, may have produced sudden emotions, and uncontrollable impulses of passionate grief and despondency, that overwhelmed reason, and in a paroxysm of frenzy have led to self-destruction.

The room of poor L. E. L., which was mine while I remained at Cape Coast Castle, I have already observed, as to furniture and decorations, was just as it had been at the time of her death. It never had been occupied, I was told, after that event, till it was assigned to me. I was seized with fever, of the genuine African type, which has carried off so many Europeans on this coast, some weeks after my arrival, and the first intimation I had of the attack, was the recurrence, one night, after a long day's work at my report, of a frightful dream, or, rather, a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of hallucination, in which I fancied the form of Mrs. Maclean, clad in a white dress, was extended before me lifeless on the floor, on the spot where I had been told her body had been discovered by her servant woman. This imaginary white object lay between my bed and the window, through which the moon was shining brightly, and every time I raised myself, and examined closely this spot, on which the moonbeams fell in a slanting direction, the imaginary form would cease to be discernible; and then in a few minutes, when I might doze or feel unable by any efforts to keep attention alive—the same appalling figure would present itself to my imagination, till at length, on collecting my thoughts, the conviction came that I was labouring under fever; and the next morning I was laid up, with all the worst symptoms of that formidable disease fully and violently manifested.

If I had not brought out a servant with me, I must have died. Attention it would have been quite in vain to expect from the servants of Mr. Maclean; and as for that gentleman himself, the only appearance of attention or care of any kind, he exhibited during the whole course of my illness, while I was under his roof, and as it was generally supposed in the utmost danger, was an occasional call at the door for a few seconds, or at the bedside late in the evening, and a single inquiry, how I felt; after which, with an appearance of unconcern and cold indifference, that was horrifying to me in my weak condition, (and with no very agreeable foreboding as to the result of it,) he would turn on his heel and walk away, as if it was a matter to him of the smallest possible importance whether I lived or died.

Not one cheering word, in the course of that severe and protracted illness, did he ever address me.

When I began to have some hopes of recovery, my faithful servant—a West Indian mulatto—came to me one afternoon in a state of terror and bewilderment, and told me to take no more drink; that I should be a dead man if I tasted a drop of anything that was made by any hands but his. With difficulty I got him to explain matters: he had on several occasions words with the native servant who acted as cook, or the cook's assistant, I forget which, about preparing the drink I was in the habit of taking, but on that particular occasion, while engaged in conversation with some person in the kitchen, he observed the cook, or his assistant, approach the fire-place, and empty the contents of a small white paper in the saucepan. My servant immediately rushed forward, and asked him what he had put in the drink for his master. The man said he had been putting some salt in it. My servant said he ought not have put anything in it. The man was embarrassed, and my servant came away with the impression that my drink was drugged. It was then late in the afternoon. I told my servant to say nothing more on the subject. I took no more drink that day and throughout the night, except some water in small quantities, and even that with some apprehension. The following morning, at the dawn, I sent for the native sergeant, who was the chief subaltern in charge of the soldiers of the castle, and desired him to prepare quickly some sort of litter to enable me to take a short excursion, for I was still confined to my bed in a state of extreme prostration. I then wrote a letter to an Irish resident merchant, in Capetown, telling him I was about to trespass on his hospitality for a few days; and having with much difficulty written a letter to Mr. Maclean, informing him that I deemed it necessary to change the air, and thanking him for his hospitality, I was removed from the castle.

I was carried down stairs out of my bed by a number of the native soldiers, placed on the litter more dead than alive, and blessed my stars when I found myself outside the threshold of Cape Coast Castle. I was conveyed in a sorry plight to the house of Captain Stanley; there I was cordially received, kindly treated, and to the kindness and attention I received from Captain Stanley and his nephew, I feel, under Providence, I am indebted for my life. I have no doubt but that my servant's apprehensions for my safety were well founded.

I have not the remotest idea, however, that Mr. Maclean was cognizant of the danger I incurred at the hands of his servants, neither do I think his interference, had he known it, would have been sufficiently energetic for my safety. His apathy was invincible.

Mr. George Maclean died at Cape Coast, the 28th of May, 1847, holding the office of Judicial Assessor in that Colony at the time of his decease. In the notice of his death, which appeared in the Annual Register for 1847, it is erroneously stated "he was formerly Governor-in-Chief." Mr. Maclean never held the office of Governor, either Lieutenant or in chief, of any British Colony on the west coast of Africa.

The military title of Captain, which is conferred on him in the same notice, was one of Colonial acquisition, Mr. Maclean having joined the Royal African Corps after the peace.

The first Governor of Cape Coast Castle was Captain Hill, R.N. He was succeeded by Captain Winniet of the Navy, who was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Her Majesty's forts and settlements on the Gold Coast of Africa, October 24th, 1845; and was advanced to the title of Governor and Commander-in-Chief when the settlements were made independent of Sierra Leone in 1850. He was knighted in 1849, and died at Accra on the Gold Coast in 1851.

Mr. Maclean survived his wife thirteen years and a half: his remains were deposited by the side of those of L. E. L., in the Fort yard, with military honours.

Had Mr. Maclean lived only three months longer, he would have been in possession of a fortune exceeding £20,000.

In the month of January, 1848, his uncle, Lieutenant-General Sir John Maclean, K.C.B., K.T.S., and K.C., Colonel of the 27th Foot, died.

This distinguished officer entered the army in 1794: promoted to the rank of Captain in 1797, he served in Ireland during the Rebellion of 1798, in Holland in 1799, in 1801 in Egypt. He obtained his majority in 1804, and was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel in 1808, accompanied Sir John Moore in the expedition to Liveden, embarked for the Peninsula the same year, was at the battle of Busaço in 1810, at the siege of Badajos in 1811, the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and the engagement near Pampeluna in 1813. He was present in the battles of the Nivelle, Bayonne, Orthes, and at Toulouse on the 10th of April, 1814, where for the fifth time he was wounded. He subsequently served in France from July, 1815, to February, 1816, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General in 1825, and to that of Lieutenant-General in 1838. Sir John married in 1819, and had issue an only son, who died in infancy. The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. George Maclean, of the Gold Coast, the son of an elder brother, the Reverend James Maclean, of Urquhart in Morayshire.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington I find some remarkable verses, entitled.

A LAMENT FOR L. E. L.

(These beautiful lines bear no signature, but are in the hand-writing of W. S. Landor.)

" The sweet singer departed—the summer bird gone from the garden of his love—it hath waited for him—will he not come again?"

" A dirge for the departed! bend we low
Around the bed of her unwakening rest
Still be the hoarse voice of discordant woe,
Still as the heart within her marble breast,
Which stirs not at the cry of those she loved the best.

" A dirge—Oh weave it of low murmurings,
And count the pauses by warm dropping tears.
Sweeter, yet sadder than the woodlark sings,
Amid the shower of April's fitful wings,
Be the faint melody; the name it bears,
Shall thrill our England's heart, for many linked years.

" Our far-off England! oft times would she sit,
With moist eyes gazing o'er the lustrous deep,
Through distance, change, and time; beholding it
In its green beauty, while the sea did keep
A whispering noise, to lull her spirit's visioned sleep.

" And fondly would she watch the evening breeze
Steal, crushing the smooth ocean's sultry blue,
As 'twere a message from her own tall trees,
Waving her back to them, and flowers, and bees,
And loving looks, from which her young heart drew
Its riches, and all the joys her winged childhood knew.

" And smiling in their distant loveliness,
Like phantoms of the desert—till the tide
Of passionate yearnings burst in wild excess
Over her gentle heart: the home sick bride
Whelming both lute and life, and the sweet minstrel died.

"Spring shall return to that beloved shore,
With health of leaves, and buds, and wild wood songs,
But hers the sweetest, with its tearful lore,
Its womanly fond gushes come no more,
Breathing the cadenced poesy that throngs
To pure and fervid lips unstained by cares and wrongs.

"Oh! never more shall her benignant spell
Fan those dim embers in a worldly heart,
Which once were love and sympathy—nor tell
Of griefs borne patiently with such sweet art
As wins e'en selfish pain from brooding o'er his smart.

"Oh never more! the burden of the strain,
Be those sad hopeless words!—then make her bed
Near shadowy boughs, that she may dwell again
Where her own English violets bloom and fade,
The sole sweet records clustered o'er her head
In this strange land—to tell where our beloved is laid."

In February, 1840, an eminent literary man wrote to Lady Blessington on the subject of the unfortunate circumstances of one who had long been dependent on poor L. E. L.'s assistance for support.

"February 24th, 1840.

"My dearest Friend,

"I am going to be a beggar to your kind heart. Poor Mrs. Landon is in most destitute circumstances (L. E. L.'s mother); with the exception of £20 a-year, she has nothing to subsist on. L. E. L. was very anxious about her before leaving England, and after her death, an allowance from Mr. Maclean ceased.

"We propose to raise this lady, who is old and sickly, a small sum yearly by subscription. Would you give us your name, and one guinea a-year by an order on your banker? £50 a-year, if we can raise it, which I do not doubt, will, with the other £20, be ample. If you will kindly do this, you will not only gratify your own beautiful nature, but me most sensibly, for I am suffering, and shall be more sleepless than ever, till the mother of that unhappy girl, whom I pitied and regarded most tenderly, is above want.

"I will give you details when I have got more subscribers."

LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO LADY W.

"Gore House, January 29th, 1839.

"My Dear Madam,

"Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

"Poor, dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a Captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy, at another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterwards became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild any thing but a happy one. Her first practical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

"Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. [ ], who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a Literary Journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life; but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. [ ], a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her, and this highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known, than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honour. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated enquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those, who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honour, or instigate enquiry into her conduct; and from year to year, dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gaiety she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings, was to buy an annuity for her grandmother; that grandmother, whose acerbity of temper and wearying *exigeance* had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans Place, with some elderly ladies, who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. M., a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife, ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal, affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct.

About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year, before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she, poor, dear soul! informed all her friends—and me, amongst the number—of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him; soon after this, Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months, without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beset by enquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was? when she was to married? &c., &c.; all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would appear no more. A serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave; when her [ ] wrote and demanded an explanation from Mr. Maclean.

"He answered, that fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

"She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humoured—continually sneering at literary ladies—speaking slightingly of her works—and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir [ ] remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off; and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed; no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay, more, it is now known that two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

" The marriage *was a secret one*, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour, that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody, for her broken hearted [ ], whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said, that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference towards her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and, what was worse, discontent, ill-humour, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her [ ], her nerves became so agitated, that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes to her [ ]: 'There are eleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my use, nor will he permit me to enter the bed-room from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until ten o'clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.'

" This was the last account Mr. [ ] ever received. Judge then of his wretchedness.

" It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liason* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liasons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the Castle as its mistress until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife, brought out by L. E. L. were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one then banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

" Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds, that had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was, when not ill and tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain, easy and good tempered to a fault. He says, that never was there so kind or so faultless a being on earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news brought no letter of recent date for her [ ], though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband. I have now, my dear Madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her [ ], as well as Mr. Maclean's to him. I ought to add, that when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife, and proceeded to the Castle, to dislodge his mistress and children. The natives were angry, and offended at seeing their country-woman driven from her home.

" Believe me, my dear Madam,
" Your Ladyship's very sincerely,
" M. Blessington.

" To Lady W."

" Let me have a line to say you have got this voluminous packet."

LETTERS OF MISS LANDON TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" 28, Upper Berkeley Street West,
" Connaught Square.

" My dear Madam,

" I will not attempt an apology for the liberty that I am about to take; your own kindness will be my best advocate, and to that I venture to appeal. My request is, do you, in the circle of your acquaintance, know one who could and would give me an introduction to Lord Cottenham? The fact is, there is a living in his gift just become vacant, in Devonshire, where [ ] has been for the last five years, and I have been led to hope, that a little recommendation would procure it for him. I am perfectly well aware that I have not the shadow of a claim to make such a petition; but I do think, that if you know the numerous difficulties with which we have had to struggle—left to ourselves, almost children, without a friend but what we could make for ourselves, or a resource but in my exertions—our path through life has been a very hard one. Very probably you may not know, or not like to ask any friend of Lord Cottenham, but I feel assured that you will pardon my intrusion; and will your Ladyship allow me

"To remain,
"Your obliged,
"L. E. Landon."

(No date.)

"28, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

"Dear Lady Blessington,

"I cannot say how grateful I am to you. I could not have believed such kindness, had I not received it. My only excuse for troubling you was the almost hopelessness of my position unless I could make for myself friends, though I little hoped to have found such a friend as I have in you.

"I am writing in great haste, for a friend has suggested the possibility of [ ] being appointed secretary to the Literary Fund. Such an appointment would give him time to look round, and save us from the very heavy pressure of our present circumstances. I venture to enclose a list of the influential people at the Fund. If there is only one among them whom your Ladyship could interest, it would be a great service. I put a cross against those whom I can reach myself.

"Many, many thanks for the letters. I shall yet further intrude on your kindness. I am writing a letter to Lord Melbourne, which, perhaps, his nephew would place in his hands. But this is for after-consideration. And I shall entreat you to glance over a few letters, bearing testimony to [ ]'s character and abilities.

"Again let me offer the earnest thanks of

"L. E. Landon."

(No date.)

"Dear Madam,

"We have troubled you so often, that it seems quite a privilege, but I am only desirous of laying before you the list of [ ]'s testimonials. I now enclose one or two. We find from the meeting of the council, on Wednesday last, that the opposition is even stronger than we anticipated. We have the whole of the dissenting interest against us, and with them. [ ] has two grave faults; he is a clergyman, and a gentleman. Our stronghold is with the presidents. If they can be prevailed on to vote, we are certain of success; if not, the majority is decidedly against us.

"I fear that there is some mistake about Lord Carrington—hearing that he supports the other candidate; perhaps he might be neutralized. Lord Ellenborough would be a great object, if Count D'Orsay thought he could be induced to vote; for our great difficulty will be, when the day of election comes, to induce them to take the trouble of coming down to vote. Lord Mulgrave's vote will not avail; but it would be a great service if he could be induced to write a few lines, expressing his interest in Mr. [ ], and advocating his claims on literary grounds. Nothing but the vital consequence of success to us would excuse my thus troubling you. I fear that you will exclaim that I want you to quote and act Hector's speech, and say,—

"'That post shall be my care,
Not that alone—but all the works of war.'

Indeed, but for your kindness, our chances of success would have been very small.

"I have enclosed Dr. Taylor's letter, as it will give you an idea of how the contest stands. The *unfairness* he mentions alludes to a former letter, which we have been obliged to lay before our different friends of the council. Again and again I warmly thank you.

"Your truly obliged,
"L. E. Landon."

(No date.)

"I will not attempt to thank you, but never was there more earnest gratitude than I feel to you. If [ ] obtains the situation, he will owe it to your kindness chiefly—being placed in that respectable and independent position which we have been struggling years to obtain. I enclose some lists of the voters. How much I am obliged to Count D'Orsay. If he would but know the service that he is rendering, it would be the best acknowledgment that I could make. You may well call Mr. Montague a zealous friend; his kindness is as extraordinary as his talents—and they are of a very uncommon order; he deserves to be permitted the pleasure of admiring you as enthusiastically as he does.

"Thanks to you. I have received a note from Lord Francis Egerton. Mr. Bulwer has secured Sir John Hobhouse, and Lord John Russell has also promised; the Marquis of Lansdowne is invaluable—such an old patron of the society.

"L. E. Landon."

"28, Upper Berkeley Street East, Connaught Square.

"I cannot thank you for all your kindness, but how gratefully I do feel it. I never met with anything like it before. God bless you for it!

"Lord John Russell and Sir John Hobhouse have promised their votes, and I have just received the kindest letter from Lord Munster. Do pray thank Count D'Orsay; but he is always so kind. Will you excuse this scrawl? but I am in a fever of hope and fear.

"L. E. Landon.

"Mr. Montague, who has been the kindest friend in the world, is the bearer of this. He originally proposed to me, suggesting [ ]'s name, and has carried on the project with the zeal and ability he throws into everything that he undertakes."

"28, Upper Berkeley Street, West, Connaught Square.

"Once more, but for, I hope, the last time, I venture to trouble you. According to your advice, I have hazarded a brief note to the various Vice-Presidents, entreating the performance of their promises, on the 12th of April. I do not hope for more, than to induce Lord Carrington to be neutral, as the lawyers say, 'to shew cause.' I enclose a parallel of the claims of the rival candidates. I also enclose a letter, which my brother is under the necessity of circulating.

"This very morning has brought letters from Tavistock, his parish, where he was curate for five years, signed by all the proper authorities, and sixty heads of families, relative to his high character, and another from the Literary Institution, bearing testimony to his exertions and abilities, signed by every leading person in the neighbourhood. He also originated three schools in different parishes, supported by his own zealous endeavours. Mr. B——— is quite right in saying that we are poor; I do not know how it could be otherwise,—left at a very early age, dependent on our own exertions—with helpless relatives looking to us for support;—but it only makes his conduct doubly cruel.

"I have one more favour to ask. Would you write a note to W. H. Harrison, Esq., Crown Office, Bridge Street? He is the editor of the 'Friendship's Offering.'

"I am sure you will excuse this scrawl; but really I am so nervous, that I scarcely know what I am doing. A thousand thanks for all your kindness.

"Yours most grateful,
"L. E. L."

"28 Upper Berkeley Street West.
"P. M.—April, 1836.

"We were 28 to 24—the Vice Presidents carried it. The poll was about to close when Lord John Russell drove into the court, so did Sir Robert Peel, and gave it to us.

"Lord Ellenborough voted against us. I know you will forgive this scrawl—but we owe you so much—I really cannot write. God bless you,

"L. E. LANDON."

The situation sought for, in connection with "the Literary Fund," was obtained for the Rev. Mr. [ ] mainly through the influence and untiring exertions of Lady Blessington. This gentleman was a young clergyman of most exemplary life and amiable disposition. Bad health had compelled him to relinquish a clerical appointment he had obtained in London. In 1842 he had served as curate sixteen years, but at that date, the recent death of his uncle, the late Dean of Exeter, had wrecked all his hopes of preferment. But the interest which Lady Blessington took in his welfare still continued, and was still manifested actively and efficiently.

"May 10, 1838.

"A thousand thanks for all your kindness. What can have become of Mr. Damer's note, I know not. Unluckily I left my letter with one or two others to be sealed, and fear it was done carelessly. However, it is of little moment, as I dined with Mrs. Damer yesterday, who told me that she was going to give her last sitting to Mr. Lucas next week; and that she and the boy who are drawn together can be separated. She will be happy, very, to have the portraits in both works. If they cannot be separated—still she would be happy, if you like, to have them together.

"Yours most truly,
"L. E. Landon."

"I would have sent the illustration, but last night I was fairly tired out. I have an idea for a poem, which, for so brief a space, will, I think, be better than prose.

"Can it be called 'My Ladye Love,' or 'Amina?'

"L. E. Landon."

"I have the pleasure of sending you the story; I have made it as short as possible, and only hope that you will like it. The engraving is singularly beautiful and fanciful, and had it been poetry, I might have ventured on the supernatural; but we are too matter of fact now-a-days to venture it in prose. An oriental sketch, both to suit the character of the engraving, and yet allow reality to the scene. Pray pardon this little explanation; but it is impossible not to wish to do one's best, when the judgment I hope to please, is at once so distinguished and so kind as that of your Ladyship.

"L. E. Landon."

"My brother read me your very kind note, which I felt so much obliged by, that I declared I should answer it immediately; this, however, has not been in my power till to-day, the first time that I can really say I am better. I never positively suffered so much from an illness before; at one time they were afraid that it would turn to typhus, but now that the fever has left me, I shall rapidly recover. This is a sad scrawl, but I feel so gratified by a note I saw of yours to-day, that I must write to thank you—whether you can read the thanks or not. It is rather a curious thing, that when I made my agreement with Messrs. Fisher, your name was my sole recommendation, about six weeks ago.

"I cannot say how deeply I feel all your kindness—I know nothing to which I refer with more keen gratification than your assistance—your sympathy—your praise. I must indeed be forgetful when I forget.

"Dearest Madam, your very grateful,
"L. E. Landon."

Lines of L. E. L. enclosed in a note addressed to Lady Blessington.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS COCAGNE, BY L. E. L.

"A dark-eyed beauty, one on whom the South
Has lavished loveliness, the red rose stooping
Has cast its shadow on that small sweet mouth,
Whose lip is with its weight of sweetness drooping,
Like the dark hyacinth in the early spring.
Those long soft curls in graceful rings descending,
Dark as the feather of the raven's wing,
With just one touch of golden sunshine blending.

Fair as thou art, a deeper charm is thine ;
  So sweet a face inspires a thousand fancies,
The history that we know not we divine,
  And for thy sake invent such fair romances,
And give the fancied names, and say less bright
  Were they the heroines of chivalric story,
When ready spears flung round their silver light,
  And beauty gave the noblest crown to glory.
Such were the eyes that over Surrey cast
  The deep enchantment of his graceful numbers,
What time the early vision by him past
  Of Geraldine just called in magic slumbers.
So soft, so dark the eyes that governed Spain,
  When Isabella was the worshipped sovereign
The crown of gold and pearl could scarce restrain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI.

In 1839, I had the pleasure of being acquainted with this remarkable lady. She was then about thirty years of age, of fine features, symmetrically formed, of the perfect Italian style of beauty, with more of Juno's characteristics than of Venus's peculiarities in its excellency. Her figure was commanding, full, strongly set up, and finely moulded; her eyes were dark, and wonderfully brilliant; her hair black as jet, and of extraordinary length and abundance. She possessed talents of no common order; but the most striking of all her qualities, was her indomitable courage, and a rather strong propensity for seeking occasions for the display of it. Public opinion was not so much set at defiance as utterly lost sight of by her throughout her whole career. Yet, her *general* conduct was irreproachable; and some who misconstrued her ordinary singularity of manners and mode of life, and the apparent levity of her behaviour before the world, have paid very dearly for the mistaken estimate they had made of her virtue, and the insults they had offered to it. Madame Vespucci is of an ancient noble family of Florence, a lineal descendant of the famous explorer, who gave his name to the New World. At a very early age she attached herself to an adherent of the elder brother of Prince Louis Napoleon.

In one of the abortive insurrections of Italy, she followed her insurgent friend from place to place, in male attire, exposed to great perils, but quite regardless of them. In the engagement with the Austrian troops at Rimini, she was wounded, and left for dead on the field. In this state she was found by some peasants, carried to a place of shelter and security, and was finally restored to health. She has travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In Africa, a friend of mine, Lieutenant Fairholme, an officer in the navy, owed his life to her generous efforts and interference with the commander of a French vessel of war in his behalf. And on the same ship wrecked on the western coast, a French officer in the navy was severely wounded by her, under circumstances which alone could justify the very extreme proceeding of discharging a pistol at the head of a person quite unprepared for any similar reception.

Madame Vespucci's conversation is original and amusing, full of animation, abounding in incidents of travel; highly interesting and graphic when descriptive of scenes, or people of distant lands, she is familiar with. She possesses a certain wild, unsteady energy and cleverness. She is naturally restless, unsettled in religious opinions, of a romantic turn, of intense vanity; being tormented with a constant desire to excite attention, and to be accounted philosophical and heroical. About thirteen years ago she proceeded to America, to urge a claim on the United States Government for a grant of land, in virtue of her descent from the famous Americus Vespuccius.

The government, however, of the United States declined the application for a grant of land, but signified its readiness to recommend to Congress a grant of money; an offer which was indignantly refused by the lady. The last time her name came before the public was in a report of some police proceedings at Boulogne; the Countess being charged with pre-

senting a pistol at the head of a Custom-house officer, who had acted on the suspicion of her having contraband articles on her person.

LETTER FROM THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"MA CHERE MILADY,

"Je viens vous ecrire sans but ni raison. J'ai un de ces besoins étranges de vous dire une quantité des choses, de vous communiquer des reflexions sans ordre, mais telles qui les sont presentés a mon imagination, et que sais-je; c'est absolument comme une jeune fille neé dans un pays superstitieuse qui a besoin de confesser ses propres pensés, que dans son ignorance elle les appellent pechés, à l'homme qui a su lui inspirer la confiance. Je suis ce matin dans une de cès dispositions d'esprit qu'on éprouve si souvent après que l'ame à passés des moments penibles, et que pour se distraire elle se jette avec ses pensés dans l'espace de l'univers, voyage fort incommode, esperant trouver encore le *beau* et le *grand* que sa nature ambitieuse à besoin dit elle pour fixer son bonheur. Après une de ces nuits fatiguant par les forces de l'imagination exalté, ou le monde, les hommes, et les choses defilent devant vous, comme le fait un regiment des soldats devant son Général le jour d'une révue, où vous etes obligé de convenir que le passé vous a trop appris, que le present n'a pas d'interet, et que l'avenir est devenue une *charade* qu'il ne vous interesse plus de deviner, vous vous demandéz, que but ai-je à vivre? ne l'est pas Milady que c'est horrible, jeune encore etre condamnè par l'experience à convenir de ce que c'est, la realite de la vie? Souvent je suis tenté de maudir le jour ou j'ai appris l'A. B. C., à quoi bon me dis-je connaitre avec les théories ce que c'est l'homme? à quoi sert il de raisonner sur les follies faiblesses, et souvent les bassesses? peut il etre autrement de ce qu'il est de sa nature?

"Alors l'imagination qui se sent umiliè de ce contact, cherche à s'elever, elle monte j'usqu' à Dieu en haut j'usqu' à ce grand moteur qui regle la matiere et distribuée le mouvement a l'immense édifice de l'univers-la, la pensèe à champ libre, elle court et parcourt les regions inconnues avec son audace, elle y établie des mondes, et avec son impuissant orgueil elle s'y apprete a y placer des objets, c'est la cependant qu'elle s'arrete, qu'elle objets la y placera 'telle ? Ceux qu'elle à fabriqué sur les models des hommes ? pour elle seul des *etres parfaites;* pour ses mondes, elle se decourage de la pauvreté des son imagination, et decouragement s'oblige a rentrer dans son cercle. J'en etois là cette nuit, et je parcourois mes deux petits chambres en attendant que ma pensè aura achevé son voyage chimerique. Je me suis mechaniquement approché de ma fenêtre. Il faisait une de ces nuits calme ou on dirait que les éléments sont en conseil, quelques étoiles par ci et par là, suivant son ordre étoit brillante, de gros nuages etoit suspendues comme des condamnés en attendant que quelque vent veut bien lui donner un direction, une fois que mes yeux etoient tournées au ciel l'orgeuil de l'ame cette Athée n'ose par le fixer, car il n'a pas assez de force pour nier ce qu'il voit, et quand il a vu, il ne pu pas dire que cette ordre est *hasard,* cette silence impotent, cette immensité de la nature, l'impuissance de l'homme, contre ses volontés.

"C'est un spectacle qui est bien grand, sublime. Au milieu de cet ectase ou j'avais oubliè moi même pour analyser ce que je ne comprennais pas, un petit araigné avait etabli sur un coin de ce meme fenêtre son atelier, et sans s'occuper nullement de l'immensité comme si le globe fut fait pour lui, c'etait emparé d'un simple figure geometrique trianguliere et il y avait fait son royaume, déja un quantité des victimes, petits moucherons, étoient en son pouvoir, ils avoient bon se debattre peut etre ils ont en un manière de s'entendre dans leur melée et demander grace pour la vie, mais l'impitoyable araigné impassible continuait ses executions avec le plus grand calme et perseverance sans s'interesser au sort de ses petits insectes qui probablement se debatent pour l'instant de tout etre qui vit de la conservation, n'est il pas bizarre, et ne prouve t'il pas la faiblesse de l'homme qui au milieu des idées eléves dans une espace d'ectasse un araigné ait eu le talent de me distraire et faire tourner ma pensée et remuer un espece de sentiment tendre en faveur de ses victimes ? Je regardais cette manœuvre avec amertume. Je contemplais cet insect qui travaillant admirablement, par un mouvement involontaire j'ai dechiré sa toille mais les petits moucherons il y sont resté, et l'araigné s'est sauvé pour aller probablement plus loin à établir une autre enchanfaudage, voila l'ordre de chasser, et que l'homme avec sa volonté, sa raison, et son intelligence ne pouvoit jamais empecher les araignées d'exercer leur atroche pouvoir sur les petits moucherons. J'avoue qu'un sentiment de jalousie c'est elevé dans mon âme, et savez vous ce qui j'ai encore le presomption de les petites ames que n'etant pas content de leur situation s'en prennent a Dieu, et s'accable contre sa puissance en lui reprochant qu'il ne s'occupe pas assez d'elle et se plaignent, de manquer de bonheur. Peut etre me diriez vous que cela ce n'est pas le faute des petites ames mais bien une des absurdités du systeme religieuse qui ont fait d'un Dieu un être petit et a qui on a attribué tout le petit passion de l'homme. Il n'y a pas de doute que c'est comme cela qu'on a demoralisè le croyance, c'est comme cela qu'on a autorisé le charlatanisme et revetue de pouvoir certains hommes qui ont joui le role de partager les ames entre Dieu et le Diable, et ils ont fait cela pour leur propres interets le fondement de ce qu'ils appellent religion que plus tard par le force de l'habitude on a soumis a la stupide masse. Et Dieu se trouve l'instrument de sa propre divinité. Mais qu'est ce que cela fait a Dieu? C'est l'homme, toujours l'homme qui ne veut pas adorer l'immensité parce qu'il serait obligé de s'humilier, c'est un pouvoir et un grandeur d'ame qu'il n'a pas. Qu'en dites vous, Milady, en resumé, pour une ame de bonne fois le role le plus facile, et ou il y aura plus de chance de bonheur c'est celui de prendre la vie comme vegetation. Si vous connaissez un moyen pour m'y conduire, indiquez le moi. Mon imagination me tire, mes connoissances sont trop foibles pour moi seule, pas assez pour satisfaire mon amour propre. Jai un esprit qui analise, qui me poursuit, et m'oblige a tant etudier. Je n'estime pas assez les hommes pour tenir a leur approbation, vous savez que le prospect de mon avenir est peu brillant. Qu'en dites vous?

"Voila un volume aurai vous le courage de le lire? Je suis fatiguè, brisè et dans un crise de tristesse qui m'oblige de me tenir en compagne. Mais j'aurai la plaisir de vous voir demain au soir. Mes amities a me mes jeunes amies qui auront cer-

tainements de nuits plus calmes et des reves plus doux. Mes compliments au Conte a vous mon devouement,*

"AMERICA."

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"The American Hemans," when first known to the public as Miss Huntley, authoress of "Moral Pieces, in prose and verse," was at the head of a female school, in her native place in Connecticut. She married a gentleman of large fortune; and at her husband's estate, on the banks of the Connecticut, were written many of her poems, of a moral character, most of a religious tone, and all indicative of warm feelings and generous sentiments, and of strong sympathies with every just and righteous cause. This most gifted female writer that America has produced, was on very intimate terms of acquaintance with Lady Blessington.

The poetry of Mrs. Sigourney bears much resemblance to that of Mrs. Hemans, whose works were edited and published in America by her, with an excellent memoir of Mrs. Hemans, feelingly and beautifully written. Lady Blessington regarded Mrs. Sigourney as a person of considerable talent and great worth. She is said, like Mrs. Hemans, to have been acquainted with domestic sorrows, and like her, even in the midst of many cares and trials, possessed traces of considerable beauty.

The latest production of Mrs. Sigourney was a volume entitled "The Faded Hope," a record of the life and virtues of a beloved son, who died aged nineteen.

Mrs. Sigourney, as her letters will shew, was well aware of Lady Blessington's admiration for the writings of Mrs. Hemans. That lady was never spoken of by her except in terms of the highest praise, and her admiration for the poetry of Mrs. Hemans was no less enthusiastic than just and discriminating. In one of her works, she says, "The exquisite poems of Mrs. Hemans affect one like sacred music; they never fail to excite solemn feelings of an elevated and spiritual character, and sentiments of a pensive cast, of calm resignation and serenity." The mind of this gifted woman, with all its treasures of innate melody, she compares to an Æolian harp, that every sighing wind awakens to music, most sweet but melancholy, the full charm of which can only be appreciated by those who have sorrowed, and who look beyond the earth for the solace of their cares.*

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* The profound ignorance, presumptuous folly, and daring impiety, displayed in this letter, need no comment.—R. R. M.

It is worthy of observation, too, that the genius of Mrs. Hemans was fully appreciated by Lady Blessington, at a period when it was underrated by many of her cotemporaries.

She was wont to speak of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon as two of the most gifted women of our time. She thought the intimate relationship of their genius, the kindred nature of their tastes and pursuits, of their sorrows and the similarity of their destinies, of their claims on the sympathies of all people of literary tastes, naturally associated their names and memories.

In Anne's church, Dawson Street, Dublin, I recently found a tablet in the wall, in commemoration of the genius and the virtues of Mrs. Hemans.

The well-remembered traits of beauty and of talent, and of care and sorrow that clouded their brightness—the sweet traits that belonged to her whose name is on this sepulchral tablet, came full before me while I read the inscription on it: and they reminded me of those beautiful lines of hers, on the loved looks of a departed friend:

"They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes,
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;
The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul, in soft and sudden gleams.
Life—spirit-life, immortal and divine,
Is there—and yet how dark a death was thine."

* The Idler in France, vol. ii. p. 62.

Few things in life are more mournful to reflect than the destiny which links the "spirit life" of such a being as Felicia Hemans with cares and sorrows that darken life, and even bring additional gloom to death itself. "How is the laurel shaken" over such a tomb!

INSCRIPTION ON THE MURAL TABLET IN ANNE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

In the vault beneath
Are deposited the mortal remains of
Felicia Hemans,
Who died May 16th, 1833,
Aged 40 years.

Calm in the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

LETTERS FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Hartford, Connecticut,
"June 10th, 1841.

"My dear Madam,

"Had it been possible, before my departure from London, I should have done myself the honour again to have paid my respects at Gore House, where my call with our friend, Mrs. Hall, is remembered with much pleasure. Your kindness of manner was most charming to a stranger; and the warmth with which you spoke of my dear Mrs. Hemans quite opened my heart. I may truly say that I love those who love her. I was disappointed at not being able to see, while in Great Britain, Mrs. Hughes, her sister and accomplished biographer. Your Ladyship's writings, and some of the splendid works which you have occasionally edited, are known in this country. Still, I should like to have them more so, for the Young Green West is inclined to appreciate genius and taste. Might I ask, that if you condescend to reply to this, you will send me at the same time a few lines of your poetry? I was delighted with England, the 'Great Fatherland,' and thankful for the privilege of visiting it.

"Remember me with much regard to your nieces, the Misses Power. I should be pleased to hear of the welfare of their talented little sisters, some of whose developments were related to me.

"With gratitude for your attention,
"Believe me, most respectfully, your friend,
"L. H. Sigourney."

"Hartford, Connecticut,
"August 12th, 1843.

"Last December, being in the city of Boston, where my 'Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands' were in the process of publication, I put on board the steam ship, then on the verge of sailing, one of the first copies that I obtained from the press, directed to yourself, to the care of John Murray, of Albemarle Street. Was that also unfortunate in its destination? I am inclined to think, that ill-fortune in such matters pursues me, as I received only by the last steamer an acknowledgment from a friend in England of a similar volume having but just reached her, which was sent eight months since, in the same package as your own. . . . Are you aware how much your novel of 'Meredith' is admired in these United States? I see it ranked in some of our leading periodicals as the 'best work of the noble and talented authoress.' This they mean as high praise, since your other productions have been widely and warmly commended. We are, as you doubtless know, emphatically a *reading people*.

"Our magazines, and many of the works that they announce, go into the humble dwelling of the manufacturer, into the brown hand of the farmer, into the log-hut of the emigrant who sees around him the dark forms of the remnant of our aboriginal tribes, &c., hears the murmurs of the turbid Missouri, perhaps the breaking billows of the Pacific.

"I have recently become interested for the present year in one of those periodicals published for ladies, in New York, which announces 2000 subscribers, and assumes to have ten times that number of readers.

"I hope your beautiful nieces are well. I wish to be remembered to them. Have you recently heard from the brilliant one in the far Orient?

"I write this with one of the pens from the tasteful little writing-box you were so good as to send me, and repeat my thanks for that gift so acceptable in itself, and so valued as from your hand. You had not been quite well when you last wrote. I hope you have long ere this quite recovered, and that you will soon write me so.

"L. H. Sigourney."

"Hartford, Connecticut, May 28th, 1842.

"Your letter was received with much pleasure, though it grieved me to hear of the severe indisposition with which you had been suffering. I trust that long ere this your health is perfectly restored. How shall I thank you for the sweet poem you were so good as to enclose for me? Still, the very sweetness of its nature has frustrated my hopes. I had desired to adorn a periodical circulated very widely among American ladies, with some original effusion of yours, but the very flattering manner in which it alludes to me, and which would be considered on this side of the water as exceedingly beyond my deserts, will oblige me to confine the tuneful guest to my own portfolio. I have been re-perusing lately, with new interest, some of your works, especially your 'Conversations with Lord Byron.' Are you well acquainted with his sister? I had hopes of seeing her while in London, but was prevented by her ill health.

"I received from Mr. Murray a gift of his elegant edition of Byron, which with the beautiful 'Italy' of Rogers, highly valued as a present from the accomplished author, form quite a tasteful range in my plain republican library.

"Do you know that you quite won my heart by the enthusiastic manner in which you spoke of my dear Mrs. Hemans when

I was at Gore House. I pray you accept, as a little mark of this gratitude, the last American edition of that beloved author which I have seen, and which is, in its style of execution, more à l'Anglaise than our publishers on this side usually favour us with.

"I should like to be kept apprised of the welfare of your younger niece, now absent from your country, and of the progress of so precocious and original a mind.

"My friend Mr. Goodrich, of Boston,* will deliver to you the accompanying volumes.

"L. H. SIGOURNEY."

"Hartford, Connecticut, October 31st, 1842.

"I very highly value all the marks of your remembrance, and your expressions of interest in the literature and welfare of my country. You can scarcely imagine with what enthusiastic gratitude I think of Lord Ashburton, and the results of his embassy. May the amity which has sprung out of the ratification of the treaty be perpetual, for besides the inexpediency and impolicy of hostility between our nations, it would be to me, since my delightful visit to the glorious mother-land, a deep and sore grief of heart, should aught be suffered to embroil our relations, or embitter the blood that flowed from the same old Saxon fountain.

"I have seen with great admiration your 'Keepsake,' and 'Book of Beauty' for the present year, which are embellishing the centre tables of some of our aristocracy, for we are not so pure a republic as to have no shadow of aristocracy, and we give too much prominence, perhaps, to that which is based solely on wealth. The beauty of your engravings might almost discourage our attempt at Annuals on this side of the water. I searched and read first all from your pen which those volumes contained. Is the Miss Power who has written an interesting article in the 'Keepsake,' one of those beautiful nieces whom I saw at Gore House? May I ask where Walter Savage Landor is now? he was on the list of distinguished persons whom I desired to see while in Great Britain, but he was not there at that time.

"You are very kind to desire an engraving of me. There is none with which my friends are satisfied; but there is one now in progress in Philadelphia, from a likeness taken in London, which, should it be more successful, I will have the honour of forwarding to you.

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* Peter Parley.—R. R. M.

"I am so pleased that you liked my friend, the Honourable Mr. Goodrich. I have not seen him since his return, but he wrote me of your politeness to him. He is a man of original and versatile talents, and uncommon energy of character.

"I recollect your requesting of me, when in England, a lock of hair, which was forgotten to be sent while I was there. Will you now allow it to cross the ocean in the form of a simple bracelet, accompanied by a bottle of the pure otto of rose, which I have recently received from Constantinople? Your acceptance of these trifling mementos will much oblige me. My best regard to your nieces. When you send to the little distant one in whom your description so much interested me, will you please add with my love the purse which my young daughter sends, and which derives its only value from being the work of the poor aborigines of the country?

"L. H. Sigourney."

"Hartford, Connecticut,
"September 13th, 1845.

"Your last kind letter was truly welcome. It came opportunely to dispel some dim fears of forgetfulness, which were gathering like chilling mists around your protracted silence.

"Accept my thanks for the elegant copy of Heath's 'Book of Beauty,' which derives its principal interest in my view from your supervision.

"I felt quite humble at the tameness and unappropriateness of my own little poem, at the 271st page, and the more so, from the circumstance that the omission of one of the lines, at the close of the fifth stanza, deprives it both of rhythm and meaning. I have not been as tardy in acknowledging your gift as it would seem. It did not reach me until July, though your letter was dated in May. I was then on a summer journey with my young daughter, and soon after my return was attacked with severe illness, from which I have only yet sufficiently recovered to take a short drive on a fine day, and to write a little at long intervals. I was grieved to hear of the delicate health of your sister, Lady Canterbury, and hope she has, ere this, perfectly recovered. I was sorry to see in the public papers that our friend, Mr. Willis, had suffered from ill health soon after his arrival in London. I trust, from the *naïveté* of his public letters, that he is quite well again. We consider him as one of our most gifted writers, and of course follow all his movements with interest. It gave me pleasure to be informed by you of the successful enterprize of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. They are excellent people, and I rejoice in their prosperity. Mrs. Hall showed me much friendship when I was in your country, which I shall never forget.

"L. H. SIGOURNEY."

FROM MISS THEODOSIA GARROW TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Braddon, Torquay, March 7.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I wish I could express to you how deeply I feel your great kindness, in offering to assist me in what must be (to me) a very fearful undertaking. Till within the last four months, I never dreamed of the possibility of publishing my verses, and if I venture to do so now (without one shadow of *false humility* be it said), I do not for a moment expect the *world* to pay greater heed to my little volume of Poems than to those of a hundred demoiselles, quite as deserving of praise as myself, who every year put forth their small venture of thoughts and feelings upon the stream of the world's favour, to be wished well to by a few, and then forgotten by most, except those nearest to them in life.

"Thinking thus, I cannot pretend to much hope of fame; but it were worse than ungrateful, could I resist the kind encouragements and solicitations of your Ladyship and Mr. Landor.

"THEODOSIA GARROW."

"Braddon, Nov. 17, 1840.

"I have just finished reading the inimitable 'Old Irish Gentleman,' and sure I am, that no hands can sketch so gracefully and with such fervid truth as yours, the thousand-shaded poetry of Irish life and character.

"I also admire greatly Miss Power's American scene, so simple, yet so picture-like and true to nature. Indeed, both Annuals are very rich this year in literary as well as pictorial beauty. I could wish our friend Mr. Landor had given some 'Conversations,' one scene wherein one might see *more of him.* Am I wrong in thinking that, in such miniature poems, the features of his great genius are by no means shewn to advantage? THEODOSIA GARROW."

MISS LOUISA SHERIDAN.

Miss Louisa H. Sheridan is known to the public as a popular writer in in Annuals and Magazines; she has written a number of clever and lively pieces, in prose and verse, and several detached tales and sketches, in one of the Annuals that was edited by her. She married Sir Henry Wyatt, rather in advanced life, and died a few years ago.

This accomplished lady was a good musician, an excellent linguist, and notwithstanding habitual ill health, was fond of society, and generally a favourite, on account of her agreeable qualities and amiable disposition; she was remarkable for her conversational powers, the readiness of her wit, and sprightliness of fancy.

In October, 1841, Louisa Henrietta, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Wyatt, better known as Miss Louisa Sheridan, died in Paris of consumption. She was the only daughter of Captain W. B. Sheridan, who died in 1836. This lady for many years was well known in periodical literature. Several musical pieces and lyrics, that were popular, in their day, were written by her. She edited "The Comic Offering," which was commenced in 1831; and "The Diadem, a Book for the Boudoir," which appeared in 1838. "In society Miss Sheridan appeared to much advantage, combining a handsome person, lady-like manners, and pleasing powers of conversation." A writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," for October, 1841, has thus truly spoken of this accomplished and most agreeable lady, whom I had the pleasure of knowing and meeting, not long before her death, in London.

LETTERS FROM MISS L. H. SHERIDAN TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"7, Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square,
"July 9, 1836.

"MADAM,

"I have this moment received the accompanying letter, whose external appearance perfectly accords with its contents! and I should not have thought of troubling your Ladyship, or any one, respecting such *stupid nonsense,* but this being the *second* I have had on this subject, it is apparently dictated by some motive more than extraordinary. There is a kind of wilful pleasure in acting in direct opposition to these *literary daggers;* and as the object of the two communications evidently *is to prevent me from giving my name to the work under your Ladyship's direction,* I should much like to counteract their purpose! Although I now write not for any annual but *my own* (relinquished this year, with all other literary compositions, through delicate health), yet I conclude your volume must be nearly filled: but, in my portfolio, I find two stanzas of eight lines, which in filling HALF a page, will effect *all the mischief desired!* and if your Ladyship will insert them in this year's volume, to prove my *bonne volonte,* they are much at your service.

"I have the honour to be, Madam,
"Your Ladyship's obedient servant,
"LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN."

"7, Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square,
August 4, 1838."

"It quite shames me to receive your valuable lengthened contribution before I have sent you my tiny one.

"I need not say how much pleased I am with it. I *do* love a little history, attached plates, instead of odes, to Celia and Delia, in the old-fashioned way.

"I enclose you my lines on the portrait of Lady Fitzharris, exactly twenty; and not, I hope, Celia-Delias, in point of over-civility, which is an awful defect in a printed tribute.

"'We editors' shall be very late this year, I fancy. I was hurrying my publisher about the tardiness of the plates, and to console me, he said that three plates for the 'Book of Beauty' were in the hands of our engraver, still unworked.

"How I wish publishers could form their decisions and arrangements a little earlier. I have had scarcely a month allowed me, between the time of applying to my literary contributors and 'printing day.'

"Under the 'high pressure' system, dear Madam, your interesting and prompt contribution has greatly obliged,

"Yours most sincerely,
"LOUISA H. SHERIDAN."

"P.S. I must risk the vanity of telling you a civil speech, in which you take a conspicuous place; last week I declined, and returned some MSS., which did not suit my work, with an ordinary note of thanks; the poor author wrote again to thank me for my attention, saying it was gratifying, at least, to meet so much courtesy, and adding, that of all the Editors he had ever addressed respecting literature, none but Lady Blessington, Lady E. Wortley, and myself, seemed to know how to take the trouble *to be well bred in reply.*

"Our Editress told me, as 'a clever thing,' that when an author applied for her answer, or his MS., she sent down a drawer full of detached MSS. to him in her hall, desiring he would take what he pleased.

"This vulgarity and bad feeling had not even the advantage of originality; for you remember the same being told of *the manager and the dramatists.*

From Lady Charlotte Bury to Lady Blessington, on receipt of a presentation copy of "The Elderly Gentleman."

"3, Connaught Terrace West,
"16th October, 1836.

"Lady Charlotte Bury presents her compliments to Lady Blessington; and in thanking her for her courtesy in sending Lady Charlotte the delightful volume which she read throughout, without being able to lay it down; Lady Charlotte is also desirous to express to Lady Blessington her sense of the distinguished talent and varied charm the work displays throughout."

MRS. ABELL.

Some letters of this lady, addressed to Lady Blessington, had reference to Napoleon's captivity in St. Helena, when Napoleon was at Longwood. A child of high spirits, frolicsome and playful, the daughter of an English merchant, "Betsy Balcombe" became a great favourite of his. The Ex-Emperor, who had been the terror of the world, in his reverse of fortune, fallen to the dust from his high position, found a solace and an amusement in the gaiety and innocence of this engaging child. France, perhaps England, it may be humanity at large, owe something to the being by whom the sorrows and fretfulness of Napoleon's captivity were occasionally soothed and alleviated. "Betsy Balcombe" grew up to womanhood, a person of great beauty—became a wife—familiar with cares and troubles of various kinds; is now a widow with one daughter, I fear in indifferent circumstances. A few years ago, she published, by subscription, a little volume of her "Reminiscences of Napoleon." The present Emperor of the French might probably be made acquainted with the work, and the writer of it, with advantage.

LETTER FROM MRS. ABELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Lyne Grove, Chertsey, December 8th, 1843.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have ventured to trouble you with this note to request that you will permit me the honour of adding your name to my list of friends who have promised to take copies of a book I intend publishing in the spring, entitled 'Recollections of Napoleon during his Captivity at St. Helena;' and which will be illustrated with views of the island, in one volume.

"I trust your Ladyship will pardon the liberty I take in making this request; but I am induced to do so, from feeling of what use the honour of your name would prove to me. Many friends have interested themselves very much in the success of my undertaking, and which I am most anxious will benefit me, as, from some recent reverses, I am just now, in a great degree, thrown on my own resources.

"Yours, my dear Madam,
"Very truly,
"LUCIA C. ABELL."

LETTER FROM MRS. E. M. S. TO DR. RICHARDSON.

"Palace Yard, Saturday, 27th June.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I return you the first volume of your friend, Dr. M——'s book, which has afforded me much pleasure the last two days; and I am sure it will be read with interest by all persons disposed to acquire a knowledge of the manners, customs, and habits of the people of the East—a region which so few English feel disposed to visit, from the great difficulties to be encountered in every way from such a journey.

"Dr. M——'s book is most interesting to me, because I know well he was known to our poor lost friend, Lord B——; and I have heard Lady B. name him as a most clever and enterprising traveller.

"I have read the first volume with great pleasure, and when I tell you I never could wade through [ ]'s travels from their vulgarity, (anxious as I was to know more of Egypt than I do), you may judge what satisfaction it is to me to read Dr. M——'s book, written as it is with ease and good taste, without details unfit for the eyes or ears of women.

"Pray spare me the second volume this evening, if you can, as I am alone, invalided, and confined to my sofa.

"[ ] is gone to the fish dinner, at Greenwich, and my girls are gone to enjoy this fine day at the Horticultural fête.

"I had a letter from poor Lady B—— to day, dated the 22nd. She has not at all recovered her spirits, or forgotten the severe and unexpected blow that has befallen her, in the death of her good husband. She goes to Dieppe next month, for change of air and scene. I am better, but not quite myself yet.

"Yours, most truly,
"E—— M—— S——."

MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society," published in three vols. in 1835, is the principal work of Miss Roberts, and the one which made her earliest and best known to the English reading public· Miss Roberts was the first English lady who made a close study, and a well-considered speculation it may be added, of her countrymen and countrywomen in India, in society, in the government-house circles of Calcutta, Bengal, and Madras, in distant stations, in camp, at courts of native princes, in palanquins, in tiger hunts, in voyages of discovery of adventurous young English damsels in search of old, yellow, wan, bilious and wealthy nawaubs. Her descriptions of Anglo-Indian life are full of life and spirit—her vivacity never flags for an instant—but sometimes a vein of sarcasm enters into the mine of keen observation, and sprightliness of fancy, without adding to the value of her delineations.

Her "East Indian Voyager," in one vol. post 8vo., was not very successful. Her work, "Memoirs of the House of York and Lancaster," (in two vols. 8vo.) attracted far less attention than her "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan." Her "Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales," (in two vols. post 8vo.) was hardly less popular than her "Scenes and Characteristics."

Miss Emma Roberts died at Poonah, on the 16th of September, 1840, when about to return to England *via* Egypt.

LETTERS FROM MISS ROBERTS TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Parell (India), December 26th, 1839.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

"You will be glad, I am sure, to hear that I am spending my Christmas at Government-house with Sir James and Lady Carnac, and that if amusement was my sole object in this country, I should pass my time delightfully, for we have a most agreeable family party, and see the best society that the place affords. My residence at Parell, however, will, I hope, be productive of something more important, in enabling me to gather the information of which I am in pursuit. Unfortunately I am obliged to restrict myself in my pecuniary arrangements. I entertained an apprehension before I left England that my funds would not be adequate to the carrying out of the plans which I had formed. I entertained an expectation of adding to them by writing for the Indian press, but do not find it in a sufficiently flourishing state to offer a fair remuneration; and even were it otherwise, I could scarcely devote my time to literary labours, which would cause me to neglect the object I have in view. I am most anxiously desirous to seek opportunities of making myself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country, in order that I may write a book that will be useful at home. I feel persuaded that the failure of many well-intentioned endeavours for the improvement of the people of India, is attributable to ignorance concerning the character, manners, wants, and resources of the numerous races who have become British subjects. The attempt, therefore, to afford a clearer view of the actual state of British India is easily attainable by society at large, deserves encouragement. I flatter myself that if I had more ample funds at my disposal, I should be able to render a statistical work entertaining, by illustrating the drier details with characteristic anecdotes. To accomplish this, I must travel through the country; my unwillingness to force myself into notice while in England, prevented me from making an attempt to interest rich and influential people in my undertaking. I often wished to procure a commission from the Duke of Devonshire, or other wealthy patron, for the collection of horticultural or zoological specimens, which would have assisted to defray the enormous expenses of travelling. Were I to remain at Bombay I could limit my expenditure within very reasonable bounds, but in this case I should acquire a very small quantity of information; I have therefore determined upon making a journey into the provinces, and should you have an opportunity of recommending me as a useful agent to some liberal person at home, I feel assured you would do your utmost to forward my plans. Amid many other objects of interest for a nobleman's park, the yak or yew of Thibet is the most desirable; it will not live in India on the plains, but might in the cold season be carried up the Red Sea; and I should be most happy to go myself into the Himalaya to procure specimens. The kind interest which you have shewn in my welfare, has encouraged me to trouble you with these details. I feel that I have some claim upon patronage, since my patriotic feelings have induced me to prefer travelling in the British dependencies for the purposes of making them better known, instead of going to America, notwithstanding the offers made to me by publishers at home, who would have made very liberal advances for the expenses of my journey. I do not expect to be repaid by any book or books which I may write, for the £600 that I must inevitably spend before I reach home; but I hope, by the devotion of my time and money to the purpose I have undertaken, to effect some good. I am going out in the Governor's carriage like the Queen, with an escort of cavalry, and all sorts of salutes, guards turning out, drums beating, &c.

" Sir J. Carnac is one of the most delightful persons imaginable, a perfect gentleman of the old school; I am much pleased also with the ladies, who are lively, unaffected, and most kind and friendly to me. Lord Jocelyn is expected to join the party to-morrow, for a few days, which will make us very gay.

"Believe me, dear Lady Blessington,
"Sincerely and faithfully yours,
"EMMA ROBERTS."

"Portland Cottage, Portland Road.

"Will you permit me to introduce to your notice a very learned friend of mine, Dr. Loewè, who is distinguished for his acquaintance with all the dead and living languages, and whose researches have thrown light upon many interesting remains of ancient times, which were previously involved in obscurity? Dr. Loewè is honoured with the acquaintance of all the savans of the day, both in Germany, of which he is a native, France, and England, but unfortunately the course of his studies does not lead to emolument. There is little pecuniary encouragement for the pursuit of abstruse branches of learning; and while Dr. Loewè is courted in society, he is left entirely to his own resources. He is anxious therefore, in order to enable him to prosecute a great design, that of producing a lexicon of all languages, to procure some pupils in German, which, of course, he can teach with the greatest facility. It would be a great advantage to any one desirous to acquire a perfect knowledge of German, to learn of a master who is not only perhaps the most erudite person in the ranks of literature, but who takes pleasure in imparting the knowledge he has gained, and who in explaining the roots of old languages, would in the course of his lessons teach much more than any master, however skilled in his native tongue, could possibly do.

"Always sincerely and gratefully yours,
"EMMA ROBERTS."*

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* Dr. Loewè, L.L.D., the gentleman referred to by Miss Roberts, is truly described by her as a very learned man, distinguished for his acquaintance with all the dead and living languages, and his antiquarian researches. In October, 1840, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Loewè, and becoming his fellow traveller to the East,

MRS. ISABELLA ROMER.

Mrs. Romer's career was a chequered one of cloud and sunshine, with more of the shadows of the former in it, than readers of her lively, entertaining works could easily imagine. Her maiden name was Romer; she was the daughter of a General, and was married to Major, afterwards Colonel, Hamerton. The union was not a happy one, nor of long duration. A separation took place about 1825. She died about two years ago, in Paris.

In 1843 Mrs. Romer published, in two vols., a book of Continental travels, entitled "The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquiver." In the summer of 1842, Mrs. Romer set out from Paris on those travels, of which the above named account was, I believe, her earliest production in a separate form. She was previously known to the public as a contributor to magazines and annuals. A shrewd lively, mystery-loving, and "a leetle conceited," occasional authoress, prone to expatiate rather extensively on themes merely personal, and regarding her own feelings, but always redeeming slight defects of that nature by vivid delineations, and smart, interesting, and entertaining descriptions.

In 1846, Mrs. Romer having rambled in the East, produced "A Pilgrimage to the Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and

when proceeding with Sir Moses Montefiore on his benevolent mission to Syria, to stay the persecution then raging against the Jews of Damascus. Dr. Loewè accompanied the mission in the capacity of secretary and interpreter. So vast an amount of erudition accompanied with so much modesty, I have seldom met associated in an individual, as are united in this learned and amiable person. He possessed and deserved the highest confidence and esteem of Sir Moses Montefiore and his excellent lady, the companion in that arduous expedition of her truly good and noble-minded husband, the recollection of whose world-wide benevolence, and perfectly unsectarian charitableness of heart and mind, can never be effaced from my memory.

Palestine," in two vols., abounding more in sprightliness than spirituality, and containing a great deal of entertaining description of bazaars, harems, Almeh, Circassian slaves, Turkish wives, Levantine women in wide garments spangled to the feet, Arab divinities with blue chins and Kohol painted eyebrows and eyelids, and Khennè-dyed tips of fingers.

In noticing the "Pilgrimage," one of the reviews of the time, not in general very complimentary to Mrs. Romer, said: "She appears to have made the most of her opportunities for studying life in Cairo under all its aspects."......"The lady has some of the arts and graces of a writer for effect; our consciousness of which in some degree qualifies the value of her testimony, though it does not destroy the pleasantness of her book for summer reading."*

In 1849, "The Bird of Passage," in three vols., made its appearance; a rechauffè of scenes and impressions of oriental and continental travel previously described.

Traces of a tendency to mysticism, which are slightly obvious in all the preceding works of Mrs. Romer, were very manifestly displayed in a work of fiction, in three vols., entitled "Sturmer, or the Mesmerist."

In 1852, the last work bearing the name of Mrs. Romer on the title-page appeared, "Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of Marie Therese Charlotte, Duchess of Angouleme." This, we are informed in the preface, was commenced by her, and completed by Dr. Doran.

LETTERS FROM MRS. ISABELLA ROMER TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"20, Boulevard Poissonniere,
"Paris, 14 October, 1839.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

"You see that you cannot be amiable with impunity, and that

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* The Athenæum, August 29th, 1846, p. 879.

I have not forgotten your kind request that I would write to you, for I avail myself of the first leisure moment that has occurred since my return home, to devote it to so pleasant an occupation.

"The date of my letter will doubtless surprise you; it almost surprised myself, after the vast project which absorbed me when I took leave of you—meditating upon mummies—prating of pyramids—dreaming hieroglyphically, having interviews with Mr. [ ], and seriously turning over in my own mind his suggestions that I should read up other traveller's observations, and note down my own upon the wonders I was going to contemplate—and all to end upon the Boulevard of Paris!! I can only compare myself to Bouffè, in I forget what vaudeville, who, after pompously exclaiming, 'C'etait l'annè de mon voyage en Russie!' and being replied to by 'Comment vous avez etè en Russie,' quickly rejoins, 'Non je suis allè jusqu'à Bondy:' for my grand projects have had the same puny results, and all *malgrè moi.* In fact, we had determined to take a peep at Spain, *chemin faisant* to Egypt, and therefore conveyed along the coast to Brighton to Falmouth, in order to embark in the Peninsular steamer for Lisbon, Cadiz, &c., but at Falmouth we were detained fifteen days, in such a stress of weather as it would have been madness to put to sea in! The bay was crowded with yachts, all bound (or rather windbound) for the same place with ourselves. Grosvenor Square was assembled at the Land's-end. Lord Yarborough, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Godolphin, Mr. and Lady C. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, formed part of the aristocratic little squadron. There were also two or three yachts belonging to the Irish Yacht Club, but they seemed to be looked upon as *aliens* by the others—as distinct from them as Bloomsbury is from May Fair! I suppose there are nautical as well as hunting 'snobs;' and that these latter being of that sort, would have contaminated the others, had they 'come between the wind and their nobility.'

"But to return to ourselves: we lost patience, and determined to set out and start for Marseilles, there to embark by the Mediterranean, instead of the dreadful Bay of Biscay, when I received intelligence which necessitated my giving up the whole thing for this year! My sole remaining trustee had died, and I was left to the mercy of whoever his executors might be, and obliged to exert myself personally to nominate new trustees, &c., which affair is not yet terminated, and therefore the Egyptian tour is put off until next year. I have been betrayed into this most egotistical detail, in order to account for what would otherwise have appeared to you a puerile caprice. My only consolation in this disappointment, caused by 'hope deferred,' is that I shall be enabled to read your next work as soon as it appears in print, and to retrace my recollections of the dear Clonmel Quakers, through the medium of your clever and graceful pen. Apropos to writing, I must tell you that Mr. C—— called upon me, and discoursed at great length upon the subject of publishing for me; we, however, (and as matters turned out, I consider it a fortunate circumstance) came to no understanding beyond that of Mr. C. being offered the refusal of my first production. He wished me to furnish him with articles *à fin et mesure*, for his Magazine, but having already declined Mr. F.'s very liberal offers to me, because I do not wish to write for Magazines, I also declined Mr. C.'s proposal to that effect.

"If it is not asking too much of you, might I request that you would let Mr. C—— know of my postponed journey! for I believe that he now expects to receive a volume from me upon Egypt in the spring. During the fortnight that has elapsed since my return here, I have been so occupied by business, as to leave me no opportunity of learning *les on dits*. There appear to be few English, comparatively to other autumns, now in Paris. The French Embassy to Persia has departed, and caused great despair among the Bayaderes of the opera, one of the *calembourgs* of the day is that "dans les coulisses on n'entend pas que des cris percans"—Persans.

"But my papa warns me to conclude. I cannot, however, do so without assuring you, that if so very a recluse as I am can be of any use to you here, that my services are at your command, and shall ever be most cheerfully exerted on your behalf. Pray, therefore, do not scruple to employ me in any way that I can be useful.

"Mr. B. charges me to *mettre ses hommages a vos pieds, de sa part, à l'homme aimable par excellence le Comte D'Orsay.*

"And now, dear Lady Blessington, farewell.

"Perhaps it is too much to ask that, in the multitude of your occupations, you should devote half an hour to writing to me. I will only say, that your doing so would make me very happy, and that a letter from you would be the next best substitute for the delightful moments I have passed in your society.

"Believe me to be, with every sentiment of esteem,

"Your Ladyship's sincerely obliged,

"ISABELLA F. ROMER."

"31, Chester Square, Monday, 18.

"I would not thank you *in form*, my dear Lady Blessington, for the 'Book of Beauty,' until I had read every word of it. I have just finished it, and to my thanks I must add the expression of my sincere admiration for its contents, more especially those portions that have emanated from Gore House.

"It is no new thing to tell you that *you do every thing well* that you undertake; but I must, nevertheless, repeat the oft-told tale, and offer my humble meed of praise to your 'Historical Sketches,' as I have so often done to your works of imagination. How ably you have been seconded by your fair young coadjutrix! Pray congratulate Miss Power, in my name, upon the ability and grace she has evinced in her share of the undertaking; her style is charming, at once shewing extensive reading and deep research, without the alloy of stiffness or pedantry.

"ISABELLA F. ROMER."

"Cairo, November 9, 1845.

"As you kindly expressed a wish to hear from me in the course of my peregrinations, I seize upon the first opportunity of sending letters to England which has occurred since my arrival in the city of the Caliphs, to recall myself to your remembrance, and to tell you that thus far we have journeyed most prosperously, *par mer et par terre.* A fortnight passed at Malta Sound served to increase my delight in that loveliest of all places, Valetta, and certainly tended to make me fastidious about the spots afterwards to be visited. However, after making this declaration, I am bound to admit, that travelling in Egypt is far less uncomfortable than I had previously been led to imagine, and that the pleasures so far overbalance the pains of the undertaking, that I now begin to wonder at their being dwelt upon so much as they have been.

" We have been only a week in Cairo, and have therefore not yet seen one-half of its lions; but as the prevailing winds are now favourable for the navigation of the Nile, we intend to profit by them to make an excursion to Upper Egypt, and, on our return from Thebes, we shall see Cairo, in detail, at our leisure. I shall therefore abstain from inflicting upon you any half-finished description of the place, but merely say that, in point of local colouring, Cairo is far more interesting than Constantinople, inasmuch as that it is purely an Arabian city, and perfectly oriental, both as regards men and things, customs and manners. The picturesque *façades* of the houses, the narrow streets crowded with camels, dromedaries, and those most delightful of all animals, Egyptian asses; the thronging noisy population in their graceful costumes; the strange garb of the women, muffled to the eyes in voluminous black mantles, and mounted astride, upon what is here termed 'the high ass;'—all is so totally dissimilar to anything one has seen elsewhere, that one could almost fancy oneself carried back to the days of the great Saladin or Tagloon.

" The present ruler of Egypt is a fine healthy old man, likely to live a dozen years longer, and, for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he may do so. He is now much occupied with the marriage of his youngest daughter with Kiamil Pasha, which is to take place next month, when there will be extraordinary rejoicings in Cairo. He has given her £280,000 worth of diamonds, and also the Defterdar's Palace (the house where Kleber was assassinated), newly furnished, in the most sumptuous manner, partly in the Oriental, partly in the European style. I never saw mirrors of such magnitude and beauty as those in the Princess's *Salaamlik*. As the waters of the Nile have not yet subsided sufficiently to admit of a visit to the great Pyramids of Ghizeh with any comfort, I have postponed going there until our return from the upper country, when, in descending the river, we shall take all the pyramids in detail, ending by the finest of them all, that of Cheops. And now, dear Lady Blessington, will you not exclaim at the egotism of this letter? I blush for myself, when I perceive that I have filled three pages without telling you of the deep concern with which we read in the papers at Malta of the painful accident Count D'Orsay had met with. I trust, in Heaven, that the injury has only been temporary; and I assure you that it would afford the greatest satisfaction both to Mr. B. and to myself, to hear that the wounded hand is restored to its healthy state.

"Pray let me have the happiness of hearing that you are all as well as I wish you to be, and if you will write to me, on the receipt of this, and direct your letter to J. B., Esq., care of Messrs. Briggs, Alexandria, Egypt, it will be forwarded to me here, and I shall have the pleasure of receiving news from Gore House on my return from the head-quarters of hieroglyphics. I dined yesterday at our Consul-General's, Colonel Barnett, where we met the French Consul-General, Monsieur Barrot (brother of Odillon Barrot), and his pretty English wife. There had been on the previous day a presentation to the Pasha of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, which Louis Philippe sent out to him in acknowledgment of the *bon accueil* which the Duc de Montpensier received in this country. Queen Victoria has also been sending her picture, set in diamonds, to Mahommed Ali, and after the formal presentation of it, his Highness gave a dinner to all the Englishmen in Cairo. This day he has done the same thing by the French sojourning here.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Blessington. Mr. B. unites with me in a thousand kind regards to you and to your charming nieces, not forgetting *l'artiste par excellence* Count D'Orsay, and

"I remain, ever and affectionately yours,

"I. F. Romer."

CHAPTER XIX.

W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

In a letter of Mr. Landor to Lady Blessington, in 1837, the following brief notice of his career was given by him :—

" Walter Landor, of Ipsley Court, in the county of Warwick, married first, Maria, only daughter and heiress of J. Wright, Esq., by whom he had an only daughter, married to her cousin, Humphrey Arden, Esq., of Longcroft, in Staffordshire; secondly, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Savage, of Tachebrooke, who brought about eighty thousand pounds into the family. The eldest child of this marriage, Walter Savage Landor, was born January 30th, 1775. He was educated at Rugby—his private tutor was Dr. Heath, of St. Paul's. When he had reached the head of the school, he was too young for college, and was placed under the private tuition of Mr. Langley, of Ashbourne. After a year, he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his private tutor.* At the peace of

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* It has been stated that Landor was rusticated at college for the boyish freak of firing a gun in the quadrangle of his college, and that, after this occurrence, he never returned to take a degree.† He repaired to London, on leaving college, and remained there for some time, under the care of General Powell, his godfather, who pressed him to enter the army. Having declined that proposition, his father, desiring to make him a lawyer, offered him £400 a year if he would reside in the Temple and study the law, but only a small pittance, of about £150 a year, in the event of a refusal. He proceeded to South Wales, and resided in great seclusion, for some time, at Swansea.—R. R. M.

† Men of the Time, p. 273, London, 1853.

Amiens, he went to France, but returned at the end of the year."

"In 1808, on the first insurrection of Spain, in June, he joined the Viceroy of Gallicia, Blake. The 'Madrid Gazette,' of August, mentions a gift from him, of twenty thousand reals. On the extinction of the Constitution, he returned to Don P. Cavallos the tokens of royal approbation, in no very measured terms.* In 1811, he married Julia, daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, Baron de Nieuveville, first gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles the Eighth. He was residing at Tours, when, after the battle of Waterloo, many other Englishmen, to the number of four thousand, went away. He wrote to Carnot that he had no confidence in the moderation or honour of the Emperor, but resolved to stay, because he considered the danger to be greater in the midst of a broken army. A week afterwards, when this wretch occupied Tours, his house was the only one without a billet. In the autumn of that year, he retired to Italy. For seven or eight years, he occupied the Palazzo Medici, in Florence, and then bought the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesea, at Fiesole, with its gardens, and two farms, immediately under the ancient villa of Lorenzo de Medici. His visits to England have been few and short."

For several years past Mr. Landor has resided in Bath; he has been married, and has three children; his lady is still living, though not in the vicinity of Bath. Possessing a good fortune, Mr. Landor has retained a small portion of it, just sufficient to live on, for his own wants. The remainder has been allotted to his family.

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* He not only received the thanks of the Supreme Junta, but, soon after his return to England, the rank of Colonel. He sent back the documents with his commission to Don Pedro Cevallos, on the subversion of the Constitution by Ferdinand. He was "willing," he said, "to aid a people in the assertion of its liberties against the antagonist of Europe, but could have nothing to do with a perjurer and traitor." See "Men of the Time."

The property inherited by Landor was very considerable, but so early as 1806, he had sold a very large portion of it in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, which his ancestors had possessed for nearly seven hundred years. He then bought two estates in Monmouthshire, on which he expended several thousand pounds, on the building of a house alone £8000. Some tenants of his, named Betham, having abandoned their farms and fled to the Crimea, being in his debt to the amount of £3000, he ceased to feel any interest in the place he had intended to have permanently settled in, and, on the authority I have already referred to, "he ordered his house to be demolished."

When a large portion of the prose literature of our times, that has acquired celebrity, shall have lost its renown, or be remembered merely on account of an ephemeral celebrity, the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor will live in honour, and flourish far and wide. There are intellectual gifts and graces of no ordinary kind exhibited in his prose productions: wonderful acquirements, scholarship of a genuine kind—massiveness of mind—keenness and subtlety of perception—earnestness and enthusiasm—geniality of disposition—tenderness of heart, and a noble love of everything in nature, good and beautiful. The poetry of Mr. Landor, in all probability, is not destined to the same immortality, and possibly few critics will imagine that any considerable portion of it is deserving even of passing commendation at the hands of his cotemporaries.

In Landor's disposition there is a singular combination of opposite qualities, and in his mental powers and abilities, a mixture no less strange, of force and energy, with a childish simplicity, deep erudition, an intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern history and literature, with strong prejudices, partialities, and dislikes, by which his opinions are considerably affected, often even on the gravest subjects; great tenderness of heart is found allied with heat and excitability of temper, while critical acumen of no ordinary kind is found associated with credulity, and a disposition to believe things that to many appear marvellous, and to hesitate to give credence to those things which others think it important to receive with implicit trust.

The marked feature in the principal prose writings of Landor is that of originality of mind, and a daring recklessness of all consequence, in the expression of opinions he believes to be just and true. Take up any one of the "Imaginary Conversations," and you feel yourself in communion with the mind of an author of powerful intellect—in the presence of a great original thinker—a fervent lover of truth and goodness—a fierce hater of everything mean and base—of all shams, and of all kinds of scoundrelism—however grandly disguised or dignified with great names—a man of vast and varied erudition, 'endowed with that peculiar power of high dramatic genius which can transport the imagination to distant climes and ages, create an ideal presence of celebrities of antiquity whom he brings before his readers in a life-like manner, looking, speaking, acting, and playing their great parts in life's drama over again, as they looked, and spoke, and acted, or pretended to be, a thousand or two thousand years ago.

Lady Blessington thus speaks, in one of her letters, of her first meeting with Walter Savage Landor, in May 1825, at Florence.

"I had learned from his works to form a high opinion of the man as well as the author. But I was not prepared to find in him the courtly polished gentleman of high breeding of manners, deportment, and demeanour that one might expect to meet with in one who had passed the greater portion of his life in courts. There is no affectation of politeness, no finikin affability in his urbanity, no far-fetched complimentary hyperbolical strain of eulogy in the agrèmens of his conversation with women, and the pleasing things he says to them whom he cares to please."

Of all the literary men with whom Lady Blessington came in contact—and they certainly were not few or undistinguished—at home and abroad, the person whom she looked on with most respect, honour, and affectionate regard, was Walter Savage Landor.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO W. S. LANDOR, ESQUIRE.

"74, Rue Bourbon, Quartier St. German,
"Paris, February, 1829.

"My dear Mr. Landor,

"I can no longer allow you to think that I am ungrateful for your letter of last month, which my silence might imply; but when I tell you that for the last two months I have only twice attempted to use my pen, and both times was compelled to abandon it, you will acquit me of neglect or negligence, neither of which, towards those whom I esteem and value as highly as I do you, are among the catalogue of my faults. The change of climate, operating on a constitution none of the strongest, and an unusually severe winter, to me, who for some years have only seen Italian ones, has brought on a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, that has not only precluded the possibility of writing, but nearly of reading also, so that my winter has been indeed cheerless. Among the partial gleams of sunshine which have illumed it, your kind recollection so obligingly expressed, and a fortnight's sojourn, which Francis Hare and his excellent wife made here, are remembered with most pleasure. She is, indeed, a treasure, well informed, clever, sensible, well-mannered, kind, lady-like, and, above all, truly feminine; the having chosen such a woman, reflects credit and distinction on our friend, and the communion with her has had a visible effect on him, as without losing any of his gaiety, it has become softened down to a more mellow tone, and he appears not only a more happy man, but more deserving of happiness than before. The amiable and, I think, admirable Augustus Hare, is to be married next autumn; he is a very great favourite of mine, and he possesses a peculiar delicacy of sentiment and nobleness of nature, that make one regard him as something superior to the ordinary class of mankind; while his enthusiasm and honesty, both so seldom met with in our days of common-place mediocrity, give a raciness to his character and manner that is peculiarly pleasing to me. I look with impatience for the two volumes that have been announced from Mr. Julius Hare, and shall read them with the same attention, pleasure, and profit, with which I have perused all the other productions of the same author. Should you write to him, pray urge him not to forget that you promised those two volumes, and that I have in this matter even more than my sex's share of impatience. I shall not be unmindful of the interest of Mr. Godwin Swift*—you may be sure, as I never can be to any recommendation of yours. Thanks for your congratulation on the marriage of my sister; it is, and will be, I am sure, a very happy one, for the Speaker is an excellent man, and she is truly a good woman, so that this union cannot but be fortunate.

"My dear Mr. Landor,
"Your sincerely attached friend,
"MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON."

"London, Seamore Place,
"July 10th, 1834.

"What shall I say to you for all your kindness? I feel it more than I can express, and only wish I could in any way prove my sense of the obligations I owe you. I sent for Mr. Ottley the day (yesterday) I got your letter, and communicated your wishes with regard to 'The Trial.'† He seemed sensibly touched, and so expressed himself, at the generosity of your proposal, and spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the production, which he considers most admirable. He requests me to assure you, that the work shall go to press forthwith, and that in the course of a month from this date, it will be ready for publication. How admirable is the conversation between Essex and Spenser, as, also, that of Colonel Walker. So inimitably do you identify yourself with the characters you make converse, that you make me forget the lapse of ages, and create new sympathies with those who have for years been numbered with the dead. How soothing is it, my dear friend, to retire within one's own heart, from the turmoil and petty cares of life, to dwell and think with the wise and good of other days, and still more, to make known their feelings to thousands who must esteem you for the delight you offer them. I have often wished that you would note down for me your reminiscences of your friendship, and the conversations it led to with my dear and ever-to-be-lamented husband; he who so valued and loved you, and who was so little understood by the common herd of mankind. We, who knew the nobleness, the generosity, and the refined delicacy of his nature, can render justice to his memory, and I wish that posterity, through your means, should know him as he was.* All that I could say would be viewed as the partiality of a wife, but a *friend*, and such *a friend as you*, might convey a true sketch of him. Pray think of this, and give me a conversation (suppose your voyage to Naples the scene of it) between you. Pray tell me something of poor Augustus Hare

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* Of the Mr. Godwin Swift mentioned in this letter, an account will be found in the Appendix. R. R. M.

† Mr. Landor's "Examination of W. Shakspeare," &c. R. R. M.

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* The intelligence of the death of Lord Blessington had been communicated to Mr. Landor in a letter, dated Paris, May 29, 1829.

"It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I have to announce to you that poor dear Lord Blessington was seized with an apoplectic fit, at half-past six o'clock, on Saturday last, and though medical aid was at hand almost immediately, and nothing left undone that could be done to save him, all efforts were used in vain. He remained speechless from the first moment, and lingered until half-past four o'clock on Monday morning, when he breathed his last. Nothing can equal the grief of poor dear Lady Blessington; in fact, she is so ill, that we are quite uneasy about her, as is also poor Lady Harriet. But not only ourselves, but all our friends, are in the greatest affliction since this melancholy event. Fancy what a dreadful blow it is to us all to lose him; he who was so kind, so generous, and so truly good a man. As he has always expressed a desire to be interred at Mountjoy, his body is to leave this in a few days, for Ireland."

—another friend gone before us!! I knew not that he was ill, and death snatches him while I believed him in health and happiness. He was good and amiable, and therefore fit to die, though his death is more painful to his friends. Do you remember our calm nights on the Terrace of the Casa Pelosi, now seven years ago? When you recall them, remember also that you have a sincere friend in her who shared them.

"M. Blessington."

"London, Seamore Place,
"June 9, 1834.

"I have to thank you for your admirable contributions to my 'Book of Beauty,' with both of which I am delighted. 'The Search after Honour' is as original as it is excellent, and the 'Conversation between Steele and Addison' is one of the most interesting productions I ever read. What a singular power you have of identifying yourself with the minds of others; it seems like an intuitive knowledge, which enables you to continue their train of thought, without ever losing your own powerful originality.

"Sir Egerton Brydges has lately taken a hint from you, and published two volumes of 'Imaginary Biography,' which, though very clever and interesting, falls infinitely short of his model, and wants the vigour and spirit of the 'Imaginary Conversations.' I have received your MS., and am delighted with it. Mr. Willis delivered it to me with your letter, and I endeavoured to shew him all the civility in my power, in honour of his recommendation.

"A fatality seems to pursue the books I send you. Colonel Hughes, the brother of Lord Dinorben, pledged himself to give you the 'Conversations of Lord Byron,' which I put into his hand, and has been as negligent as the friend by whom I sent 'The Repealers.' The first person I find going to Italy, I shall again consign a copy to; and I am really mortified that you should not have sooner had them, knowing as I do the indulgence with which you would have perused any thing from my pen.

"Lord Mulgrave, who is lately returned from Jamaica, has been sitting with me, and talked of you very kindly; finding that I was about to write to you, he desired to offer you his kind regards.

"M. Blessington."

"London, Seamore Place, May Fair,
"October 13, 1834.

"The introduction to your 'Examination' is printed, and the 'Conference of Spenser and Lord Essex' follows the 'Examination,' and reads admirably in print. I have read all the proof sheets, and hope you will be satisfied with their correctness, and Messrs. Saunders and Ottley have informed me that the book will be out in the course of this week. Of its success I entertain no doubt, though I have had many proofs that the excellence of literary productions cannot always command their success. So much depends on the state of the literary horizon, when a work presents itself: the sky is at present much overclouded by the unsettled state of politics at home and abroad; but notwithstanding all this, I am very sanguine in my expectations about the success your book will have, and so are the publishers. The 'Conference' is peculiarly interesting, as bearing on the state of Ireland, which, alas! now, as in the reign of Elizabeth, remains unsettled, unsatisfied, and unsatisfying, resisting hitherto the various remedies that have been applied to her disease by severe surgeons or timid practitioners. I think very highly of the 'Examination;' it is redolent with the joyous spirit of the immortal bard, with whom you have identified yourself; his frequent pleasantry wantons in the breasts of song, while snatches of pathos break in continually in the prose. The 'Conference' is deeply interesting, and so dissimilar from the 'Examination,' that it is difficult to imagine it the work of the same mind, if one did not know that true genius possesses the power of variety in style and thought. I wish you could be persuaded to write your Memoirs; what a treasure would they prove to posterity. Tracing the working of such a mind as yours, a mind that has never submitted to the ignoble fetters that a corrupt and artificial society would impose, could not fail to be highly interesting, as well as useful, by giving courage to the timid and strength to the weak, and teaching them to rely on their own intellectual resources, instead of leaning on that feeble reed the world, which can wound but not support those who rely on it. Mr. E. L. Bulwer's new novel, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' has been out a fortnight; it is an admirable work, and does him honour. He refers to you in one of the notes to it, as 'his learned friend Mr. Landor,' so you see you are in a fair way of being praised (if not understood) by the dandies, as his book is in the hands of the whole tribe. The novel is dedicated to our friend Sir W. Gell. There is no year in which your fame does not gain at all sides, and it is now so much the fashion to praise you, that you are quoted by many who are as incapable of appreciating as of equalling you.

"M. Blessington."

"London, Seamore Place,
"March 16, 1835.

"I am glad that you have at length received the 'Conversations,' and that they give you a better opinion of Byron. He was one of the many proofs of a superior nature spoilt by civilization. The evil commenced when he was a school-boy, and continued its baneful influence over him up to the last moment of his life. But then there were outbreakings of the original goodness of the soil, though over-cultivation had deteriorated it.

"His first impulses were always good, and it was only the reflections suggested by experience that checked them.

"Then consider that he died when only thirty-seven years old. The passions had not ceased to torment, though they no longer wholly governed him. He was arrived at that period in human life, when he saw the fallacy of the past, without having grasped the wisdom of the future. Had ten years been added to his existence, he would have been a *better* and a *happier* man. Are not goodness and happiness the nearest approach to synonymous terms?

"I have sent you by a Mr. Stanley my two novels, and trust you will soon receive them. I fear they will not interest you, for they are written on the every-day business of life, without once entering the region of imagination. I wrote because I wanted money; and was obliged to select subjects that would command it from my publisher. None but ephemeral ones will now catch the attention of the mass of readers. 'The Quarterly Review' names you in the last number, and with praise, though the praise, like all that appears in that clever but cynical publication, is measured out most cautiously. Still it is valuable, because all the world knows it is praise well earned, and extorted by the merit of the author, rather than due to the generosity of the critic. It promises a general notice of your works, which, I trust, will soon appear.

"I see your friend Mr. Robinson sometimes, but not so often as I could wish; he is a person of sound head, and as sound a heart, and full of knowledge. We talk of you every time we meet, and are selfish enough to wish you were near us in this cold and murky climate. If you knew how much I value your letters, you would write to me very often; they breathe of Italy, and take me back to other and happier times.

"Do you remember our calm evenings on the terrace of the Casa Pelosi, where, by the light of the moon, we looked on the smooth and glassy Arno, and talked of past ages? Those were happy times, and I frequently revert to them.

"The verses in your letter pleased me much, as do all that you write. What have you been doing lately?

"What a capital book might be written, illustrative of the passions, when they stood forth more boldly than at present, in the middle ages. The history of Italy teems with such, and you might give them vitality.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Thursday evening.

"I send you the engraving, and have only to wish that it may sometimes remind you of the original. You are associated in my memory with some of my happiest days; you were the friend, and the highly-valued friend, of my dear and lamented husband, and as such, even without any of the numberless claims you have to my regard, you could not be otherwise than highly esteemed. It appears to me that I have not quite lost him, who made life dear to me, when I am near those he loved, and that knew how to value him. Five fleeting years have gone by since our delicious evenings on the lovely Arno, evenings never to be forgotten, and the recollections of which ought to cement the friendships then formed. This effect I can, in truth, say has been produced on me, and I look forward, with confidence, to keeping alive, by a frequent correspondence,the friendship you owe me, no less for that I feel for you, but as the widow of one you loved, and that truly loved you. We, or more properly speaking, I, live in a world where friendship is little known, and were it not for one or two individuals like yourself, I might be tempted to exclaim with Socrates, ‘ My friends, there are no friends.’ Let us prove that the philosopher was wrong, and if Fate has denied us the comfort of meeting, let us by letters keep up our friendly intercourse. You will tell me what you think and feel in your Tuscan retirement, and I will tell you what I do, in this modern Babylon, where thinking and feeling are almost unknown. Have I not reason to complain, that in your sojourn in London, you do not give me a single day ? And yet methinks you promised to stay a week, and that of that week I should have my share. I rely on your promise of coming to see me again before you leave London, and I console myself for the disappointment of seeing so little of you, by recollecting the welcome and the happiness that wait you at home. Long may you enjoy it, is the sincere wish of your attached friend,

“ M. BLESSINGTON.”

“ P.S. I shall be glad to hear what you think of the Conversations. I could have made them better, but they would no longer have been, as they now are, genuine.”

“ Seamore Place, Oct. 1, 1835.

“ I know not when I felt more pleasure than on hearing of your arrival in England. I had been absent from town, on the coast of Hampshire, and not in York or Doncaster, where the newspapers sent me. Health, and not pleasure, was the object of my expedition, and the sea breezes have done me much good. I had heard of your having passed through London, before I got your letter, and console myself for not having seen you, by the hope that on your way back you will give me a few days of your society, that we may talk over old friends and old times, one of the few comforts (though it is a melancholy one) that age gives. I am glad that you are again soon to appear in print, and the *subject* delights me. It is one you will treat *con amore*, and that *only you* can treat as it deserves. I am so charmed with the Parable, that I despatched it forthwith to the printer, and expect to have a proof very soon. It is just the very essence of the beauty of holiness.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Kensington Gore,
"March 10th, 1836.

"I write to you from my new residence, in what *I* call the country, being a mile from London. I have not forgotten that your last letter announced the pleasing intelligence that you were to be in London in April, and I write to request that you will take up your residence at my house. I have a comfortable room to offer you ; and what is better still, a cordial welcome. Pray bear this in mind, and let me have the pleasure of having you under my roof. Have you heard of the death of poor Sir William Gell? He expired at Naples, on the 4th of February, literally exhausted by his bodily infirmity.

"Poor Gell! I regret him much ; he was gentle, kind-hearted, and good tempered, possessed a great fund of information, which was always at the service of any one requiring it, and if free from passion (not always, in my opinion, a desirable thing), totally exempt from prejudice, which I hold to be *most* desirable. How much more frequently we think of a friend we have lost than when he lived! I have thought of poor Gell continually, since I got Mr. Craven's melancholy letter, announcing his demise, yet when he lived I have passed weeks without bestowing a thought on him. Is not this a curious fact in all our natures, that we only begin to know the value of friends when they are lost to us for ever? It ought to teach us to turn with increased tenderness to those that remain, and I always feel that my affection for living friends is enlivened by the reflection that they too may pass away.

"*If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, 'the all-atoning grave,' has closed over them.* I long to read your book; it will be to me like water in the desert to the parched pilgrim. Let me hear from you, and, above all, tell me that you will take up your abode with me, where quiet and friendship await you.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, April 4th, 1836.

"I have to thank you for the very highest intellectual feast I have ever enjoyed. Yes, your 'Aspasia and Pericles' are delicious, and reflect everlasting honour on you; never was there so beautiful a mirror of wisdom and tenderness; the book continually filled my eyes with tears, and my heart with gentle and generous emotions. I am proud of, and for you, and repeat frequently to myself—*he is my friend.* How delightful, yet how rare is it, when our friends make us feel proud of them! every one talks of your book, and every one is loud in its praises. I rejoice in this for two reasons; the first, that its author is my friend, and the second, that it gives me a better opinion of human nature, to find, that even the worldlings of London *can feel* what is elevated, pure, and holy. Never was there such a triumph as you have achieved by this book!! Mr. Fonblanque is impatient to shake you by the hand. He is worthy to be *your friend*, and is, in the true sense of the word, a noble-minded man. I shall be at Gore House the whole season, and charmed to see you; come and take possession of your room in it—why can you not come before May? I have taken steps to get your MSS. &c. from Mr. Willis, and trust to be able soon to tell you that they are in my possession. How often, while reading your book, did I think of the delight it would have given your dear friend, my lost husband! He could well sympathize in such sentiments.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, June 8th, 1836.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you. Of ingratitude or impoliteness, I can never suspect you, because you know how sincerely I esteem you; too well to be wicked enough to be ungrateful, and you are, in my opinion, the most genuinely polite man I know. You must come and pay me another visit when you return from your relations; nowhere can you bestow your society where it can be more highly valued than at Gore House, and this ought to induce you to be more liberal of the gift. Your 'Epigrams' are excellent, and prove that genius can be as happy in trifles as in great things. I think of you very often, and miss you as often; it was happily said, that friends, like lovers, should be very near or very distant; and this I feel, for one gets reconciled to the absence that a *great* distance causes, and impatient at that which a short one produces. When you were in Italy, I knew it was useless to hope to see you; but at Bristol, I reproach you for not giving me more of your society.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, Jan. 25, 1837.

"I have furnished your note to Mr. Hall, the husband of Mrs. Hall, the authoress. Indeed you are wrong, if you imagine that all good judges do not rate you as you deserve to be rated. Unfortunately they are not so numerous as the *enviers*, who try to depreciate what they can never hope to equal. You send me some alterations for a poem I have not in my possession—your Clytemnestra. Mr. Forster told me that you had sent him some portions of it from Heidelberg, and probably you have fancied it was to me. As all you write is too precious to be mislaid, tell me, without delay, how the affair rests. Have you seen poor Augustus Hare's sermons?

" I got them a few days ago, with a pencil note written on his death bed.

" Poor Augustus! He was a fine creature, full of affection and generosity.

" Mr. Southey is, I hear, in town. I should like much to have made his acquaintance, for I admire his genius, and esteem his character. What are you doing? I hope a great deal. I wish you would write a History.

" M. Blessington."

" April 19, 1837.

" I have been indeed very unwell of late, but am now, thank God, considerably better. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children, that I have to provide for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion; and this throws me back.

" *Mais quoi faire?* A thousand thanks for your most kind offer of literary assistance, and for the charming scene from Orestes, which is full of power. How glad I shall be to see you again at Gore House.

" Do pray pay me a visit, whenever you can make up your mind to move, for be assured, no one can more truly enjoy or value your society than I do. I ordered my publishers to send you one of the first copies of my new novel, which I hope has reached you.

" The story is only a vehicle to convey a severe censure on the ultra-fashionables of London, and the book has been very indulgently received. I saw your friend Mr. Cholmondley a few days ago, and he enquired for you most kindly. He is a very sensible and amiable young man. Mrs. Fairlie and her family are still with me, and Bella improves daily in intelligence and beauty. We often speak of you, and wish you were with us.

" M. Blessington."

" Gore House, Nov. 20, 1837.

" I send you by the coach your copy of the 'Book of Beauty,' which has just come out, and which I trust you will like. If all its contents resemble your contribution, I should have no doubt of the success of the book; but though they are far, far removed from such excellence, I nevertheless hope that a book containing *such* a *gem* must leave behind it every other annual. Since I wrote to you I have been extremely ill. I tried change of air, and spent some days on the sea coast, from which I derived but little benefit. I am now, thank God, considerably better, which I attribute to the skilful treatment of my medical adviser.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, Dec. 20, 1837.

"There is no person in whose erudition I place so much confidence as in yours, and no one in whose disposition to communicate it, that I have such faith. Will you inform me if you know anything about an ancient monument at Frejus, erected to, or by a Julia Alpina, or some similar sounding name, remarkable for her strong devotion to her father? I have read a most interesting note relative to her, but cannot remember where.

"I shall long for the Spring more than ever, now that you have promised to come to me in April.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, Jan. 17, 1838.

"I will not let you continue in the error of believing that Mr. Forster is in a minority in thinking most highly of your works. Be assured, that every person, possessed of taste, feeling, or erudition, admires them as much as he does; but they, unfortunately, are not the great mass of readers. I never heard a difference of opinion relative to your books; all who have intellects capable of comprehending them, were unanimous in appreciating them as they deserve; and among the number, no one spoke more highly than Mr. Fonblanque. His health has lately been very bad, and, though better, he is still an invalid. Your friend Alfred D'Orsay has discovered the passage about which I wrote to you, for his reading is so desultory, that he constantly reproaches my memory. The Julia, whose name I could not remember, was Julia Alpinula, the daughter of

Julius Alpinus, who was condemned to death by Albanus Cecina. His daughter could not survive him, and his friends erected a monument, with an inscription, of which the following are the two first lines:—

‘ Julia Alpinula Hic Jacet,
‘ Infelicis Patris Infelix Proles.
‘ Vixit Annos xxiii.’

“ The fate of this young creature would furnish a subject worthy your pen.

“ M. Blessington.”

“ Gore House, Oct. 23, 1838.

“ I lament as much as you do, Lord Durham’s throwing up his appointment; but I have little hope that any representation of mine could influence him to change his determination. He has been shamefully used by Ministers, whatever their advocates may say to the contrary; and though I regret, I cannot wonder at his resolution of returning. I am very sorry to hear of your accident, but hope you will soon get over its effect. I was moved to tears the other day, on reading in ‘ The Examiner’ your lines to A——. If he read them, how can he resist flying to you? Alas! half our pains through life arise from being misunderstood, and men of genius, above all others, are the most subject to this misfortune, for a misfortune, and a serious one I call it, when those near and dear to us mistake us, and erect between their hearts and ours, barriers, that even love cannot break down, though pride humbles itself to assist the endeavour.

“ M. Blessington.”

“ Gore House, April 16, 1839.

“ Saturday’s post brought me yours of Friday, written perhaps, when, with Mr. Forster, we were reading your ‘ Giovanna’ and ‘ Andrea.’ Your friend (and you have not a more sincere one) Count D’Orsay and I had the doors closed against all visitors, that we might enjoy the luxury of these two pieces uninterrupted.

“ Never were high anticipations more perfectly realized. They breathe the very soul of poesy and tenderness—nature and truth combine to render them matchless. There was but one drawback to the pleasure we felt, and that proceeded from a knowledge (the ground for which we found in your dedication) that *we*, who love poetry almost as well as we love you, who are one of its chosen high-priests, were not deemed worthy to hear a single scene from yourself, although some portions of it were written in Gore House!!!

"As a woman, I thank you for having redeemed the character of Giovanna from the imputation cast upon it, an imputation that has always pained me; for after the description given of her by Petrarch, I never could believe that she was guilty of even a knowledge of the death of Andrea.

"How interesting you have rendered the character of Andrea too! You are, in truth, a very wizard, at the touch of whose wand the prejudices of centuries fall away, and the real character stands revealed.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Nov. 14, 1839.

"If all could see, or write visions like you, few would wish to do aught else. I am charmed with the one you have sent me, which shall certainly find a place in the Book of Beauty for 1841. Pray, tell me, have you read my Irish dream? I had a letter from Mr. Trelawny, who has taken to lead the life of a recluse in a villa near Putney, never going to see a single acquaintance or friend, and scarcely ever visiting London. He charged me with his kindest regards to you.

"Did I ever tell you that Count Alfred de Vigny, author of Cinque Mars, and some other admirable works, told me that he had rarely in his life, enjoyed so high a treat as the perusal of your works afforded him? He knew several passages by heart, and entered into their beauty with a zest that confirmed my good opinion of his taste. What are you doing? Providing feasts for posterity.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Sept. 28, 1840.

"It gave me great pleasure to see your writing again, and to be assured you were well, of which pleasing fact I had the most satisfactory proof, in a poem so full of fancy and grace, that it could only have emanated from a healthy mind and body. The tuneful bird inspired of old by the Persian rose, warbled not more harmoniously its praise than do you that of the English rose, which posterity will know through your beautiful verses.

"Happy are they who can thus inspire great bards, and happy ought the bards to be who can thus confer immortality on beauty. So Mrs. D—— (for I like that name better than Jones) has again married!

"What a compliment to your sex, to enter the state of wedlock twice! I am just returned from Cheveley Park, and am happy to tell you that Mrs. Fairlie has got another little one, a boy, who with his mother is doing well. My sweet Isabella grows rapidly, and her mind keeps pace with her stature. She reads and comprehends perfectly. Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie inquired most kindly for you, and said how glad they would be to see you at Cheveley. It is a fine old place, in a large park, with umbrageous old trees, and a beautiful terrace.

"Mr. Wordsworth has been printing, but not publishing, eight very noble sonnets for the year 1840, originating in the state of the political world.

"What are you doing beside writing beautiful verses? Something grave, and worthy of you I hope, in no way inferior to your two last great works. I wish that not a single drop of the bright wine of your mind should be wasted, for, like the best, it will run pure to the last.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, Dec. 14, 1840.

"I sit down to thank you for a few of the most delightful hours imaginable, passed in the perusal of 'Fra Rupert.' This production abounds in beauties of the highest order; and genius and tenderness, that ought never to be separated, breathe forth in all its pages. How fine is the contrast between the strength of mind and deep feeling of Giovanna, and the weakness and good nature of Marguerite!

"When you visit the region of the blest (and long may it be before that hour arrives), how many shades will hail with grateful affection that noble author, who has rescued their names from unjust obloquy, and taught posterity to pity and weep for those it would otherwise have blamed. I can well imagine your feelings in the church on reading the names of those once dear to you, on the cold tomb. Yes, there is true religion in the heart at such moments, for is not love and sorrow the basis of true religion? I quite agree in your opinion of Colonel Napier. There is a grandeur in his History that charms me, and assures me that those can best chronicle great deeds, who are the most capable of performing them. Our sympathies reveal the secrets of our natures, and I am never so satisfied with mine, as when I feel a decided preference for what is good and great.

" Count D'Orsay is hunting, and Miss Power is rejoicing in the society of her parents, and sisters, and brothers, a family of seven, who arrived from New Brunswick six weeks ago, *en route* for Van Dieman's Land. You ought to come and spend the Christmas with me, after so long an absence.

" M. Blessington."

" Gore House, Feb. 6, 1843.

" Your letter found me in deep affliction, from which it will be long ere I recover. We have lost our darling Isabella, the dear and gifted child, who, though deaf and dumb, possessed more intelligence than thousands who can hear and speak. Attacked about three months ago with a complaint in her chest, I nursed her here, and had hoped for her final recovery, when, on the 4th of January, her poor mother's impatience to have her with her again, induced me to take her down to Cheveley. A few days after, a relapse ensued, and, on the 31st, she resigned her pure soul to God. On Saturday last I saw her mortal remains consigned to the tomb, and left that dearly loved form, which I would scarcely let a rude breeze visit, in the cold, dismal, and dark vault. Alas! how soon may it open to receive her poor mother, whose state continues to be most alarming. How fond my darling Isabella was of you. Do you remember her endearing ways, and all her attractions? This blow has fallen heavily on us all, and you I know will feel it. My heart is too full to write more, but I could no longer leave your letter unanswered. All here unite in kindest regards to you.

" M. Blessington."

"Gore House, March 27, 1843.

"I find by your letter received this morning, that we were writing to each other at the same time. I am pleased at this proof of our sympathy, and charmed with the Imaginary Conversation, which shall certainly grace and honour the pages of the 'Book of Beauty.' No man ever could define the feelings and thoughts of woman, that is, the most pure and unsophisticated portion of the sex, as you can. You enter even beyond the veil of that temple (in woman's heart) so seldom penetrated, and her *naïveté* and tenderness acquire new charms by your translation of them. I always feel this, when you make our sex speak, and wonder not that you are so general a favourite with those whose sentiments you so beautifully delineate.

"I must also thank you for the verses, received in a season of so much sorrow, that I had no heart to thank you sooner. Yes; I did remember having read them long years ago at Florence, in happier times, and remember all my dear lost husband's admiration of them. My poor niece* lingers on the threshold of eternity, and, like the setting sun, reveals a new brightness as she draws nearer to her departure. Ah! why should those dear to us become still more so, when we are about to lose them? We like Colonel Stopford exceedingly, and regret that the affliction which has befallen us, has prevented our shewing him that attention which any friend of yours will be always sure of finding, and which he so well merits on his own account.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, April 11th, 1843.

"I felt well assured of your sympathy in the heavy affliction that has fallen on me. You knew the admirable creature we have lost,* but you saw her not when bowed down by that most fatal of all maladies—her resignation and sweetness triumphed over its pains—for me, the scene of the last week of her life can never be effaced from my mind. That lovely face, which grew still more fair and heavenly in its expression as her death approached, is ever present to me, and the sweet tones of her voice, uttering words of consolation to those around her dying bed, still ring in my ear. Her strength of mind and heavenly gentleness increased to the last, and rendered her dearer than ever to us all. Her poor husband is now with us, but returns in a day or two to his now lonely home.

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* Mrs. Fairlie.

"This is the first letter I have written, except to the bereaved mother, my poor sister, who is broken-hearted.

"You were often and kindly remembered by my dear departed niece, who said to me, 'I am sure Mr. Landor lamented the death of my poor Isabella.'

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, August 29th, 1843.

"I have had my dear little grand-nephews and niece, with their poor father, staying with me. It was in truth a sad meeting, and their presence brought with bitterness to my mind the recollection of *her* who always accompanied them, and who I shall see no more on earth. Time has not yet reconciled me to her loss, and I feel it as poignantly, that I forget how soon, according to the natural course of events, I shall follow her to the grave. 'She cannot come to me, but I shall go to her.' I have a family party of twelve with me at present, consisting of Lord and Lady Canterbury and their family joined to mine.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, November 26th, 1845.

"I felt sure of your sympathy in the heavy affliction with which it has pleased God to visit me. I have made more than one vain attempt to thank you for your letter, which I found here on my return from Clifton, but I could not accomplish the task. You will easily imagine my grief at losing the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth.* Alas! alas! of the two heads that once rested on the same pillow, one now is laid in a dark and dreary vault at Clifton, far, far away from all she loved, from all that loved her.

"It seems strange to me that *I* should still breathe and think, when she who was my other self, so near *in blood*, so dear in affection, should be no more. I have now no one to remind me of my youth, to speak to me of the careless, happy days of childhood All seems lost with her, in whose breast I found an echo to my thoughts. The ties of blood may sometimes be severed, but how easily, how quickly are they re-united again when the affection of youthful days is recalled.

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* Lady Canterbury died in November, 1845.—R. R. M.

"All that affection has, as it were, sprung up afresh in my heart, since my poor sister has known affliction. And now she is snatched from me, when I hoped to soothe her; and all that now remains to me of her is memory, a tress of her hair, and the sad recollection of a dark, dreary vault at Clifton, which no sunbeam can illume, no breath of summer's air ever enter!

"Adieu, my dear friend. May Heaven long keep you from seeing any one dear to you die. Every affliction is less heavy than that.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Tuesday, June 9th, 1846.

"I cannot allow another day to pass over without thanking you for the delight afforded me by the perusal of the two glorious volumes given to me the day before your departure. What a rich gift! Although well acquainted with the 'Imaginary Conversations,' a re-perusal of them has revealed new beauties. Indeed, every page of both volumes contains thoughts as profound and beautiful as they are original. What a mine this great work will be henceforth, for plagiarists to crib and steal from.

"How beautiful is the region of wisdom and tenderness revealed in it! I cannot tell you the gratification I have enjoyed, and shall continue to enjoy, from these precious volumes. Continue to write. It is a duty you owe to your name—to posterity. There are no lees in the rich wine of your imagination, which will flow on pure, bright, and sparkling to the last, and not one drop of it should be lost.

"I believe I told you that this will be the last year of the 'Keepsake' or 'Book of Beauty' appearing. You will not, I am sure, desert me at the close, but let me have a contribution, however short, to wind up both volumes. How much I regret that you could not prolong your stay with us. Your visit appears like a pleasant dream, too brief, yet leaving a pleasant memory.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, February 28th, 1848.

"I will not admit that the eruption of the Parisian volcano has brought out only cinders from your brain, *au contraire*, the lava is glowing and full of fire—your honest indignation has been ignited, and has sent forth a bright flame.

"It gave me pleasure to see your hand-writing again, for I had thought it long since I had heard from you. I saw it stated to-day, in the Daily News, that Count D'Orsay had set out for Paris with Prince Louis. This report is wholly untrue. Prince Louis has gone to Paris alone. Here no one pities Louis Philippe, nor has the report of his death mitigated the indignation excited against him. His family are to be pitied, for I believe they were not implicated in his crooked policy. Seldom has vengeance so rapidly overtaken guilt.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, February 10, 1849.

"The muse who loved thee in thy youth,
With such a fervency and truth,
Forsakes thee not, but fond as fair,
Still joys thy solitude to share,
And blandly has seduced old time,
To let thee write, as in thy prime.
Though seventy-five years may have flown,
The calculation we'll not own,
It must be false, for ne'er did age
Indite so pure and sweet a page,
Inspired by beauty, as I see
Breathe in the verse that comes from thee.
Long may'st thou live, the world to show,
That time can't chill the brilliant glow
Of minds like thine, to whom 'tis given
To keep the flame, till they reach Heaven.

"M. Blessington."

CHAPTER XX.

LETTERS FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Florence, March 14, 1833.

"My dear Lady Blessington,

"The children are delighted at your recollection of them. A German tutor is coming to manage A——, within a few days; I can hardly bring him to construe a little Greek with me, and what is worse, he is not always disposed to fence with me. I foresee he will be a worse dancer than I am, if possible; in vain I tell him what is very true, that I have suffered more from my bad dancing, than from all the other misfortunes and miseries of my life put together. Not dancing well! I never danced at all; and how grievously has my heart ached when others were in the full enjoyment of that recreation, which I had no right even to partake of.

"Hare has lately bought a Raffael here for four hundred louis. It is a Raffael, indeed, but a copy from Pietro Perugino.

"The original is extant, and much finer than the copy. Raffael was but a boy when he painted it; he and his master are the only two painters that ever had a perfect idea of feminine beauty.

"'Raffael when he went to Rome, lost Paradise, and had only Eden;' his Fornarina, and others, are fine women, but not such women as the first, that God made, or as the one that he chose to be the idol of half the world. Titian, less fortunate than Lawrence, was rarely employed to paint a beauty; those that he and Corregio chose for models had no grace or loveliness; Leonardo's are akin to ugliness.

"I remain, my dear Lady Blessington,

"Ever yours sincerely,

"W. S. Landor."

"Florence, July 16, 1833.

"Politics seem to be serious and alarming to the serious and ambitious. I hate Tory principles and Whig principles; but I never gave any opinion, except on one occasion, which was when the Reform Bill was in agitation. I then wrote from this villa to Lord L——, telling him what it was very plain his party did not know, that the King has just as good a right to give representation to a borough as he has to create a peer, or grant a fair or market to a town: and that it is not constitutional for Parliament to curtail the number of voters where no corruption has been proved. I made him an apology for addressing him, and told him that I did not expect or wish even a reply. It is the duty of the wise to set the unwise right. The mode I mentioned would have made the King popular, and would have saved the country from that collision between the two Houses of Parliament, which is likely to terminate in a civil war. I have done my duty.

"I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend, at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a year, enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day. Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers, who resolved to shew William that his brother was not the vilest, by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of any administration in the British annals, and I am convinced that there is not a state in Europe, or Asia, in which the paltriest minister of the puniest despot would recommend it. I am sorry that Lord ———, who speaks like a gentleman, should be implicated in a charge so serious, though he and his colleagues are likely to undergo the popular vengeance for less grave offences.

"Those affairs are the gravest that compromise the dignity of a nation. Strafford would have hanged up a dozen or two of stout rogues and haranguers, at the hazard of his life; but if Strafford had had twenty heads, he would have laid them on twenty blocks, rather than have done what these boobies have been doing. Besides, they have been sowing mushroom spawn, thinking it would shoot up for their own tables.

"No, no, it will make its appearance on some foul dismal day, and smell of blood.

"An ugly word to end with, and hardly a pleasanter one, I suspect, to their imaginations, than to mine.

"W. S. L."

"Florence, December 21.

"Fortune is not often too kind to me—indeed why should she be? but when she is, it is reasonable enough I should be grateful. We have come at last to this agreement, that whenever she does anything pleasant to you, I may take my part of the pleasure, and as large a part as any one, except yourself and Lord B. She then put something into the opposite scale, and said it was but just.

"I laughed to hear *her* talk of justice, but owned it. Now I will lay a wager that, of the hundreds of letters you and my Lord have received, to congratulate you on the marriage of Mrs. Purves, not one has been so long in coming to the point. It is something like the Preface to the Carbonari conspiracy. I must, however, waft my incense, though in an earthen pot.

"'Mighty well, good Mr. Landor! but I cannot be sitting here for your fumigations. At Paris we have learned a new thing. We throw cold water on the asphixifier to cure the asphixified.' I have another scheme. I am about to put a spark of patriotism just under your nose.

"Mr. Godwin Swift, a descendant of that Godwin who educated dear Jonathan, and was his uncle, has claims upon the Viscountess of Carlingford, which he is bringing before the House of Lords.* I never saw him since he was a baby; but I hear he is a most amiable and gentlemanly person. If Lord B., or any other of your friends, can be of any use to him, let me hope it. I should be overjoyed to see the representative of the earliest patriot in Ireland, protected by him, whom I consider the most disinterested and the greatest. His grandmother was a Meade. I believe a first-cousin of the late Lord Clanwilliam.

"Has Count D'Orsay hung up his two pictures? If the King of France should make an offer of the family vase for one of them, I would persuade him to accept the offer with his usual good grace. But perhaps the delicacy of his most Christian Majesty may withhold him from proposing an exchange, on recollection (if he should recollect such a thing), that it was a gift from the D'Orsays."

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* See Appendix.

"Florence, February 15, 1834.

"The book is indeed the 'Book of Beauty,' both inside and outside. Nevertheless, I must observe that neither here, nor in any other engraving, do I find a resemblance of you. I do not find the expression. Lawrence has not succeeded either, unless you have the gift of changing it almost totally. The last change in that case was for the better—but pray stay there.

"I have a little spite against the frontispiece, and am resolved to prefer Francesca. If I had seen such a person any time towards the close of the last century, I am afraid I should have been, what some rogue called me upon a very different occasion, much later, *matto! ma matto!* Age breaks down the prison in which beauty has enthralled us; but I suspect there are some of us, like the old fellow let loose from the Bastille, who would gladly get in it again, were it possible.

"You are too generous in praising me for my admiration of Wordsworth and Southey. This is only a proof that I was not born to be a poet. I am not a good hater; I only hate pain and trouble. I think I could have hated Bonaparte if he had been a gentleman. Castlereagh was almost as mischievous, and was popularly a gentleman; but being an ignorant and weak creature, he escapes from hatred without a bruise.

"The Whigs, I am afraid, are as little choice of men as the Tories are of means. It is among the few felicities of my life, that I never was attached to a party or a party man. I have always excused myself from dinners, that I may never meet one. It does little honour to the Whig faction, that, among the number of peers created by them, they have omitted Collingwood. Never has England produced a fighting man more able in his profession or more illustrious in his character, than the late Lord Collingwood. He sacrificed his health and life to the service of his country, and asked only the empty honour conferred on him might be continued to his descendant. Had he been a Chapman in the House of Commons, and could have commanded a couple of votes, his honours would have been perpetuated. The English must be the most quiet and orderly people in the universe, not to rush into the rapacious demagogues, and to tie them by the necks in couples, and to throw them *tutti quanti* into the Thames. This good temper is really most fortunate at the present, for their opponents would throw Europe back upon the dark ages, and the next frontispiece to the 'Book of Beauty' would be decorated with a glorified heart, deliciously larded with swords and arrows. Do not hint this to any of your Whig friends, or we may have a coalition, and see the thing yet.

"W. S. L."

"Florence, 8th April, 1834.

"For some time I have been composing 'The Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare, &c., before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of grace 1582, now first published from Original Papers.'

"This is full of fun—I know not whether of wit. It is the only thing I ever wrote that is likely to sell.

"W. S. L."

"July 7th, 1834.

"My zeal is quite evaporated for the people I hoped to benefit by the publication of 'The Trial of Shakspeare.' I find my old school-fellow (whom, by-the-bye, I never knew, but who placed enough confidence in me to beg my assistance in his distress) has been gaming. Had he even tried but a trifle of assassination, I should have felt for him; or, in fact, had he done almost anything else. But to rely on superior skill in spoliation, is less pardonable than to rely on superior courage, or than to avenge an affront in a sudden and summary way.

"I am highly gratified by Lord Mulgrave's recollection of me. When he and Lady M. were at Florence, I received every civility from them very undeservedly. I hope Lord Mulgrave will soon be the Director of our affairs in England. There is only one office I could accept under him, which is that of Archbishop of Canterbury, provided I am not called to the Papacy.

"W. S. L."

"Florence, October 11, 1834.

"Before I express to you any of my fears and other fancies, let me thank you for your letter,—and now for the fears; the first is, that you have really taken the trouble to overlook the sheets of my 'Examination;' the next, that the conferences of Spenser and Essex are not added to it. For this I have written an Introduction which quite satisfied me; which hardly any thing does upon the whole, though everything in part.

"Pray relieve me from this teazing anxiety, for the Examination and the Conferences, if disjoined, would break my heart. Never were two things so totally different in style. * * I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for at least a century to come.

"Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss upon their coats, and with unfrayed straps to their trousers. Who knows but I may be encouraged at last to write as they instruct me, and may attract all the gay people of the Parks and Parliament by my puff-paste and powder-sugar surface?

"But then, how will my older and rather more dignified patricians look upon me? My Cæsar and Lucullus—my pleasant Peterborough—above all, my dear Epicurus? No, not above all—for if my little Ternissa should frisk away from me, I am utterly undone. Lady Jane Grey, too, who saw so many of my tears fall before her, foreknowing, as I did, what must happen,—all these, in their various miens and voices, would upbraid me.

"It occurs to me, that authors are beginning to think it an honest thing to pay their debts; and that they are debtors (as they surely are) to all, by whose labour and charges the fields of literature have been cleared and sown. It must be confessed, we have been a rascally gang hitherto, for the most part, particularly we moralists. Few writers have said all the good they thought of others, and fewer have concealed the ill. They praise their friends, because their friends, it may be hoped, will praise them —or get them praised. As these propensities seem inseparable from the literary character, I have always kept aloof from authors where I could. Southey stands erect, and stands alone. I love him no less for his integrity than for his genius. No man, in our days, has done a twentieth part for the glory of our literature.

"W. S. L."

"January 13, 1835.

"Arnold is so mischievous as to shew me, this moment, the portrait of the Duchess of ———, and to say she ought to have been put in the Index or the Notes. Sure enough, she never was a beauty. The Duke had so little idea of countenance, that he remarked a wonderful resemblance between me and ———. Perhaps he thought to compliment both parties. Now you had better find a ghost than a resemblance. If an ugly woman is compared to a beautiful one, she will tell you, 'this is the first time I was ever taken for an idiot.' If a sensible woman is compared to Madame de Stael, she shews you her foot, and thanks God she has not yet taken to rouge.

"I have been reading Beckford's Travels, and Vatheck. The last pleases me less than it did forty years ago, and yet the Arabian Nights have lost none of their charms for me. All the learned and wiseacres in England cried out against this wonderful work, upon its first appearance; Gray among the rest. Yet I doubt whether any man, except Shakespeare, has afforded so much delight, if we open our hearts to receive it. The author of the Arabian Nights was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mahomet. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed on six-and-twenty millions of hearers. All the springs of the desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions.

"B., in his second letter, says, that two or three of Rosa da Tivoli's landscapes merit observation, and in the next he scorns P. Potter. Now all Rosa da Tivoli's works are not worth a blade of grass from the hand of P. Potter. The one was a consummate artist; the other one of the coarsest that ever bedaubed a canvas. He talks of 'the worst roads that ever *pretended* to be made use of,' and of a *dish* of tea, without giving us the ladle or the carving-knife for it. When I read such things, I rub my eyes, and awaken my recollections. I not only fancy that I am older than I am in reality, (which is old enough, in all conscience), but that I have begun to lose my acquaintance with our idiom. Those who desire to write upon light matters gracefully, must read with attention the writings of Pope, Lady M. W. Montague, and Lord Chesterfield—three ladies of the first water.

"I am sorry you sent my 'Examination' by a private hand. I never in my life sent even a note by a private hand. Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More says, 'There are no evils in the world but sin and bile.' They fall upon me very unequally. I would give a good quantity of bile for a trifle of sin, and yet my philosophy would induce me to throw it aside. No man ever began so early to abolish hopes and wishes. Happy he, who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right and Epictetus on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road.

"W. S. L."

"Firenze, March 16th, 1835.

"After a year or more, I receive your reminiscences of Byron. Never, for the love of God, send anything again by a Welshman, I mean anything literary. Lord D.'s brother, like Lord D. himself, is a very good man, and if you had sent me a cheese, would have delivered it safely in due season. But a book is a thing that does not spoil so soon. Alas! how few are there who know the aches of expectancy, when we have long been looking up high for some suspended gift of bright imagination.

"Thanks upon thanks for making me think Byron a better and a wiser man than I had thought him. Since this precious volume, I have been reading the English Opium-Eater's Recollections of Coleridge, a genius of the highest order, even in Poetry.

"I was amused,—when I was a youth, I should have been shocked and disgusted,—at his solution of Pythagoras's enigma on bears.

"When I was at Oxford, I wrote my opinion on the origin of the religion of the Druids. It appeared to me that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy, and who had many followers in the Greek colony of the Phœnicians at Marseilles, had engrafted on a barbarous and blood-thirsty religion the humane doctrine of the Metempsychosis.

"It would have been vain to say, Do not murder, no people ever minded this doctrine; but he frightened the savages by saying, if you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves, you shall be the same. In this disquisition, I gave exactly the same solution as (it appears) Coleridge gave. Our friend, Parr, was delighted with it, and beyond a doubt, it remains among my letters, &c. sent to him. I did not allow any of these to be published by Doctor John Johnston, his biographer, who asked my permission.

"Infinite as are the pains I take in composing and correcting my 'Imaginary Conversations' (having no right to make other people speak and think worse than they did), I may indulge all my natural idleness in regard to myself.

"Mr. Robinson, the soundest man that ever stepped through the trammels of law, gave me, a few days ago, the sorrowful information, that another of our great writers had joined Coleridge. Poor Charles Lamb, what a tender, good, joyous heart had he! What playfulness! what purity of style and thought! His sister is yet living, much older than himself. One of her tales is, with the sole exception of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern. A young girl has lost her mother, the father marries again, and marries a friend of his former wife. The child is ill reconciled to it, but being dressed in new clothes for the marriage, she runs up to her mother's chamber, filled with the idea how happy that dear mother would be at seeing her in all her glory—not reflecting, poor soul! that it was only by her mother's death that she appeared in it. How natural, how novel is all this! Did you ever imagine that a fresh source of the pathetic would burst forth before us in this trodden and hardened world? I never did, and when I found myself upon it, I pressed my temples with both hands, and tears ran down to my elbows.

"The Opium-eater calls Coleridge 'the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed among men.' Impiety to Shakspeare! treason to Milton! I give up the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain; Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance; Southey has written more, and all well, much admirably. Forster has said grand things about me; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer, in the cries that you are very likely to hear at this moment from your window, 'Ground ivy! ground ivy! ground ivy!'—

"Cannot you teach those about you to write somewhat more purely? I am very fastidious. Three days ago, I was obliged to correct a friend of mine, a man of fashion, who so far forgot the graces, to say of a lady, 'I have not often been in her *company*.' 'Say *presence*;' we are in the company of men, in the presence of angels and of women.

"Let me add a few verses as usual:

'Pleasures—away, they please no more:
Friends—are they what they were before?
Loves—they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance—'tis what the bear can do;
Music—I hate your music too.
Whene'er these witnesses that time
Hath snach'd the chaplet from our prime
Are called by nature, (as we go
With eyes more wary, step more slow),
And will be heard, and noted down,
However we may fret or frown;
Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No! 'twere ungrateful and unwise:
But when die down our charities

For human weal and human woes,
'Tis then the hour our days should close."

"W. S. L."

[No date.]

"My disquisition on Pythagoras arose from finding the lawgiver (as he is called) of the Gauls to have been named *Samotes.* Now Samotes would mean the Samiot, and Pythagoras was of Samos. Although I never keep what I write, hating the labour of transcribing, and never having a good pen in the house, yet I believe one of my brothers has taken a copy of this boyish production. I do not wonder that Coleridge and I should have often gone into the same train of thought. I have usually thrown myself down, when I have found some pleasant spot to rest in, and have looked about me quietly and complacently—he has gone quite through, and has sometimes lost himself, and has often reached the outskirts, and shuddered (which he need not to have done) at the briery hedge and barren termination.

"I am, dear Lady B., yours, &c.,

"W. S. L."

"Baths of Lucca.

"You know how many have had reason to speak of you with gratitude, and all speak in admiration of your generous and gentle heart, incapable as they are of estimating the elevation of your mind.

"Among the last letters I received, was one from Mrs. D——, whose sister married poor Reginald Heber, the late Bishop of Calcutta. She is a cousin of W——'s, and has heard Augustus speak of you as I have often written. Her words are (if she speaks of faults, remember you are both women), 'I wish I was intimate with her, for, whatever may be her faults, so many virtues can be told of few.'

"These are the expressions of a woman who has seen and lived amongst whatever is best and most brilliant, and whose judgment is as sound as her heart, and she does not speak of introduction merely, but of intimacy; it is neither her curiosity nor her pride that seeks the gratification.

"W. S. L."

[No date.]

"I am inclined to hope and believe that the 'Repealers' may do good. Pardon me smiling at your expression, the only one perhaps not original in the book, *going to the root of the evil.* This is always said about the management of Ireland. Alas! the root of the evil lies deeper than the centre of the earth.

"Two things must be done, and done soon. It must be enacted that any attempt to separate one part of the United Kingdom from the other is treason. Secondly, no churchman, excepting the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London, shall enjoy more than twelve hundred pounds yearly from the church, the remainder being vested in government for the support of the poor. Formerly the clergy and the poor were joint tenants, nay, the clergy distributed among the poor more than half. Even in the territories of the Pope himself, the bishoprics, one with another, do not exceed eight hundred a-year, and certainly a fifth, at least, is distributed among the needy. What a scandal! that an admiral who has served fifty years, and endangered his life in fifty actions, should receive but a twentieth part of what is thrown into the surplice of some cringing college tutor, whose services two hundred a year would over-pay! I am afraid that Sir Robert Peel's quick eye may overlook this. Statesmen, like goats, live the most gaily among inequalities."

"Bath, April, 1836.

"To-day I finished a second reading of Barry Cornwall's poems. Scarcely any tether can bring my nose down to that rank herbage which is springing up about us in our walk of poetry. But how fresh and sweet is Barry Cornwall's; he unites the best qualities of the richest moderns, and the purest ancients.

"W. S. L."

" ——, 1836.

"I wish our friend Robinson would shew you my defence, for I never make any note of what I write, be the subject what it may.

"Wordsworth, no doubt, has a thousand good reasons why there is not a poet upon earth; but as there are many who have given me pleasure, I love them for it; some of them perhaps a little more than they deserve. All men are liable to error. I particularly, who believe that there may be criticism without sarcasm, and Christianity without deans and chapters.

"The surface of Wordsworth's mind, the poetry, has a good deal of staple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse intractable dangling threads, fit only for the flock-bed equipage of grooms. I praised him before I knew more of him; else I never should: and I might have been unjust to the better part had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency.

"Beside, there is a little malice, I fear, at the bottom of our hearts (men's, I mean, of course).

"What a fool I must be to have written as I have just been writing, if my own could rise up against me on this occasion! Alas! it has done on too many.

"Do not be angry with me for my sincerity in regard to Byron. He deserves it. Of this I find evident proofs in abundance, although I never read his dramas, nor anything beside 'Don Juan,' and some short pieces. One is admirable, I mean—

'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'

"This is not the beginning, as you will recollect. The bosom of Byron never could hold the urn in which the muse of tragedy embalms the dead. There have been four magic poets in the world. We await the fifth monarchy, and like the Jews with the Messiah, we shall not be aware of it when it comes.

"Poets are called improvident in all affairs out-lying from poetry; but it appears to me, that in their poetry they are the most so—forgetful as they are while they are writing, that they must transcribe it afterwards. Then comes the hoe-husbandry, the weeding, &c., enough to break the back. Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to imitate the gait or learn any tricks of others.

"By living at Clifton, I am grown as rich as Rothschild; and if Count D'Orsay could see me in my new coat, he would not write me so pressingly to come up to London. It would breed ill-blood between us—half plague, half cholera. He would say—'I wish that fellow had his red forehead again—the deuce might powder it for me.' However, as I go out very little, I shall not divide the world with him. How glad I am that you are become acquainted with Forster!

"W. S. L."

"Bristol, October 23, 1836.

"I am grieved at the continuance of your imperfect health, which I hoped had been over and forgotten. All the way down the Rhine, wherever there was a more beautiful view than the rest, I fancied how it would have charmed you with its scenery and its recollections. Yet the Rhine, exclusive of its castles and legends, will bear no comparison with the Lake of Como. It wants majestic trees, it wants Italian skies, it wants idleness and repose, the two most heavenly of heavenly things, the most illusory of illusions.

"W. S. L."

"November 30, 1836.

"B—— has declared that I read his publication. If as Byron thought, and Byron was not *over nice*, a gentleman could not write in it, how can a gentleman be supposed to read it?

"I never ran over a single number in my whole existence, though something was once shewn to me as very clever; and it was so. I should have thought it criminal to give half-a-crown to a —— of Keats, to say nothing of scurrilities. By the bye, there is (in propriety) no such word as *scurrilous*, the word is *scurrile:* we might as well say *sterilous*, and *facilous*, and *flexilous*. This remark is of no consequence to you, who are unlikely to see the word, and sure never to use it. Did you remark a logical defect in Lord L——'s speech? Read over again the first three lines.

"'*I am anxious to call,*' means *I am very desirous to call:* this is self-evident; now, he who feels very *desirous* to do a thing, cannot *rise with extreme reluctance* to do it.

"I should rather have expected this from Pitt or Canning than from Lord L——, who has fifty times their knowledge, scholarship, and discernment. He quarrels with some 'officer of the crown' for calling the House of Lords a dormitory. The officer of the crown acted the part of Blood in stealing this crown jewel, which the crown never paid for, however it may have worn it.

"The jewel, such as it is, is mine: you will find it *tale quale,* as we used to say in Florence, in my 'Imaginary Conversations.' If the officers of the crown kidnap from me, my friends the Liberals are quite as liberal in their handfuls. A letter was sent me full of expressions as well as thoughts taken from my Letters, by a Conservative, and spoken in the House of Commons. People think they have just as much right to use me as the alphabet, and that they can as little write without me.

"W. S. L."

"November 24, 1836.

"It grieves me to hear that you are still unwell. I think, I know, and may I say it with impunity? you give up too much time to the world. All your evenings, all your days . . . . . My satire will be out in ten days. I never will write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If C—— would give me twenty thousand pounds to write a *taking* thing, I would not accept it. What a delight I should have, in being able to refuse twenty thousand pounds by a fortnight's easy occupation!

"My satire cost me five evenings, besides the morning (before breakfast), in which I wrote as much as you have about Wordsworth.

"W. S. L."

(No date.)

"Are you quite sure that your studies do not occupy too much of your attention? It may be an amusing thing to let the imagination take its flights—particularly to one who can regulate it as you can—but the thread that guides it may cut the finger. I am reading, for the third time, Charles Elton's Elegy on the loss of his sons. It is published in a volume he calls 'Boyhood.' Few things ever gave my heart such movements.

"W. S. L."

"January 21st, 1837.

"While I was in the act of opening my paper-case, in order to write to you, a letter was brought me, signed S. C. H., asking me for 'some memoranda, out of which to form a brief page of biography, to accompany specimens of modern Poets.'

"My ignorance of every thing that passes in the literary world is such, that I am utterly at a loss whether this is Mrs. H., or some one else of a name distinguished for letters. Another thing puzzles me no less. Is it possible that any one, excepting Southey, Forster, and James, can believe that I myself am a poet? Now, if I knew who was the writer of the letter, I could not, in common decency, take such a thing for granted. If, however, it should really be the case, and your acquaintance, Mrs. H., should be the writer, I will send you a few notices of my life—as much may be omitted as suits the Editor. I have mentioned all the good nearly I can remember of myself. It need not be recorded. I would only insist on the evil.

"W. S. L."

"21 May, 1837.

"The Tories were formerly more gentlemanly than the Whigs, but what a revolution are they bringing about in their own body! Would they claim for themselves the right of asylum for their culprits, instead of consigning them to the most lenient, as well as the most able hands, for reprehension and chastisement?

"There is nothing in this world but contrariety and falsehood. The best men of all parties are only what David says all men were of old.

"Did you never see a child throw a piece of bread before a parcel of dogs, and enjoy the scuffle? The dogs would rather eat than snarl, though they do both—our wranglers, less wisely, set about growling, and forget how much they stand in need of sustenance. The only thing I could pick a quarrel with, in 'The Victims of Society,' is the *compte rendu* of so many deaths. Would it not (you know best) have been easy to leave the end of some of them to uncertainty and conjecture? I also, in 'Pericles,' have killed off largely, but remember, *I had a plague gratis.* I did not make the most of it. I never do of any thing. If I had all your management, I should be in danger of writing such a book as would get me torn to pieces. At present, the curs only smell at me, and trot on.

"Your censurers, not having before their eyes the fear of a future state, in another literary world, commit injustice without compunction. If they can give no lesson, they may cause one reflection.

"I hear they have been reviewing me in the Quarterly. I wonder where they found their telescope. By the account I receive of it, it wants nothing but the glasses. How perilous it is to tread upon the heels of truth.

"With best compliments to the party at Gore House,

"W. S. L."

[No date.]

"I have subjoined to the 'Pentameron' five dramatic pieces, which I call 'Pentalogia,'—the title given to five Greek plays. Mine are only single scenes. Few people will like them, and those who like them most, will speak worst of them, excepting Southey, Fonblanque, and Forster. It is quite enough if, among all our critics, these three are satisfied.

"I have been at Plymouth, where I met Colonel Hamilton Smith, a man who has collected a greater variety of knowledge than any other I ever conversed with. His drawings of different races of men in different ages, of animals, and works illustrative of history, are most wonderful.

"I hope you will be delighted with the review, by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill, at which our little Queen will be present. If I had any chance of getting a fair sight of it and of her, I do verily think I should mount a coach, and defy the risk of another such mulberry face as I brought to you last year.

"I must have been very like him whom the Athenians called a mulberry, covered with meal. He killed them for their fun. I do not imagine I shall kill any body.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, January 19th, 1838.

"When my letter makes its way between you and Julia Alpinula, you will wish me frozen up, as long and as soundly as the Siberian mammoth. Let me confess to you, I never stared more than at this sweet Alpinula. I had no recollection of the name. Indeed, both names and faces leave an extremely weak impression on my memory. Evidently it was a Gaulish family. Nearly all the Roman inscriptions were collected as early as the time of Scaliger, and no great quantity of others has been added to those of G——* and Montfaucon. The Latin of this is very barbarous. Indeed, the lapidary skill, even of better and earlier times, is wonderfully so, on most occasions.

"It would be difficult to select five-and-twenty, which do not seem to have been left to the learning and taste of the stonecutter. The best, however, that ever was written, either in Latin or any other language, is attributed to Shenstone. Vale (I forget who) Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!

"When will any man write any thing worth this again? It never comes into my mind but it takes entire possession of my heart, and I am as incapable of reading for an hour after, as if I had just left Hamlet or Othello. There are single sentences in the world, far out-valuing three or four hundred authors, all entire; as there have been individual men, out-valuing many whole nations; Washington, for instance, and Kosciusko, and Hofer, were fairly worth all the other men of their times; I mean that each was. So Count D'Orsay was the happy discoverer of Alpinula. Sure enough, they who look out of a window see more than they who pore over a desk. D'Orsay's mind is always active. I wish it would put his pen in motion. At this season of the year, I fancied he was at Melton. Does not he lament that this bitter frost allows him no chance of breaking his neck over gates and double hedges? Pray offer him my kindest remembrances. I am sorry to hear of Fonblanque's bad health, although it has not yet diminished his vigour in writing. We have nothing like him in the political world. Your friend, Lord Durham, must either be a very patriotic man, or a very ambitious one. I confess to you, my ambition and patriotism united would not induce me to undertake what he has undertaken, for the possession of all America, North and South. I am so timid and thoughtless a creature, that I would not have a chilblain for a kingdom. I would not even dip this pen in ink, if it cost me any exertion, to set obstinate fools rather more right than they were before. What are they? chaff soon blown away, to make room for other chaff, threshed on the same floor. Superstition and fraud must be drawn out of the ring, then men will have fair play, and fight for any stake that suits them

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* Name illegible.—R. R. M.

"Believe me, ever your obliged,
"W. S. Landor."

[No date.]

"Certainly it was my intention to surprise you, some day, with a *couple* of tragedies. You ought never to have heard that I had written one. Forster is the only person to whom I ever spoke a word about it, and I requested him to keep it a secret. It is not my intention or wish that either of them should come upon the stage. Indeed, I cannot easily be induced to allow them to be printed in my life-time. I said, in my last publication, that I would publish nothing more. At present, you will not easily believe that I finished one of my dramas in thirteen days, the other in eight, from the conception to the completion.

"My old acquaintance, Mr. Brown, whom you remember for *the* Dictionary, has been induced to come over and spend the last week with me. On Wednesday, he will shew me Plymouth, near which city he is residing. I shall return after three days. He told me some curious anecdotes. You know his accuracy. He heard from H—— that J——, Lady H——'s pet, was very unwilling that he (H——) should notice (in any way) my ‘Imaginary Conversations.’ But hearing that he intended to punish me for my contemptuousness towards Bonaparte, he assented.

“Mr. Brown accompanied poor Keats on a visit to W———. Keats read to him a part of his ‘Endymion,’ in which, I think, he told me, there is a ‘Hymn to Pan.’ W——— looked red, though grave; and said, at last, ‘A pretty piece of paganism.’

“This reminds me of Kenyon's question to Robinson,—‘Did you ever, you who have travelled with him for months together, did you ever hear him speak favourably of any author whatsoever?’

“Robinson's reply was, ‘He certainly is not given to the laudatory.’

“He well deserves the flagellation I have given him, for his impudence in regard to Southey. But to make amends, if ever he writes five such things as you will find at the end of my volume, I will give him as many hundred pounds. I will now publish nothing more, for the remainder of my life. The little I have to say on this subject, I say in a few lines to good Southey, which I prefix to the ‘Five Dramatic Scenes.’

“W. S. L.”

“April 3rd, 1838.

“If any one knows the warmth and sincerity of your friendship, I do: and therefore it grieves me that what I published of [ ] has given you uneasiness. But his petulant animosity, his malignant spirit, was to be rebuked; and it was time to teach him that there are men in the world as much stronger than himself, as he is stronger than a spider.

“W. S. L.”

“Bath, October, 1838.

“What a deplorable thing! that the only man in England capable of governing a country, has thrown up his powers—powers exercised so signally for the public good.

“His enemies say he has persons of bad character about him —nothing more likely. What potentate was ever without them?

Armour is not made of gold, but of iron and brass; thoroughly good men will never be hangers-on, even on men better than themselves. We want scoundrels. God has been indulgent to us in this article of equipment. Cannot you do more than our *ciucci*[*] of ministers? cannot you persuade Lord Durham to shew on this occasion all the firmness of his character; pacify Canada, then return, look his enemies in the face, scatter them to the dust by it, and turn his back?

"W. S. L."

"December, 1838.

"My friend Forster has promised to come to Bath, to make me a visit, after Christmas. This is friendship put to the proof. I would rather face a fire of musketry than these abominable fogs. We have however, some amusements. Thalberg has been here, and there is to be another concert on Monday. To attend it is really going in spite of one's teeth. Mine begin to mutiny on such occasions, although they are as strong as another's.

"Piety is greatly on the increase at Bath, not only conceited Evangelism, but most genuine piety, and among men who certainly make no false pretensions. The last time I was at the rooms, I heard two go through the same formula on the same occasion. They both had been waiting in the lobby, and they both had been blest by having handed their ladies into their carriages. One shuffled his shoulders, and the other dilated both nostrils, and each exclaimed with equal devotion, 'Thank God!'"

"W. S. L."

"January 1st, 1839.

"I have this instant sent your note to poor ———. I never was paid so well for celebrity. It has made him very ill. He is now about to publish a drama on the Deluge, on which he tells me he has been engaged for twenty years. You cannot be surprised that he is grievously and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on his brain so long. The threatened deluge makes me open my prayer book to look for the blessed words of the Royal Psalmist, and join his Majesty in 'O that I were a bird!' a water-bird of course, wild goose, sheldrake, gull, &c., in short, anything that might possibly escape from the interior of the ark, for which (I fear) not a drop of spirit has been provided. Contented as I am to be a water-drinker, I do not prefer the water of tanks and cisterns, particularly if it has lain very long in lead.

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[*] Neapolitan term for asses.—R. R. M.

"W. S. L."

"January 15, 1839.

"I have been in Berkshire for four days, on a visit to Hare, who insisted on my keeping his birthday. He is residing at West Woodhay House, built by Inigo Jones. It would do passably well for Naples, better for Timbuctoo. All but my victuals were congealed. I almost envied the bed of Procrustes, so enormous was mine, such a frozen sea. A company of comedians might have acted in it any piece they chose, and there would have been ample room for prompter and orchestra. I was ready to say my prayers when I was delivered from it.

"W. S. L."

"March 7, 1839.

"This morning I have taken back to the circulating library the last volume of Vidocq. If I had time, or rather, if I took any great interest in two such people as the great thief and the great thief-taker, I would compose a parallel, inch by inch, of these two men.* One of them frightened all the good, the other all the bad—one betrayed all his employers, the other all his accomplices—one sacrificed the hopeful to ambition, the other the desperate to justice.

"I doubt whether in seven years I could form the corollary more completely than I have done in the seventh of a minute, but it will require a century to make men honest and wise enough to bear the question 'which is best?' The whole race of moral swindlers and ringdroppers must be taken up first. When God has stripped us all of furs and flounces, our just proportions will be discovered better.

"W. S. L."

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* The contemplated parallel was between Napoleon and Vidocq.—R. R. M.

"Bath, October 8, 1839.

"I have often thought of the pleasure you must enjoy in the society of Miss Power. It is to be hoped she will prevail on you to be less studious, and to think a little more of your health.

"It is long since I heard any thing of Forster or Kenyon. I suspect that Kenyon must be abroad, for I wrote to him about a month ago, and have received no answer.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, November 17, 1839.

"I am not surprised at hearing that Trelawney has retired from society. He possesses a strong and philosophical mind, and we have only the choice of living quite alone or with scoundrels. He might perhaps have taken the alternative if these had any genius or even any pleasantry. I could be well content in solitude as deep as his. Never were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year, when I wrote 'Gebir,' and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed with copper works, and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with low roses and thousands of nameless flowers and plants, trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless. These creatures were somewhat between me and the animals, and were as useful to the landscape as masses of weed or stranded boats. But what can be said of those manufactured things from the workshop of politics which have neither edge nor handle, which it may hurt one to tread upon, and which it is troublesome to kick aside?

"I am grieved that my good Milnes, so pure-hearted, so affectionate, should mix with the busy adventurers of either faction. His genius is so very far above them, and his fortune so independent. We are losing some families, among the rest is one I much esteem: the Frenches. Mr. French is the brother of Lord Ashbrooke, who has written of old some very elegant poetry, and is an amusing and pleasant man.

"W. S. L."

[No date, probably written in 1839.]

"Digby, who became a Catholic, and Padre Pagani, who probably is the next in learning to Digby among the Catholics, are inclined to convert me.* Doubtless it is an amusement to them to throw the rod and line over the running stream: the trout laughs in his sleeve, and sidles, and shows all his specks. Alas! I can no longer sing my old version of Adeste Fideles, for want of chorus—'Adeste Fideles! læte triumphantes!' &c.

"A few months ago I went to occupy my former seat in the Catholic Chapel, where I had once been seated between Mrs. Fitzherbert and Helen Walsh Porter. On the wall, at the extremity of it, I saw a marble tablet. I went toward it, and there I found the name of my oldest friend, Mrs. Ferrers, and just beyond it, was her daughter's. I will venture to say, and I do it without pride, I was at that moment the most religious and devout man in the whole chapel. It is true I did not hear the service, and the music, which was so mingled with the affections as to be lost among them: yet, instead of wishing to be reminded of soft words and tender looks, which I went for, the faces of old friends rose up from the grave before me, and were far more welcome. I waited until all were gone out, and then I placed my brow against the edge of the monument. Age has its follies, you see, no less than youth.

"I wish to hear your ladyship's opinion of my friend Colonel Napier's History. In my opinion, he holds incomparably the highest rank among all now extant in the literary world.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, December 1, 1839.

"On Wednesday last, I was present at a wedding; the only one I ever was at, excepting one other. There was bridecake, and there were verses in profusion, two heavy commodities! But what an emblematic thing the bride-cake is! All sugar above, and all lumpiness below. But may Heaven grant another, and far different destiny, to my sweet-tempered, innocent, sensible, young friend.

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* Dr. Pagani, a native of Italy, the president of the R. C. Colleges at Rugby and Ratcliffe, in Leicestershire, is one of the most gifted men of his order, and perhaps of his profession, in this country. He belongs to the order founded by the Count Rosmini, one of the most remarkable theological writers of his time.—R. R. M.

" Lord and Lady Aylmer are here, and we have had *cose stupende* in music. Lady Aylmer gave me a different account of Rose Bathurst's sad fate, from the 'Idler in Italy.' She expressed a wish that your Ladyship had heard it circumstantially from Mills. It was most affecting. Lord Aylmer twice dashed into the Tiber, once with hat and coat on. Being a bad swimmer, and finding he could do nothing with these impediments, he made for the bank, threw his coat off, and plunged in a second time. He would have attempted a third time, but Lady A. seeing the horse now at last without his rider, held him, and declared, if he went again, she would follow. His mouth was full of mud, and he was quite distracted. He felt the effect for two entire years, and probably his health still suffers from it. A more humane or a more generous man does not exist. How he loves his nieces! Rose Bathurst kept her seat, in the middle of the stream, to a great distance. Probably some stake, or fragment of ruin, caught her riding habit, and drew her off.

" W. S. L."

" Bath, April 1, 1841.

" Perhaps you may have interest enough with the Tories, now they are coming into place, and I am growing old, to obtain me the appointment of road sweeper from Gore House across to Hyde Park. You can present them a proof in print that I avowed myself a Conservative. If you should not succeed in the application, I shall still be ever

" Your Ladyship's obliged,
" W. S. LANDOR."

" P.S. I know there must be many names already down before mine. I can wait. Be particular in saying, that the place I wanted was for *removing* dirt, or else there may be some mistake.

" It is beginning to rain again. What are our bishops at? But their venison never was fatter. A glorious season on the whole, if people would but think so. And are not the good old times, which were behind us far away last year, again in full prospect before us?"

"Bath, July 4, 1841.

"On Monday, early in the morning, I started for my brother Robert's, in Worcestershire. He possesses a most delightful place at Berlingham. All the money he receives from his benefice, he spends on the education and comforts of the poor. Enough is left for a capitally good table. He has neither horse nor servant of the male sex, except a couple of gardeners—one for his melons, &c., the other to keep, in perfect order, about four acres of lawn before the house.

"I am delighted to find how gloriously my friend Dickens has been received at Edinburgh. But the Scotchmen could not avoid ill-placed criticisms, and oblique comparisons. One blockhead talked of his deficiency in the female character—the very thing in which he and Shakspeare most excel.

"Juliet herself may, for one moment, turn her eyes from Romeo on little Nell, and Desdemona take to heart her hairbreadth scapes. I dare not decide which of these three characters is the most interesting and pathetic.

"There was plenty of heat in this Edinburgh laboratory; but all that came from the leaden alembic came drop by drop.

"W. S. L."

"July 21, 1841.

"I went over last week to see a lady at Clifton.

"She was outrageous against the '*vile wicked Radicals*, who turned out Lord Powerscourt, although he has the most beautiful place in all Ireland.'

"There was another turned out at the same time: I do not know the man's name; but unless he has a fine place, he has never any commiseration. I am afraid we are running into confusion.

"Two honest and wise men, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Morpeth, think differently on all the principal points: the others are shufflers and adventurers. I would commend them to any upright and impartial hangman, with the refuse of about a dozen of each party.

"When I talk of shufflers, I mean the leaders: the others might go safely back to their offices and courts of law. My friend Napier made a glorious speech to the Chartists. I hope his authority will keep them quiet. No man in Europe holds such influence over the public mind. What other man unites a fiftieth part of such glorious judgment, courage, and integrity? His cousin, the commodore, has a portion of all these qualities.

"W. S. L."

"November 23, 1842.

"I must not burst forth into praises, but I may express my admiration of two lovely portraits. My opinion is, that you would rather hear this than things you have heard oftener. There is a little question asked by Miss Ellen Power, which a juvenile friend of hers has had the sincerity to solve. She asks—

"'But by the friends who loved us here,
Shall we be loved in Heaven?
Or have they to the angels there,
The love they bore us given?'

"Now this daring youth, who pretends to know a great deal about the matter, has the appearance to have his face turned towards her, and says—

"'The happy who are called above,
Must give the *angels* all their love;
So when you get there, you will find
Exactly what you left behind.'

"W. S. L."

"Bath, December 21.

"I am indeed very far from indifferent to the loss of poor Lady Belmore.

"Thirty-seven years ago I began my acquaintance with her, and I liked her frankness so much, that I overcame my abhorrence of routs, and went at her desire to hers, although to no others. But then her small Sunday parties, never exceeding fourteen, and from which all but those whom she thought the pleasantest or the prettiest, were excluded! Ah, then, indeed, was I devout, and offered my little taper offerings up at shrine after shrine. Bath, in those days, was frequented for a few weeks by many persons of high rank, and there was none of that familiarity, even among themselves, which people now indulge in with their superiors of all sorts.

"Centrifugal force is as needful to the order of society as the attraction of adhesion; and gravity (not excessive) adds grace to good humour. I thought so then, and I think so now. In too great closeness there is neither growth nor sunshine; it does only for dwarf plants.

"Permit me to be quite vernacular, and to say, instead of *the compliments of the season*, 'a merry Christmas!' How well that sounds—there are the village bells in it.

"This evening I have been writing some verses which I will transcribe. I hope you will think them good enough for a place either in the 'Book of Beauty' or its sisters. The three persons mentioned in them are among the very best that ever lived. My excellent old friend Mr. Parkhurst was appointed by Lord North to be one of the commissaries to the armies in North America. On his return, he met Lord North in the Park.

"'What, Parkhurst! you a commissary! and in your old family coach?'

"'Yes, my Lord! thank God! and without a shilling more in my pocket than when I set out.'

"'A pretty thing to thank God for!'

"He and his son-in-law Rosenhagen are the men who unite most of virtue and most of polish that I ever have met with; so that I have written these verses con amore at least. Mrs. Rosenhagen, whom I remember an infant, is the providence of her husband. Never were two persons so devoted one to the other.

"W. S. L."

"March 23, 1843.

"Stopford wrote to me yesterday, full of such praises as I have not the courage to repeat, lest you should think some of them came purely and originally from me. But I may venture to say of Count D'Orsay that Stopford thinks him the most perfect gentleman in the world, and other things, which, being an author, I ought to love him for from the bottom of my heart.

"How does he do? And pray let me hear too that your affliction is softened. Forster tells me of your condescension and humanity. Admiration is very like wonder, but I did not wonder at all.

"W. S. L."

"March 27, 1843.

"Poor Southey is now beyond all suffering and sorrow. Indeed, so he was long before he died. His excellent wife gave me frequent notices of him. I never dare ask about health which is doubtful, and to enquire about that which is hopeless is a cruelty or a folly. I have often been inclined to write to you, but I was afraid of your remarking that I said nothing of poor Mrs. Fairlie's. How often have I thought of her! particularly since that little angel left her.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, April 8, 1843.

"Believe me—you cannot do otherwise, you who have known me so long and so thoroughly.—I feel a sad shock from this second blow that has befallen you. Poor dear Mrs. Fairlie! But her virtues and her piety made her life and her death happy. Let us believe she is more so now.

"I remain, W. S. L."

"Bath, April 16, 1843.

"Let me congratulate you on the importation of a spring fresh from Italy. I hope Miss Power enjoys its presence, or rather, that it enjoys Miss Power. She forgot to send me her exercises and her music.

"Yet a master ought to have some hold on a fair lady, until a lord and master makes him loose his hold. Alas, by-the-bye, for lords and masters. What *fugitivities* in this slower world of ours! If the gentle creatures seize the wings of the zephyrs and fly away in the month of March, what can we expect in May! Poor L—— seems to have encountered his evil genius a litle on this side of Philippi. The dying close of the dithynambics was deplorably lugubrious.

"Since the little loves have been playing such pranks, I myself am afraid of walking with any thing white or flower-coloured.

If I heard a dove or a wood-pigeon, I should be afraid of remarking it; I should lower my eyes, being a stickler on the side of legitimacy, and a doubter on many points.

"Now, although I began with no other object in view than to make inquiries about your health, I too am become, on this little piece of paper, as great a rambler as those whose rambles are less solitary.

"Next month, my two sons, Arnold and Walter, make me a visit here at Bath. Perhaps good grave Walter will remain with me. Arnold, I doubt not, has attractions nearer the south than the north. Wherever they may be, it would be a sign of any man's sagacity to pull him out of bed by the heels.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, October 18, 1843.

"It is now ten days since Walter and Julia* left me. They stayed a single day with their grandmother at Richmond. Julia told me she had not forgotten how kind you and the Duchess de Guiche were to her, when she was a child, at Florence. They go to Brusselles, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Wisbaden. All to be done in ten days, for fear of the snows meeting them on the Alps.

"I have entreated them to spend two entire days at Como, although the rest of the world (Naples included) will look little after. In passing through Switzerland, to look eternally at the sharp points of the Alps, is as bad as reposing on the spine of a hedgehog. But then there is Vevay, there is Meillerie! scenes for which one has abandoned every other upon earth, and scarcely deigns to look up—at the balcony of Juliette.

"I detest the character of Rousseau, but I cannot resist his eloquence. He had more of it, and finer than any man. Demosthenes' was a contracted heart; and even Milton's was vitiated by the sourness of theology.

"W. S. L."

"P.M. Bath, November 5th, 1844.

"Always kind and considerate, I have indeed had a touch of the rheumatism—a mere touch—not a blow—and the rheumatism you know (or rather I hope you do *not* know) always comes with a heavy cudgel. It was caused by my imprudence in rising up in my bed to fix a thought on paper—night is not the time to pin a butterfly on a blank leaf. Four hot baths have now almost buoyed up this monster from oppressing me. Of its four legs, I feel only one upon me, and indeed just the extremity of the hoof. At Gore House I should forget it—there I forgot the plague when I had it. But Bath air is the best air in the world. In twenty minutes we can have three climates.

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* The children of Mr. Landor.—R. R. M.

"I hope in the spring I may be able to pay you my respects. Where else can I find so much wit and so much wisdom? The rest of the earth may pretend it can collect (but I doubt it) as much beauty. Do not whisper a word of this to a certain pair of sisters. I hope I myself shall be in full bloom when we meet again. Indeed, I have little doubt of it—I have youth on my side. I shall not see seventy, for nearly three months to come. I am very busy collecting all I have written. It may perhaps be published in another eight or ten months. Once beyond seventy, I will never write a line in verse or prose for publication. I will be my own Gil Blas. The wisest of us are unconscious when our faculties begin to decay. Knowing this, I fixed my determination many years ago. I am now plucking out my weeds all over the field, and will leave only the strongest shoots of the best plants standing.

"W. S. L."

"January 1, 1845.

"Before I open any other letter, I must thank you for the graceful lines you have written to me. They will keep my breast warmer, and adorn me more than the waistcoat. Nothing can be dearer to me than your recollection, accompanied by such invariable kindness. Every friend I have in the world knows how highly I esteem your noble qualities, and I never lose an opportunity of expatiating on them. You have left me nothing to wish but a favourable account of your health, and a few words about my other friends at Gore House. To-morrow I am promised your new novel. With your knowledge of the world, and, what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation; what then if he enjoys your friendship! Often and often, in this foggy weather, have I trembled lest you should have a return of the bronchitis. But I am credibly informed that the sun has visited London twice in the month of December. Let us hope, that such a phenomenon may portend no mischief to the nation.

" 'To thee I call,
O Sun! to tell thee how I love the beams
That bring to my remembrance the blue skies
Of Italy, so brightened by thy smile.'

"It is well I have left off poetry, or certainly I should be as jealous of a certain young lady, as any other man is of the youth who sits beside her.

"W. S. L."

"December 18, 1845.

"....I have been delighted with your last volume of 'The Idler in Italy.' There are, however, two oversights in the 255 pages; one is the printer's.

"In the first line, 'above two centuries' should be 'about *twenty centuries*.'

"The Cimbri were Gauls—the Teutones were Germans, who joined them in the invasion of Italy. The name of these Cimbri is still retained by the Welsh, in Cimrai; and the Germans, including the Dutch, bear no other in their own country. Even the Italian word, *Tedesco*, shews its origin plainly: for *Germano*, which is often used by the English, means a wild duck. Query, are not ducks and Dutch one and the same origin?

[In regard to observations in the work of Lady B. on paintings.]

"Guercino, in my poor opinion, is very inferior to Guido, Domenichino, Ludovico, and Annibal Caracci, and another great painter (who, however, paints often badly), Cavedone.* One of the finest pictures in the Gallery at Bologna is by him. I stood a long time before it, to recover from the 'Murder of the Innocents,' for this is too real. Most things are real with me, except realities.

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* Cavedone, a great fresco painter, born in 1577, died in 1660.—R. R. M.

"How very just is your remark on that picture in the Brera. That and the Cenci were both painted by some lady, perhaps the favourite scholar of Guido, but not in the time of a Cenci. Both are pleasing: neither is very admirable as a work of art.

"In the 'Book of Beauty,' if I had not seen the verses of Miss Power (and beautiful ones they are), prefixed to the portrait of Miss Isabella Montgomery, nothing could ever have persuaded me that it is not Miss Power's. I doubt if any painter will produce so perfect a likeness of her. This is incomparably the most beautiful one in the whole volume....I hope that, according to my orders, a copy of 'Fra Rupert' was sent for her to Gore House.

"W. S. L.'

"August 28, 1846.

"Yesterday Colonel Jervis told me that Prince Louis Napoleon is here, and had done me the favour to mention me to-day, I will therefore leave my card at his hotel....

"I feel I am growing old, for want of somebody to tell me (charming falsehood) that I am looking as young as ever. There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

"Pray waft the breath of my earnest wishes and kindest remembrances round about all at Gore House.

"W. S. L."

"November 23, 1846.

"On my return from Clifton, where I spent last week, I find on my table the 'Book of Beauty,' and the 'Keepsake.' So anxious are some of my lady friends to read them, that I had only time to look at what came from the pen of those I most value and regard; but I could recognize in their new dresses the heroines of Byron's Burlington Arcade. Miss Garrow's exquisite poem was quoted in the 'Examiner.' Wonderful creature! pity that Byron did not live long enough to profit by her refined taste. I am too old to be a gainer by it; but it has been my fate, long before now, to be an admirer where I could be no gainer, luckless man! Are you quite resolved to close the 'Book of Beauty' for ever? I am among the many who hope it may not be so.

"W. S. L."

"November, 1848.

"I am beginning to read 'Sismondi on the Italian Republics.' It grieves me to think I never saw him while he was living near Pescia. He expressed to Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Hutton a great desire to know me. This is amongst the highest honours I have received in literature: for never was there an honester man, and seldom a wiser. It is only from such hands I could with complacency or pleasure receive distinctions.

"And now he is gone, pure and true-hearted Sismondi!

"I hope these horrible fogs, which make incursions even into our own Elysian fields, have spared you. I see the Duc de Guiche is gone to Lord Shrewsbury's, to meet the Duc de Bourdeaux. How much livelier at Gore House, where he did not seem a day older than his uncle, D'Orsay.

"W. S. L."

[In re Louis Napoleon.]

"January 9, 1849.

"Possibly you may never have seen the two articles I enclose. I inserted in the 'Examiner' another, deprecating the anxieties which a truly patriotic, and, in my opinion, a singularly wise man, was about to encounter, in accepting the Presidency of France. Necessity will compel him to assume the Imperial Power, to which the voice of the Army and People will call him.

"You know (who know not only my writings, but my heart) how little I care for station. I may therefore tell you safely, that I feel a great interest, a great anxiety, for the welfare of Louis Napoleon. I told him, if ever he were again in a prison, I would visit him there; but never, if he were upon a throne, would I come near him. He is the only man living who would adorn one, but thrones are my aversion and abhorrence. France, I fear, can exist in no other condition. Her public men are greatly more able than ours, but they have less integrity. Every Frenchman is by nature an intriguer. It was not always so, to the same extent; but nature is modified, and even changed, by circumstances. Even garden statues take their form from clay.

"God protect the virtuous Louis Napoleon, and prolong in happiness the days of my dear, kind friend, Lady Blessington.

"W. S. L.

"I wrote a short letter to the President, and not of congratulation. May he find many friends as disinterested and sincere."

[No date.]

"When I had written my letter, it came into my recollection that I had somewhere written a few verses to Miss Garrow. I have been able to recover a copy, not having kept one myself."

TO THEODOSIA GARROW, WITH PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

"By whom, Aspasia, wilt thou sit?
Let me conduct thy steps, apart,
To her whose graces and whose wit
Had shared with thine Cleona's heart.

"No more beneath Pandion's walls
The purer muses sigh in vain:
Departed Time her voice recalls,
To hear the attic song again.

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

Mr. Forster was born in Newcastle, in 1812. He is indebted to the best of all patrons, for his eminence in literature—his own sterling worth and talents, sound judgment, and solid understanding.

The rarest and most advantageous of all combinations—the union of common sense and great intellectual endowments—constitutes the power and peculiarity of Mr. Forster's abilities alike in literature and journalism. One is reminded, by his lucid, plain, trenchant, and forcible style of writing, of Cobbett's best manner, with a large infusion into it of literary taste and scholarship. If Cobbett had been a man highly educated, with sensibility, and that delicacy of organization which is essential to the development of a taste for art, a love of poetry, a longing after excellence of every sort in nature, or beyond its realms, and it was possible for him, thus constituted, to have retained his original, rough, intellectual vigour, his style would be found, perhaps, to bear a strong resemblance to that of Forster. If there be anything to be desired in the latter, it is an admixture of vivacity—of light wit and refined humour—to relieve the ponderous prose of subjects discussed with profound thought and gravity, and when treated with irony, of too fine a sort for the generality of matter-of-fact people to find out in it, anything bordering on a joke. Pascal made himself master of the minds of his readers, while he amused their imaginations—*la veritable maitre du cœur, sait faire rire l'esprit.*

A disciple of Lavater or Gall and Spurzheim could not encounter Forster in any society, or position in it, without being struck with his appearance, his broad and ample forehead, his massive features, his clear, intelligent eye, his firm, fixed, and solemn look, and expressiveness of lips and other features. When we are ushered into the presence of Forster, we feel at home in his company, and well assured of our safety in it. We find ourselves in the company of a man of high integrity and moral character—of an enlarged mind and of a generous nature.

His original pursuits have given to him an acuteness of intellect, which enhances the value of his opinions on subjects wholly unconnected with those pursuits; hence, perhaps, to some extent, the unbounded confidence placed in his prudence, sagacity, and experience by several of the most eminent literary people of the day. Forster is the intimate friend of Landor and Dickens. The peculiar bent of his literary taste is the study of history, and his acquaintance with it is profound. The lessons thus derived from history, and his experience of professional and literary life conjoined, give a philosophical turn to his sentiments and social character. One who knows him well, thus writes of his genial disposition: —"He is not general in his friendships, but I have known him, in cases where his aid has been required, display a zeal and energy rarely surpassed, or, indeed, equalled, more especially in cases of literary men, or their families, when in distress."

In December, 1836, Lady Blessington, writing to one of her correspondents, said—"I have made the acquaintance of Mr. Forster, and like him exceedingly; he is very clever, and, what is better, very noble-minded."

The principal works of Forster are, "The Statesmen of the

Commonwealth,"* and the "Life of Goldsmith"—the latter, a performance of great merit, remarkable for the vigour of its style, extensive research, and calm philosophical views of the times and persons he treats of; manifesting not only literary talents of the highest order, but kindly feelings and generous impulses. A lover of literature for its own dear sake, a zealous, able, and fearless advocate of its interests; a man of strong sympathies with his fellow-men, and, above all, with the unfortunate, the neglected, or the ill-used of that literary profession of which he is a frank, manly, warm-hearted, and most distinguished member.

Mr. Forster's contributions to reviews and other periodicals, if collected and published in a distinct form, would probably do more for his fame than either of his separate works, excellent as they are.

It always appeared to me a great merit in Lady Blessington, that she had the ability to discover the worth of men like Forster, and the power of attaching them to her by the strongest ties of friendship.

In this instance, from a large correspondence, only such passages have, by request, been taken as helped to exhibit the kindliness of Lady Blessington's nature, and the generosity and warmth of her friendships.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

"Gore House, Monday. 1835.

"It has given me the greatest pleasure to hear that you are so much better. Count D'Orsay assures me that the improvement is most satisfactory. To-morrow will be the anniversary of his birth-day, and a few friends will meet to celebrate it. How I wish you were to be among the number. What you say of Horace Walpole well exposes the littleness of that overpraised man's character. I never liked him, and always considered him a sort of nondescript, combining all the qualities of an envious, spiteful old maid. His one redeeming point was his affection for General Conway, and now even that is gone. How I wish the weather would mend, and that you could come to us.

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* Published in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, October 7th, 1838.

"I have been a sad invalid of late, and am still making but a very slow progress towards health. My literary labours, slight as the subjects to which they have been directed are, have fatigued me, and I now discern *light* works may prove as *heavy* to the writer, as they too frequently do to the reader.

"M. Blessington."

"Saturday night.

"I thought of you often last evening and this day. I have felt all that you are now undergoing thrice in my life, and know what a painfully unsettled state of mind it produces, what a dread of the present, what a doubt of the future. What a yearning after the departed, and what an agonizing conviction that never was the Being while in life, so fondly, so tenderly loved as now, when the love is unavailing. Judge then, after three such trials, how well I can sympathize in yours. I feel towards you, as some traveller returned from a perilous voyage, where he narrowly escaped shipwreck, feels, when he sees a dear friend exposed to similar danger, and would fain make his sad experience useful to him. I am glad you have heard from our friend ———. To find a friend when one most needs consolation, is indeed something to be grateful for; and I am glad when any thing brings back old and dear associations. Perhaps if we could all see each other's hearts, there would be no misgivings, for coldness of manner often covers warmth of heart, as to use a very homely simile, wet slack covers over the warm fire beneath. My nieces send you their cordial regards. Count d'Orsay will be the bearer of this. God bless and comfort you! prays your cordial friend,

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, February 10th, 1843.

"I am deeply sensible of your sympathy, and truly value it. You, who knew the interesting creature who has been taken from us, can imagine our grief.* She had wound herself around the fibres of my heart, and it will be long ere I recover the sorrow her death has occasioned me. The development of the mind of this dear child has long been to me a subject of study and delight. Such an extraordinary intellect, and so warm and tender a heart. At ten years old she had a knowledge and piety almost unexampled, without having lost the least portion of that innocence and gaiety which form such an attraction in childhood. Her poor mother bears this trial wonderfully, and I do believe the certainty of soon joining her lost child assists her in supporting it.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, December 10th, 1844.

"And so our friend is gone! Does not his visit now seem like a pleasant dream, from which one is sorry to awake? Will you tell me how I can send him the 'Keepsake,' and 'Book of Beauty?' 'The Chimes' delighted me, although it beguiled me of many tears. It will do great good, for I defy any one to read it (and all the English world will), without being deeply affected in the fate of that class, whose cause he so powerfully advocates. Yes, this book will melt hearts and open purse strings. There is a truthfulness in the writer, not only in his works, but in his life, that makes itself felt, and commands our sympathies. I could not lay down 'The Chimes' until those of my clock had told three in the morning, and I was embarrassed to meet the eyes of my servants, mine were so red from my tears. Do name a day to come and dine with us. It will be very kind, in this cold, dark weather; and more so, as Count D'Orsay is absent, and will be for some days. I heard from our friend, Sir E. B. Lytton, yesterday, and am glad to hear he is in better health than usual. I long to have another book from him, for it seems an age since the last. My nieces send you their kindest regard.

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* The death of Miss Isabella Fairlie is referred to.—R. R. M.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, Jan. 1, 1845.

"If the warmest sympathy of your friends at Gore House could alleviate your grief, be assured its bitterness would be softened. We feel so sincere a regard for you, that the loss you have sustained cannot be a matter of indifference to us, and therefore we hope you will come to us *en famille,* without the fear of meeting other guests, until your spirits are more equal to encountering a mixed society.

"Before I knew of your affliction, I had prepared a little gift for you for this day. Its sombre hue, alas! but too well accords with your present feelings, and therefere I venture to send it. Should you return to-day, and be equal to the exertion, we shall be most happy to see you at dinner at eight o'clock. My nephew will be the only guest.

"When you write to Mr. Dickens remember us most kindly to him. I have made many persons buy 'The Chimes' who were afraid it was not amusing, and made them ashamed of expecting nothing better, nothing greater, from such a writer. They can laugh until their sides ache over Mrs. Gamp, but they dread weeping over dear good Trotty, that personification of goodness; sweet Meg, the *beau ideal* of female excellence; poor Lilian, and the touching but stern reality of Bill Fern, which beguiled me of so many tears. We should pity such minds, yet they make us too angry for pity. I have read 'The Chimes' a third time, and found it as impossible to repress my tears when perusing the last scene between Meg and Lilian as at the first. God bless you.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, Saturday, Jan. 11, 1845.

"If you knew the anxiety we all feel about your health, and the fervent prayers we offer up for its speedy restoration, you would be convinced, that though you have friends of longer date, you have none more affectionately and sincerely attached to you than those at Gore House. I claim the privilege of an *old woman* to be allowed to see you as soon as a visitor in a sick room can be admitted.

" Sterne says, that ' a friend has the same right as a physician,' and I hope you will remember this. Count D'Orsay every day regrets that he cannot go and nurse you, and we both often wish you were here, that we might try our power of alleviating your illness, if not of curing you. God bless you, and restore you speedily to health.

" M. Blessington."

" Gore House, Feb. 13, 1845.

" We are greatly distressed by the news of my poor nephew's death in India, the brother of your friends. The poor souls are in great affliction. He was a fine youth of twenty-two years old, and gave great promise. He had caught the Chinese fever, while on service in China, and his constitution sunk under it. Poor fellow! how sad to die so far from all who loved him. In addition to all our troubles, Captain P———, of the Guards, has been attacked by small-pox, and gives us great anxiety. I spend the greater part of every day by his bed-side, to which I am now hastening; but in all my domestic trials, I cannot forget we have a friend whose health deeply interests us all, whom I cannot unfortunately go to see, and therefore I solicit a few lines to tell us how you are.

" M. Blessington."

" March 2nd, 1848.

" Thanks for the little book. It is what an Irishman would call a *great little book*. What a mighty spirit still dwells in the heart of our friend Landor. It is comforting to see that his genius is not tamed by time. I long for your book to be out. We may, indeed, call ourselves the Posterity of our own times. What stirring days we live in. I who witnessed one revolution in France, can well picture to myself this last. I have just read the last No. of Dombey. It gives a fearful picture of a guilty conscience that can find no rest. The catastrophe of that bad man is so powerfully written, that I could wish the Number closed with it, for there is no going into the marriage of Florence, with all its simple and touching details, with the spirit with which they should be read, after the strong excitement of the previous pages. Have you read the advice to the people in 'The Press,' written by Emile de Girardin? It is full of vigour and good sense. It will give me great pleasure to see you, and soon. You must be oppressed by labour.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, April 12th, 1848.

"Count D'Orsay repeated to me this morning the kind things you said of him when proposing his health. He, I assure you, was touched when he repeated them, and his feelings were infectious, for mine responded. To be highly appreciated by those we most highly value, is, indeed, a source of heart-felt gratification. From the first year of our acquaintance with you, we had learned to admire your genius, to respect your principles, and to love your goodness of heart, and the honest warmth of your nature. These sentiments have never varied. Every year, by unfolding your noble qualities to us, has served to prove how true were our first impressions of you, and our sole regret has been that your occupations deprive us of enjoying half as much of your society as all who have once enjoyed it must desire. Count D'Orsay declares that yesterday was one of the happiest days of his life. He feels proud at having assisted in the triumph of a friend whose heart is as genial as his genius is great. Who can resist being delighted at the success of one who wins for himself thousands of friends (for all his readers become so), without ever creating an enemy, even among those most envious of another's fame, and simply by the revelations of a mind and heart that excite only the best feelings of our—nature? I cannot resist telling you what is passing in my breast. You will understand this little outbreak of genuine feeling in the midst of the toil of a literary life.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, September 14th, 1848.

"My Memoir of Mme. de Grassigny, which I send you, is only one of the series of Remarkable Women of the Eighteenth Century, and will not be the opening memoir of the book. I wrote it first, because I happen to have a very fine original portrait of the lady. The book will open with an introduction explanatory of the influence exercised by women at that time, which I will, with your permission, submit to your judgment. I shall spare no trouble in research for the lives I intend to write. I am now considerably advanced in that of the Marquise du Chatelet, which will not, of course, follow close on that of Mme. de Grassigny, of whom little is known. Indeed, I believe I have noticed every thing that can be stated, for I have consulted every French authority relative to her. I shall perform my task conscientiously, and render my book a useful one of reference. I can hear of no work of a similar nature in English or in French.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, October 18th, 1848.

"Alas! the poem comes too late. 'The Keepsake' was closed two days ago, and has been ever since in the hands of the binder. I never read so touching, so vivid a sketch. It melted me to tears, and can be read by no one without deep sympathy. I tried the effect last evening by reading it aloud to my own circle, and I can assure you there was not a dry eye among the three persons present to whom I read it. Count D'Orsay said it was only his dear friend Barry who could have written it. I never felt so tempted in my life to steal (if stealing it could be called), as to retain this admirable poem for 'The Keepsake' for 1850, but as you requested its return, I send it, but not without a pang. Will you kindly entreat our kind friend to let me have it again? for it would be the greatest acquisition for my book. Pray offer my best thanks and regards to Mr. Procter.

"M. Blessington."

"Gore House, April 9th, 1849.

"As I purpose leaving England in a few days, it will pain me very much to depart without personally wishing you farewell; and though I am in all the fever of packing up, I will make time to receive a visit from you, if you can call any day this week between eleven o'clock in the forenoon, or after nine in the evening. Count D'Orsay was called to Paris so suddenly, that he had not time to take leave of any of his friends, but he charged me to say a thousand kind things to you.

"M. Blessington."

APPENDIX.

No. I.

CORRESPONDENCE OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

"Rome, 8th December, 1827.

"MON CHER MR. LANDOR,

"Nous avons tous été obligé d'aller à Naples, pour faire le mariage Protestant, car la premiere insinuation qua l'on donna au Duc de Laval, fut qu'il etoit preferable que cela eut lieu avant la ceremonie Catholique, ainsi voila ce grand imbecille d'un ministre confondu. Son ignorant entètement est prouvé. Je viens de lui ecrire, pour lui dire que lorsqu'on est complement ignorant des devoirs de son ministere on doit alors en place d'entetement s'en rapporter à l'opinion des autres, et que malgré tout l'embarras que nous avions eu à cause de lui, d'entreprendre ce voyage, nous avions été à même de juger de F—, qui comprend tout aussi bièn les devoirs de son ministère, que la manière de recevoir les personnes de distinction.

"J'espere qu'il prendra mal ma lettre, car j'aurois grand plaisir, de lui couper le bout de son Bec. Je vous ecris ces details car je sais même par Hare, qu'en veritable ami, vous avez pris chaudement notre parti ; je ne m'en etonne pas, car il suffit de vous connoitre, et de pouvoir vous apprecier, pour etre convaincu que tout ce qui n'est pas sincere, n'a rien de commun avec vous. Toute la famille vous envoye mille amitiés, nous parlons et pensons souvent de vous.

"Votre très affectionné,

"D'ORSAY."

"74, Rue de Bourbon, 4th September, 1828.

"J'ai reçu mon cher Mr. Landor, votre lettre. Elle nous à fait le plus grand plaisir. Vous devriez etre plus que convaincu, que j'apprecirois particulièrement une lettre de vous, mais il paroit que notre intimité de Florence, ne compte pour rien à vos yeux, si vous doutez du plaisir que nos nouvelles doivent produire dans notre interieur. Sitot que je recevrai les tableaux je ferai votre commission avec exactitude. Je desirerois bien que vous veniez à Paris, car nous avons de belles choses a vous moutrer; surtout en fait de tableaux. A propos de cela, je vous envoye ci joint le portrait du Prince Borghése que vous trouverez j'espère ressemblant. Vous savez que Francis Hare promene sa moitié sur le continent, il ira probablement a Florence la laisser jouer sur le Theatre de Normanby. Car maintenant qu'elle a changé de vocation, Francis ne sera plus aussi strict.

"Nous parlons et pensons souvent de vous, il est assez curieux que vous soyez en odeur de sainteté dans cette famille, car il me semble que ce n'est pas la chose dont nous vous piquiez particulierement d'etre.

"Lady B. et toutes nos dames nous envoyent mille amitiés, et moi je ne fais que re nouveller l'assurance de la sincerité de la mienne.

"Votre très affectionné,
"D'Orsay."

"Paris, 22 Aout, 1830.

"Je viens de recevoir votre lettre du 10. Il falloit un aussi grand evenement pour avoir de vos nouvelles. Le fait est que c'est dans ces grandes circonstances que les gens bien pensant se retrouvent. Vous donner des details de tout l'heroisme qui a eté deployé dans ces journées memorables, et difficiles, il faudroit un Salluste pour rendre justice, et d'ecrire cette plus belle page de l'histoire des temps modernes. On ne sait qu' admirer de plus, de la valeur dans l'action, ou de la moderàtion apres la victoire. Paris est tranquille comme la veille d'un jour de fete, il seroit injuste de dire comme le lendemain, car la reaction de la veille donne souvent une apparence *unsettled*, tandis qu'ici tout est digne et noble, le grand peuple sent sa puissance. Chaque homme se sent relevé à ses propres yeux, et croiroit manquer à sa nation en commettant le moindre excès. Vous veritable philosophe seriez heureux de voir ce qu'a pu faire l'education en 40 années; voir ce peuple après, òu a l'epoque où La Fayette le commanda pour la première fois, est bien different; en 1790—l'accouchement laborieux de la liberté, eut des suites funestes, maintenant l'on peut dire que la mère et l'enfant se portent bien. Notre present Roi est le premier citoyen de son pays, il sent bien que les Rois sont faits pour les peuples, et non les peuples pour les Rois. Si Charles Dix eut pensé de même s'il eut eté moins Jesuite, nous aurions encore cette Race Capetienne, ainsi comme il n'y aucun moyen curatif comme pour guerir de cette maladie, il est encore très heureux qu'il ait donné l'excuse legale pour qu'on le renvoye.

"Vos *Torys* en Angleterre regrettent qu'il n'y ait pas eu d'excés commis pour tacher notre revolution. Le fait est qu'ils sont jaloux de nous voir si grands.

"La Comtesse et Lady B. ont eté d'un courage sublime, elles se portent bien.

"Ma sœur compte accompagner son mari. Elle se porte bien.

"J'espere recevoir encore de vos nouvelles, ainsi. Adieu, pour le moment.

"Votre très affectionné,
"D'ORSAY."

"7th February, 1842.

"I read your admirable letter in the Examiner, and I am so delighted with it, that I must instantly thank you for it. Lieut. Elton has an ample consolation in the sympathy that he excites in every generous heart, and I hope that the House of Commons will unanimously condemn the atrocious sentence of that despicable court-martial. I am in a state of fury about this injustice, and I could have embraced you, with all my heart, when I read your letter. I am assisting you in this, by keeping up a continual fire on the subject, and by enrolling members to vote according to your wishes and mine. My only regret now is, not to have been the guest of Elton, as I would have given the

finest licking to Captain W. that a man ever received, you may tell him from me, if you meet him ever.

"*Au revoir*, my dear Landor,
"Your affectionate friend,
"D'Orsay."

(No date.)

"I think that Henry the Eighth was at Richmond-on-the-Hill when Anne Boleyn was beheaded. They say that he saw the flag which was erected in London as soon as her head fell. Therefore, as you make him staying at Epping Forest at that time, and as I am sure you have some good reasons for it, I will thank you to give them to me.

"We regretted much not to have seen you at Bath, and I was on the moment to write to you, like Henry the Fourth did to the brave Crillon, after the battle:

"'Pends toi, Brave Landor, nous avons été à Bath, et tu n'y etois pas———'

"You will be glad to hear that the second son of my sister has been received at the Ecole of St. Cyr, after a ticklish examination. Hoping to see you soon, believe me yours,

"Most affectionately,
"D'Orsay."

"Gore House, 3rd January, 1845.

"It is a fact, that my brave nephew has been acting the part of Adonis, with a *sacrè cochon*, who nearly opened his leg;* his presence of mind was great, he was on his lame leg in time to receive the second attack of the infuriated beast, and killed him on the spot, plunging a couteau de chasse through his heart,—*luckily the wild boar had one*. The romantic scene would have been complete, if there had been another Gabrielle de Vergy looking at this modern Raoul de Courcy. We think and speak of you often, and are in hopes that you will pay us a visit soon. Poor Forster is ill, and miserable at the loss of his brother. I am sure that Forster is one of the best, honestest, and kindest men that ever lived. I had yesterday a letter from Eugene

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* An allusion to an injury sustained by the Duke de Guiche, from an attack of a wild boar while hunting.—R. R. M.

Sue, who is in rapture with Macready, as an actor and as a man. We saw lately that good, warm-hearted Dickens—he spoke of you very affectionately. I will write to my nephew and sister your kind messages.

"Most affectionately,
"D'Orsay."

"Lady B. is quite well, writing away like a steam engine. 'Strathern' is very much praised by the Chronicle, &c. &c. There are some good scenes in it, with profitable reflections for those who can reflect. I am poetizing, modelling, &c. &c. In fact, I begin to believe that I am a Michael Angelo *manquè*."

"P.M. January 10th, 1845.

"The verses are charming. I will send them to my sister. You have forgotten Proserpine, who flatters herself that she had a great deal to do with the resurrection of Adonis.

"I find only one fault with your verses, that you never did address any to Lady B., your best friend amongst all your best friends.

"Yours affectionately,
"D'Orsay."

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

"Gore House, 13th Sept. 1844.

"Pends toi Brave Forster, nous irons a Greenwich, et tu n'y seras pas. Merci pour l'Hypocrite. Je vais l'envoyer a Sue. Nous esperons que vous viendrez diner ici Mardi. Nous arrangerons nos excursions avec mon neveu, et nos plans de campagne futures.

"Votre tout devoué,
"D'Orsay."

"You promised to come with Maclise, therefore we expect you on Tuesday next. Pray don't disappoint us. You will meet Dr. Madden, who will interest you about Cape Coast Castle.

"Gore House, 31st October, 1844.

"Je ne pouvois concevoir la raison de la lenteur de votre reponse. Je conjecturois que vous etiez parti pour Liverpool

pour recevoir M.—mais il paroit que votre diable de santé vous tourmente cruellement. Vous avez une patience angelique. Si Lord Shrewsbury l'apprend il vous prendra pour une seconde Estatisca de Candellarigo, que dit donc ce sacré * *

"Oui, 'le Constitutionnel' pretend qu'il y'a un General Gomer, qui certainement est moins celebre que Mr. Poudrette l'artificier dans Paul de Kock. Au surplus si notre homme n'est pas il vero Pulchinello, il auroit du l'etre. * * *

"Que dites vous de la grande Burlesque de la cité, le Lord Maire avec sa botte, les chevaux de Ducrow dansant en depit des aldermen, sitot qu'ils entendirent la musique, le Duc de Wellington, criant à nue tête que sa statue etoit beautiful, les Life Guards revenants ivres comme de Templiers, la Reine ennuyée et le montrant a tout le monde. On dit que c'etoit reellement tout ce qu'il y'avoit de plus risible. Tout Gore House vous regrette beaucoup et vous attend avec impatience."

"15th October, 1844.

"Je vous renvoye la lettre du bon Maclise, ce voyage lui fera grand bien, et je suis convaincu qu'il le prouvera bientot. Dites lui de venir diner Mercredi, il me doit cela. Les ignorants discutent et disputent sur l'origine du nom de Gomer, frigate du roi. Un imbecille nommé le General Rumigni pretend que le nom est d'après celui d'un General d'Artillerie assez inconnu. Cela rapelle l'histoire d'un General Français qui n'envisagerait Moise que comme un bon General d'Infanterie. Tous ces messieurs envisagent tout sous le point de vue militaire. La frigate Gomer a eté nomme d'après Gomer fils de Japheth, qui selon quelques auteurs etoit père des Gaulois, et qui vint dans la Gaule environ 2175 ans avant la naissance de Jesus Christ. Ceci, vous conviendrez, est plus probable que le General d'Artillerie.

"Votre affectionné,
"D'Orsay."

"Gore House, 25th October, 1844.

"Il y a reellement un siècle depuis que vous etiez absent. C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie. Quand viendrez vous donc? Il est vrai que le Temps, est trés temptant.—Old Gomer is perfectly well, he has created a great sensation. Mon neveu est parti. Sou dernier mot etoit de dire adièu à Forster.

" Macready m'avoit envoyé un papier de Boston ou j'ai lu avec grand interest son succès. Macbeth dans l'Eglise rappelle l'Histoire Napolitaine de Eco il vero Polichinello. Je n'ai pas vu De la Roche Maclise. Dites lui mille amitiés.

" Eugene Sue, devient de plus en plus admirable ; il vous mêne à la morale par de Chemins tout soit peu perilleux, mais une fois arrivé la, vous la trouvez pure et belle. La fecondeté de son imagination surpasse tous ses precedents ouvrages, les Jesuites sont enfoncès, les convents démollis, et la classé ouvriere va s'elever sur leurs debris. Amen.

" Votre bien devoué,
" D'Orsay."

" 29th Janvier, 1845.

" Donnez nous de vos nouvelles. J'espere qu'elles serout meilleures. Quand aurons nous la chance de vous revoír.

" J'ai toujours oublié de vous demander si vous aviez lu le grand papier que je vous ai envoyé sur mes affaires d'Irlande. Je suis anxieux d'avoir votre opinion. Lady B. m'a charmè en me raccontant l'effet du Chronicle sur ce cher ———. J'admire tellement la franchise de sa belle nature. Un autre de nos amis auroit *affectè,* not to care a d— about it.

" Je crains que vous ayez cherché dans Mr. de Polignac* ce qu'il etoit impossible de trouver. Je voulois que vous jugiez des evenements de 1830, au point de vu de Charles Dix, et de l'article 14 de la Charte, et voyez s'il y avoit moyen de s'en retirer autrement que par les ordonnances.

" J'etois, et je suis contre cette dynastie, qui selon moi etoit aussi usée que vos Stuarts. J'etois contre les ordonnances, mais pourtant jè confesse que le rapport de Mr. de Chantelange sur l'Etat de la France à cette epoque est admirable, et que Charles Dix n'avoit pas d'autre remede. Amen.

" Votre affectionné,
" D'Orsay."

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* This allusion is to a political memoir by M. de Polignac, defending his conduct in 1830.—R. R. M.

"L. P. va poser la premiere pierre du Tombeau de Napoleon, et devroit prendre celle qui bouche la porte du chateau de Ham."

"January, 1845.

"We are really in despair to see what a martyr you are, and we hope to hear better accounts of yourself. Have you seen ———, and what are you doing?

"I send you some distractions, as you require them in bed. You will see that the wild boar is trotting in Landor's head. Proserpine will be jealous not to be included in the poem, as it was to her interference that Adonis came up again. I send you the tremendous case, which will be the real *bore* for you.

"I am reading 'Strathern,' and I am in the middle of the second volume. I think that the travelling scene between Fitzwarren and Knebworth is the most perfect one I ever read. I could write an amplification of as many pages, to show the truth, the depth, and the moral of it. I have just been complimenting Lady B. about it. I have a great deal to tell you about two sisters and another person. You must remind me of it.

"Yours affectionately,

"D'ORSAY."

"Sunday.

"Je suis tres loin, d'etre, offensé de l'article de ———, je l'ai trouvé très àpropos, and very good natured to me.

"Je l'aime beaucoup mieux que l'article de ———, qui se croit obligé de payer un mauvais compliment au Duc de Wellington à cause de ma statue.

"Je vous felicite d'etre obligé de garder la maison, la Siberie doit etre un joke en comparaison de ce pays, la terre de notre jardin est passé a l'etat de granite, c'est un additional chapter pour l'auteur des 'Vestiges of the Creation.'

"Mille amitiés de tout Gore House.

"Votre affectionné,

"D'ORSAY."

"Gore House, Jeudi.

"J'allois vous ecrire lorsque votre billet est arrivé, car je

savois que l'Infidel etoit allé exprès au bout de l'Angleterre pour nous désappointer. Nous remetterons cette partie là a Dimanche en huit.

"Mais si le temps est beau Dimanche prochain, il faudra que Nous allions a Hampton Court et que nous revenions diner ici. nous en parlerons ce soir si nous venez comme nous l'esperons.

"Torpedo avoit lancé une Galvanic bruit a Lady B. hier, son postcript resemble a la queue d'une comète. Vous serez assez amusé d'apprendre que nous avions trouvé dans le temps passé l'immense ressemblance de Negro avec ———, c'est une veritable tête d'Ogre.

"Votre bien devoué,
"D'Orsay."

"Mercredi, 18mo June, 1845.

"J'ai pensé depuis long temps qu'il seroit très important pour la securité publique des travellers sur le rail-road, qu'on établisse un surveillant sur le derrière de la derniere voiture du train, de manière, que par un wire, qui communiqueroit avec l'engine, il pourroit tirer une cloche, qui indiqueroit qu'il ya quelque chose *out of order*. Alors on pourroit arreter de suite, cet accident du Great Western le prouve, car du moment que le *sand* a eté jetté en l'air, c'etoit souffisant pour demontrer au garde de derriere, qu'il y avoit une des voitures hors du rail.

"Ecrivez un article je vous prie la dessus, même dans la forme d'une lettre venant de moi, car il faut attirer l'attention de tous les directeurs des rail-roads sur un point, qu'il est si facile d'améliorer. J'etois un jour dans ma voiture, qui etoit placé sur le dernier truck du rail; ma voiture avoit eté mal securè, j'etois agité comme le fouet de Poste, d'un Postillon Français, je me sentois comme le bout de la queue d'un serpent qui *waggoit his tail*. A la fin les courroies des vaches se sont detachés d'un coté et je les aurois perdu si par bonheur je n'etois arrivé a la station. C'est alors que je me suis dit, combien il etoit necessaire d'etre protegé par derriere, puisque les engineers ne pensent qu'en avant. L'accident d'hier est une bonne excuse pour la lettre. Ecrivez la et vous me ferez grand plaisir.*

"Votre tout devoué,
"D'Orsay."

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* Count D'Orsay's allusion is to a project which had engaged a great

"30th Juillet, 1845.

"Il n'y a rien de tel que de poursuivre une bonne et charitable ideé. Ces sacrés directeurs de rail road ne veulent pas adopter mon ideé par economie, et vous voyez par l'accident ci joint qu'on auroit pu l'eviter. F. est tout a fait de mon opinion qu' il faut les attaquer jusqu' a ce qu'ils pensent à la *safety* des *passengers.*

"Voici donc l'occasion. S'il y avoit eu un garde exprès, pour la queue du train, il auroit eu soin d'avoir la lampe allumée, et il auroit entendu l'engine venir derrière lui; c'est un cas ou il devroit avoir une trompette, enfin un moyen de faire savoir dans la nuit qu'il est la, dans le cas qu'un engine le poursuivre, et que la lampe soit eteinte. C'est une precaution indispensable que de forcer ces directeurs á l'adopter.

"Nous esperons vous voir bientot.

"Votre tout devoué,
"D'Orsay."

"p.m. August 4, 1845.

"Je suis determiné de poursuivre les directeurs, jusqu'a ce qu'ils adoptent mon plan, et si vous m'aidez nous réussirons, ces accidents continuels, ont etablis un *raw* que nous assaisonnerons, continuellement de Cayenne pepper, et a la fin ils prendront les réels moyens de cicatriser la plaie. Mon idée est, qu'il y ait un siege derriere la derniere voiture de chaque train, comme un coachman des Hanson's cab. Il sera en communication avec l'engine, par une longue corde qui passera le long du roof des voitures, et sur le coté, en tirant la corde un marteau frappera sur un gong pres de l'engine, et indiquera qu'il faut de suite arreter. Ce garde s'occupera exclusivement des lampes de l'arriere garde, et on lui donnera de ces light d'artifice, qui dans un instant s'allument comme les allumettes chimique, et produissent une clarté, comme en plein jour, cela seroit dans le cas, qu'il seroit poursivi par un engine, par ce moyen il eviteroit le carembollage, si par accident la lampe de

deal of his time and attention—a contrivance to effect instantaneous communication between the guard of a railway train and the driver of an engine, on the approach of danger, or the occurrence of any accident. —R. R. M.

dessous s'etoit eteinte. Le garde *derrière* le train, peut très bien entendre un engine qui le poursuit tandis que dans toute autre situation du train on ne pourroit rien entendre. La depense de cette precaution ne sera rien, et donnera une grande securitė morale et physique aux travellers, et ce n'est qu'en foncant cela, avec un marteau dans la tête des directeurs que nous réussirons. La corde passera dans un anneau sur le coté de chaque voiture, cet anneau s'ouvrira par un spring, dans le cas qu' on veuille retirer une des voitures intermediattes. La corde peut s'allonger et racourcer, en proportion de la longuer du train. Enfin alambiguez tout cela, et soyez convaincu que vous rendrez un grand service a l'humanité voyageuse. Nous esperons vous voir bientot.

"Votre tout devoué,

"D'Orsay.

"On employe ces lights d'artifice pour decouvrir la nuit, les poachers. On la frappe contre un arbre, cela s'allume et donne une clarte blanche qui dure deux ou trois minutes et même plus. J'en enverrai chercher pour vous les montrer."

"Mercredi, 13.

"Je ne trouve pas la reponse de 'Mechanicus' concluante. Premièrement quand la corde sera usée on en changera. Secondement elle ne peut *s'entangler* avec les bagages, puisqu'elle passe sur le coté du roof dans des anneaux, et troisiemement il ne peut pas y avoir une difference telle dans la longueur du train en montant et descendant, puisque toutes les voitures sont attachees les une aux autres. Les buffers ne sont pressés inwards que par un choc, et non pas, par la simple pression d'un train descendant un inclined plane. Il ne faut donc pas lui laisser eluder la question, qui est d'avoir un garde derrière, je ne tiens pas particulierement à ma corde, mais je tiens a ce qu'on trouve le moyen soit in striking a large gong behind, or firing a large gun fixed on the last carriage de donner avis qu'il faut arreter.

"Mechanicus est probablement un directeur econome. Pensez vous qu'il seroit bon que vous repondiez a cet article.

"Votre tout devoué,

"D'Orsay."

"October 29, 1845.

"J'espère que vous etes toujours sur le *qui vive,* a l'egard des accidents sur les rail-roads, et vous avez du voir que si on avoit suivi mon conseil Mr. Boteler seroit vivant. Il est je crois necessaire de rafraichir la mémoire de MM. les Directeurs; à force de frapper sur leurs têtes ils finiront par nous comprendre.

"S'il y avoit eu un garde sur la dernière voiture avec une de *nos* fusées, il auroit pu donner le signal a temps.

"Quand viendrez vous diner pour que je fasse votre portrait dans le fameux costume. Il' y a bien long temps que vous manquez a Gore House.

"Votre tout devoué,
"D'Orsay."

"Vendredi.

"Je suis charmé que vous trouviez comme moi, que 'Mechanicus,' est un présomptueux mécanicièn, qui elude la question, arrangez le proprement Samedi. Je brule tous les soirs dans le jardin, de ces allumettes d'artifice qui eclairent comme en plein jour pendant huit minutes.

"J'ai decouvert la raison de la parfaite indifference avec la quelle vous traitez vos bons amis de Gore House, Bobadil gave me the hint.

"Yours most faithfully,
"D'Orsay."

"Gore House, 25th September, 1845.

"I am sorry to tell you that Lady Blessington a reçu des nouvelles tres allarmantes sur la santé de Lady Canterbury. Elle est positivement mourant graduellement, entourée de gens qui aiment a l'aveugler sur son etat. Ils croiront qu'elle est très mal lorsqu'elle sera morte. Ainsi je pense qu'il est mieux que vous diriez a notre cher ami Dickens, car il faut abandonner nos projets pour le moment. J'aurois bien voulu aller avec vous a Knebworth, nous arrangerons d'y aller ensemble lorsque j'irai au jour.

"Imaginez cette pauvre Lady Blessington perdant dans si peu de temps, sa nièce, sa petite nièce, son neveu, son beau

frère, et sa sœur mourante. Et ce qu'il ya de plus triste c'est, qu'elle sent tres vivement, et retombe dans un autre chagrin au moment qu'elle commençoit a se rendre raison de la perte qu'elle venoit d'eprouver.

"Votre tout devoué,
"D'Orsay."

"Monday, 1846.

"As we must see you, and as it is very ridiculous to stay so long without seeing one's friends, come and dine here on Saturday, at seven o'clock...

"Tommy Duncombe imagines that it must be opposed, and is pledged, it appears, to his constituents, to do it; but I think, que j'ai mis un peu d'eau dans son vin. * * *

"Yours affectionately,
"D'Orsay."

"19 Fevr. 1846.

"Lisez cet article, et vous verrez que si les directeurs de rail-road avoient suivi mon conseil cet accident auroit été evitè.

"J'etois sur le point de vous ecrire de la campagne, il y a quelque temps, pour vous dire que Lady C——— et Lady Sophie De V——— venoient de Derby par le rail-road, elles etoient dans leur voiture la dernière du train. Une des courroies s'est cassée, la voiture etoit ballotté à droite et à guache avec une telle violence que ces deux malheureuses personnes se croyant perdus, se mirent à faire flotter leurs mouchoirs hors de la portière. Elles crièrent, personne ne les vit, personne ne les entendit; et heureusement qu'elles arrivèrent à la station, car un peu plus tard, la voiture n'aurait pu resister. Vous voyez donc qu'un garde en pareil cas auroit encore eté le protecteur. Pensez vous qu'il est mieux que nous abandonnions le sujet où de la faire revivre.

"Au revoir, brave Forster,
"D'Orsay."

"Wednesday, 1846.

"The best contradiction to the paragraph about Prince Napoleon, will be this extract of the will of his father. Will you have the kindness to have it inserted?

"Are you waiting for bad weather to come and see us? Shall we go to the country one of these days? What do you think of it? I suppose that our friend is landed at Lausanne. How you would like Soliman Pacha! He dined with us yesterday; he is the type of the troupier de l'Empire, who remained pure from having escaped the restoration. He went in 1815 to Egypt, and comes back as fresh in the French history as if we were in 1816. His life in the East is a dream in a long Entre Acte.

"Au revoir, always
"Yours, most faithfully,
"D'ORSAY."

"July, 1846.

"Many thanks, dear Forster; the little article is perfect, and will give great pleasure to Prince Louis.

"Most unfaithful of friends (as I know that you dine sometimes with others)! really, it is too ridiculous to see the attentats du Prefet de Police de Paris.

"Your old friend,
"Quand même,
"D'ORSAY."

"Monday night, March 16th, 1847.

"Prince Napoleon told me to-night at the French play, that he read in an evening paper, the 'Globe,' I think, an article copied from an Irish paper, stating that I had made a statuette of O'Connell, and praising it, &c. I suppose that it is from Osborne Bernal, who is in Ireland. But I would be glad it were known that I have associated him in the composition with the Catholic Emancipation, and also that I intend to make a present of the copyright to Ireland, for the benefit of the subscription for the poor.

"Yours most sincerely,
"D'ORSAY."

"Gore House, 25th April, 1848.

"I send you one of the most remarkable pamphlets I ever read, giving the truest picture of the present deplorable state of France. I think it is calculated to effect much good, which can only be done through the medium of the English press, for since the establishment of the republic in France, it would be difficult to find a paper courageous enough to speak of it.

"Yours sincerely,
"D'Orsay."

"Don't forget we are to go to Mr. [ ] one of these days, to see his bust of Milton."

"May, 1848.

"I find that my friend would be capable to imagine that I have rendered him a bad service, by attracting attention to his brochure to be attacked, although I agree with you in many passages of the article. He is not a legitimist, but a royalist, and don't know where to find a man to put on the throne, as he is disgusted with the old Bourbons, and a great deal more with the new. I mean the Philippists.

"Au revoir,
"D'Orsay."

"Gore House, 6th August, 1848.

"It will do admirably, and if this don't open the eyes of those blind directors, it won't be our fault. We must have an angry introduction of your own, blaming them, and rendering them responsible to the public, if they don't adopt the proposed plan at once. Even the last accident of yesterday could have been prevented, because the cold observator guard behind would have felt the tail of the train wagging by the extra speed, and would have given warning in time.

"My plan, you may be sure, will be adopted all over the world. Come and see us.

"Yours most faithfully,
"D'Orsay.

"Lady B. thought that derangement was better than disarrangement. What do you think of it? I think it is *bonnet blanc, blanc bonnet.*"

"Bournemouth, Hants, 9th September, 1848.

"Nous sommes dans le plus joli endroit du monde, un espèce de Wheemly Hill avec le mer: c'est á 3h de Southampton.

Venez nous voir ! Vois en serez enchanté, c'est parfait pour se baigner, et le temps est superbe, c'est l'accumulation de l'eté. Que pensez vous de cet impudent robber ? Lisez l'article que Nelly vient de copier dans le ' Times' d'hier. Ce Williams est un cool hand ! Il me vole mon ideé qu'il assaisonne un petit peu. Je compte sur vous, brave Forster, pour lui porter un coup de jarnac.

" Nous sortons complètement victorieux, et vous verrez que vous serez la cause que nous sauverons la vie de beaucoup de voyageurs.—Ces dames vous envoyent, mille bonnes amitiés. Venez nous voir, quand celà ce seroit que pour deux on trois jours. Vous serez enchanté.

" Votre tout devoué,
" D'Orsay."

" Gore House, 18 Oct. 1848.

" Grand merci pour votre lettre. Je vous envoye celle de votre ami, qui est parfaitement sensé et aimable.

" Pauvre petit Louis Blanc ! dont ou fait l'Hydre de Lerme, lui qui circule en Angleterre comme l'agneau Pascal, et qui met de la coquetterie à refuser toutes les invitations des Chartistes, qui veuleut l'exploiter. Je l'ai vu ce matin, il n'ira pas en Ecosse. Les affaires en France se compliquent chaque jour, il crois en ne veut donc pas trop s'eloigner de Paris. Dites a votre ami, que L. Blanc n'a eu aucune communication directe avec Cranstown, qui pourtant avoit chargé une personne à Londres d'offrir une appartement à L. Blanc, qui n'a pas même repondu a cette invitation, et qui a refusé cinq personnes qui s'etoient offertes pour etre ses cicerone à Edinburgh.

" Quel admirable poème de ce cher Procter !

" Votre bien sincere,
" D'Orsay."

" 38, Rue de la Ville l'Eveque, Paris.
" 23 Avril, 1850.

" Miss Power vous a bien exprimé, combien je vous aimois et combien de fois nous causions de vous. Le fait est que je vis entièrement de mes souvenirs, et ils sont tellement melangés de chagrins et de plaisirs, que je redoutois souvent d'ecrire a ceux qui etoient les mieux calculés pour me comprendre. Imaginez que jusqu'a ce jour, je n'ai pas ecrit a Edward Bulwer. Vous me comprendrez j'en suis convaincu. Hier je dinois avec Lamartine et Victor Hugo chez Girardin, et dans le courant de la conversation, Lamartine me dit qu'il venoit de lire un article faux et abominable de L. Philippe deguisé sous la plume de ——. Je l'ai engagé de repondre de suite avec sa plume d'aigle au Quarterly Review qui a si injustement inseré ce tissus de faussetés ecrites avec la plume de ce *cock sparrow.*

"Ne m'oubliez pas aupres de Fonblanque. Dites milles amitiés pour moi a Dickens et a sa femme, et embrassez mon filleul pour moi. Je compte aussi sur vous pour parler affectueusement de moi à Macready et à sa femme, et à ce bon Maclise. Il me semble que je vous ai quitté hier, my recollections are so vivid, que c'est reellement du Daguerreotype du cœur, que rien ne peut effacer. J'adore ma vieille Angleterre et je tremble d'y retourner. Jamais homme n'a souffert autant que moi par la perte que j'ai eprouvé.*

"J'admire ces gens religieux qui adoptent la haute religion pour le consoler *tres vite.* Ils ne sentent pas, les imbecilles, qu'il y a une grande et bien plus grande religion dans un vrai chagrin qui ne le cicatrice pas.

"Adieu mon brave ami, comptez toujours sur mon affection.

"D'Orsay."

"Une autre fois je vous parlerai politique, c'est trop degoutant pour le moment. Lamartine me disoit hier, plus je vois des representants du peuple, plus j'aime mes chiens."

"May 3rd, 1850.

"Fancy the visit I had yesterday! Old General Damas, of the Lady of Lyons, poor fellow, who lost his wife! I was glad to see him, and he felt it. In fact, the English coming here, consider that I am their property; and I feel proud to have been adopted by the good old John Bull.

"When you write to Landor, tell him that I have adopted for the monument his last epitaph. I have been very much

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* The above letter was written about ten months after the death of Lady Blessington.—R. R. M.

touched by his little poem that I saw lately in the 'Examiner;' I felt so well what he described so feelingly.

"In haste,

"D'ORSAY."

"P. S.—You saw, by the election of Eugene Sue, how right I was about public opinion here. It is extraordinary to see how *power* blinds the people."

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, Esq.

The only son and sole surviving child of the celebrated comedian, Charles J. Mathews, was born at Liverpool. At an early age, by the friendship of Sir John Silvester, the Recorder, he was *placed on the foundation* of Merchant Tailors' school, and there received into the family of the Rev. Mr. Cherry, Head Master. Being of a very delicate constitution, the boy's health became seriously affected by close confinement, and with great reluctance, on the part of his family, he was taken away from that institution with all its advantages, present and future, when he had attained a very high position in the school. By the recommendation of Messrs. Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, and Liston, whose sons were pupils of Mr. Richardson, of the Clapham Road, Charles was confided to that gentleman's care, and made such progress, that it was proposed, when his preparatory studies were completed, to send him to college. It had been his father's great object to educate his son for the church, and it was not without disappointment that he discovered his strong predilection for the profession of an architect. On his quitting school in 1819, he was established in the office of Mr. Pugin, the architectural draughtsman, to whom he was articled for four years; during which period several of his architectural drawings were exhibited by his master, at Somerset House.

In 1822, young Mathews appeared in a private theatrical performance at the English Opera House (the site of the present Lyceum), in the character of *Dorival*, in the French vaudeville of the " *Comédiens d' Étampes*," in professed imitation of the celebrated original actor in that part, Perlet,* and afterwards in " *Werter*," in the burlesque of that name. The house was filled to overflowing. An audience of people of fashion and intellectual celebrities was collected by the interest in the hero of the night, and son of one of the most popular actors of his time. His remarkable success led to a general report that young Mathews had determined on relinquishing the profession of an architect for that of an actor. He had no such intention, however, at that time, and only acted one night.

In 1823, he accompanied the Earl of Blessington to Ireland, in his professional capacity; his Lordship having determined on building a mansion on his Tyrone estate of Mountjoy Forest.

After all the expense and trouble had been gone to, of taking an architect from England to the north of Ireland, making the necessary plans and specifications, his Lordship abandoned the idea of building, and returned *re infecta* to London. His Lordship's powers of volition were so singularly weak, that he rarely was enabled to bring any matter whatever to an accomplishment, which he willed and undertook. On his return to London, he expressed his desire to take young Mathews to Naples, where he had left his family some weeks before, and to which place he was then returning. Consent being given by the parents of young Mathews, he took his departure for Naples with his patron, and remained with the Blessingtons for one year, at the Palace Belvidere, making from time to time excursions to various parts of the kingdom of Naples, wherever ancient monuments and old architectural remains were to be seen and studied with advantage.

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* One of the flattering results of his performance of the French character, was an offer from the manager of the French theatre, in London, of an engagement.

On the occasion of Lord Blessington's proposal to take young Mathews to Italy, the following letter was written by his father:—

"Highgate, September 2, 1823.

"Indeed, indeed, my Lord, I cannot find language to convey the high sense I have of the honour and friendship you have conferred on me, in the person of Charles, nor of the gratification I feel that you deem him worthy of the proposed distinction of residing with Lady Blessington and yourself during the winter. If I paused for one moment, in giving my assent to so obviously advantageous a proposal, it was purely from regard to a fond mother's feelings at parting from her son for so long a period; but I find her willing, and am anxious to waive all selfish consideration, in order to give him the whole advantage of your Lordship's invaluable friendship; and regardless of ought else, to insure his welfare in your continued kind feeling towards him.

"With all thankfulness for so unexpected and great proof of it, she yields up Charles to your Lordship's and Lady Blessington's entire direction, well assured and satisfied that, under such auspices and associations, he must acquire much, and improve in all things that can ensure him present delight and lasting honour. May he, my Lord, as fully deserve the distinction he now experiences in your good opinion and personal notice, as I know he is sensible of its value, and just in his appreciation of his good fortune in having attained it.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,
"Very gratefully and truly yours,
"CHARLES MATHEWS."

When I made the acquaintance of Charles Mathews at Naples, he was scarcely twenty years of age. He sketched admirably, made a study of his profession, was full of humour, vivacity, and drollery, but gentlemanlike withal. Marvellously mercurial, always in motion, and his mind ever as actively engaged as his body. But, with all his buoyancy of spirits, and in the very height of his drollery and merriment in the society of Belvidere Palace, where all the *élite* of foreign society were wont to congregate, he never forgot himself for a moment, or by the extraordinary vivacity of his humour, his sudden sallies of sportiveness, in the way of epigrams, impromptus, witticisms, all sorts of grotesque antics, and ridiculous pranks and gambols, gave offence to any human being. He was certainly one of the steadiest, well-conducted, sprightly persons of his age—one of the most innocently amusing and legitimately entertaining young men, in society, I ever met with. His talents as a draughtsman were far above mediocrity. In architectural drawings he excelled. A sketch of his, of the exterior of the Belvidere Palace, displaying the colonnade and verandah of the front facing the bay of Naples, possesses considerable merit and interest for all acquainted with the place, and the people who gave celebrity to it. He displayed peculiar cleverness in catching the salient points and *outré* characteristics of remarkable Neapolitan personages, who figured in the courts, as story tellers on the Molo,* as Policinello in the theatre of San Carlino, as cantatrices on the boards of San Carlo, and as street preachers holding forth in the evening, on stools and ricketty tables, to the Lazzaroni, on the pier at Naples. Of his talent for composing *vers*

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* Lady Blessington, in her Italian diary, thus speaks of Charles Mathews' remarkable powers of mimicry :—" We returned to Salerno ; the strangers, who joined our party at Pœstum, being no less delighted than surprised by the extraordinary facility or felicity with which Mr. Charles Mathews personated different mendicants who had assailed us for alms on our route in the morning, and of whom he gave such perfect imitations in the evening, that some of the party who had previously bestowed their charity reproached the supposed beggar for again demanding it on the same day."

de société, burlesque poetry, and epigrams, the frequenters of the Villa Belvidere in 1824 and 1825 must have a lively recollection. Several specimens of these were given to me in the former year, in Naples, by Mr. Mathews. In that year, an occurrence took place of an unpleasant nature between Mathews and D'Orsay, which was attended with some grave results, and a correspondence which passed through my hands, and which, with the kind permission of Mr. Mathews, I will avail myself of at the end of this brief notice. I will only observe, in reference to the subject here, that I consented to interfere in this misunderstanding, with a determination, if possible, to bring it to a peaceful issue, and that I contemplated then the possibility of any other result to a misunderstanding that became a subject of such an explanation, very differently to the way in which I now regard it—believing as I now do—that the last recourse, to pistols or swords, in a controversy between parties who disagree in their opinions of one another, and give expression to their opinions inconsiderately, and angrily, and offensively, for the vindication of their sentiments, or from an apprehension of what others may think of them, is neither an evidence of the highest wisdom, the truest courage, nor the firmest belief in Christianity itself.

Young Mathews, in a diary he kept in Italy, October 16, speaks of the mode of life of the Blessington party at the Villa Belvidere, in Naples, "a paradise of a place, about a mile "and a half out of Naples, situated on an elevation, enjoying "a most splendid view of the Mediterranean and surrounding "mountains, Vesuvius in the centre. Nothing can be more "delightful than the exterior and interior. Lady B. is more "charming than ever. This is the place, with all its associa-"tions, to draw out the resources of her mind—to discover "the superiority of her talents, and to be captivated by them. "Miss Power is very much improved. Count D'Orsay is a "man not only of the finest form and most elegant manners, "but he is a most kind and amiable being, of a noble disposition, "and the bravest of the brave, and yet quite a boy. Our "evenings are charming; we have each of us a table in the "same room, at which we prosecute our various studies, writing, "drawing, reading, &c. All our conversations, which are frequent, are upon improving subjects: the classics, the existing "antiquities around us. We write essays on various subjects "proposed, which are read in the evening, opposed, and defended. I am treated as one of the family; I make all my "drawings in the same room with them, and am going to instruct Lady Blessington in architecture. It is proposed, as "all of us desire to improve ourselves in Italian, that we "should learn in a class, devoting an hour each day to that "study. With respect to antiquarian research, we have all "the ancient authors here to refer to and consult. In short, "there never were any people so perfectly happy as we are. "Whenever any excursion is proposed, the previous evening "is employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly "with what we are going to see."

After a residence of about a year with the Blessingtons in Naples, Charles Mathews returned to England and to his profession. In 1826, he was appointed architect to a Mining Company in Wales, where he made his first professional essay in the superintendence over works of considerable magnitude, and the constructing of storehouses and tram-ways.

While he was thus employed in Wales, he wrote his afterwards popular ballad of "Jenny Jones," and a portion also of his father's well-known monologue "At Home." In 1827 he again quitted England for Italy, but on a professional tour that time, accompanied by Mr. James D'Egville, with whom he had been associated in Mr. Pugin's office. They visited Milan, Rome, Venice, &c., examined the ancient monuments of those places, and exhibited their architectural drawings in each of those celebrated academies. At Milan, Venice, and Rome, Mathews was elected a member of the several academies. At the former place some drawings of his, of the Duomo D'Ossola, and other sketches, are still exhibited.

In 1829 they visited Florence, where Lord Normanby was then residing, and was entertaining the Florentines with private theatricals. Young Mathews (with his father's permission) appeared, at his Lordship's request, in the following characters: Risk, in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths;" Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing;" Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer;" Adam, in "the Iron Chest;" Buskin, in "Killing no Murder;" Simpson, in "Simpson and Co.;" Falstaff, in "King Henry the Fourth," &c. &c. &c.

At the theatre San Clemente, the actors in the above plays, among others, were Lord and Lady Normanby (really admirable performers), Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson, Lord Fitzharris, Lord Albert Conyngham, Messrs. Craven, Nightingale, Dundas, Aubry, Phipps, Bligh, Antrobus, Thelluson, Sitwell, St. John, E. Villiers. Mrs. Dalton, Miss Augusta Stephenson, Miss Geraldine de Courcy, Miss Sitwell, La Principessa Belgiojoso, La Marchesa di Pucci.*

He also performed Sir Benjamin Backbite in the "School for Scandal," on the single occasion of the comedy being performed at Lord Burghersh's, then ambassador at the court of Tuscany; on which occasion Lady Teazle was played by Lady Burghersh, Joseph Surface by the Marquis of Douro (the present Duke of Wellington), and Charles Surface by Lord Burghersh.

In July, 1830, Mathews and his companion revisited Rome, with a view to the acquisition of diplomas from St. Luke's Academy, which had been promised to them. During their stay a walking tour was organized and commenced; but young Mathews was seized with the fever of the country, which nearly proved fatal to him. He made an effort to return to Venice, where he had friends. Ultimately he lost the use of all his limbs; despairing of deriving any advantage from medical aid, he resolved, as he intimated to one of his friends, "to return home to die." He travelled day and night in a carriage with a bed, from Italy to England, attended by an Italian valet, Nanini, whose name will be found mentioned in this correspondence, who lifted him about like an infant, and on his reaching home, bore him on his back into the house of his parents, a most afflicting spectacle to them! In this helpless state he remained—for the most part in bed—twelve months, and for one year was only able to hobble about on crutches; so that he may be said to have lost two of the most valuable years of his youth. At length, the sad effects of his long illness gradually disappeared, and he resumed his professional studies.

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* Mathews, while at Florence, built Lord Normanby a small theatre, and painted a drop scene for it.

In 1832, desirous of showing his friends that he was still in earnest in the profession he had chosen (which some seemed inclined to doubt), he presented himself as a candidate for the appointment of District Surveyor of Bow and Bethnal Green (then vacant), and was elected by a large majority. This situation he retained until he appeared on the stage, when he entirely relinquished his previous profession.

Previously, however, in the intervals of study, he amused himself in writing for the stage; and in the year 1832, he produced at the Haymarket theatre two very successful pieces, "The Wolf and the Lamb," and "The Court Jester;" and in 1833 two other popular dramas, "My Wife's Mother," and "Pyramus and Thisbe." In the Christmas of the same year, while on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, some private theatricals were projected, in which he took a very prominent part in January, 1834,* when he was announced in the bill of fare as "the celebrated Mr. Charles Mathews, from the Theatre Royal San Clemente, Florence."

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* The performance "under the patronage of the Marchioness of Abercorn."

He "opened" as Peter Simpson, in the farce of "Simpson and Co.;" Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford performing Mrs. Simpson. His characters were, in addition to the above, Gradus in "Who's the Dupe?" Buckskin in "The Man and his Tiger."

The "company" consisted of the Duchess, the Baroness de Clifford, Lady Georgiana Russell, Lady Rachel Russell, Lord C. J. F. Russell, Lord Francis Russell, Lord Charles Russell, and Captain Townsend, R.N., &c. &c. &c.

In 1835, having during his father's absence studied painting, in October he sent a view of the *Lake of Perugia* to the Somerset House exhibition, which was accepted, although in an unfinished state. He had hurried it for exhibition, in order to surprise and gratify his father on his return from America; but his father *never saw it!*

Great pecuniary misfortunes had induced his father, Mr. C. Mathews, in the August of the previous year, to travel to America, in order to retrieve his losses; but his health giving way on his arrival in the United States, after some painful attempts to fulfil his undertaking, he returned to England in a hopeless state of health, and never reached home. He died at Plymouth, in June, 1835, leaving his affairs necessarily much deranged and impaired.

Charles now undertook the management of the Adelphi Theatre, a property in which his father had purchased a share several years before, and which had hitherto been productive.

He wrote a piece for the opening, called "*Mandrin,*" which succeeded; but all the promising hopes of the season were destroyed by an unfortunate contingency. Mr. Osbaldiston opened Covent Garden Theatre at the prices of the minor theatres; and, although his speculation failed ultimately to enrich himself, it so fatally injured the Adelphi for a time, that after disbursing large sums to keep it open, it was deemed expedient to sell the property to the best bidder; and this was done for a trifling consideration, rather than have the ruinous expense of upholding an almost deserted building. This temporary failure (for such only it proved) of the Adelphi property, led Charles's advisers to consider how he could form an immediately remunerative plan of life—architecture being reserved for older heads to thrive on.

In effect, many of his friends shared in the general opinion that he must turn actor; and with great reluctance he at length determined to abandon his original profession, and to accept an engagement from one of the London theatres. The Olympic, from its moderate size and drawing-room style of entertainments, appeared to his advisers best calculated for a novice, whose unpractised powers might not be sufficiently effective in a wider sphere; and after only a fortnight's preparation, he made his first appearance on a regular stage, on the 7th of December.* The very successful result of this experiment, and his subsequent career as actor and manager, are too well known at this time to need any comment in these pages. The opening of the Adelphi Theatre, in December, 1835, was heralded in the "John Bull" paper as follows:

"Mathews the younger, in partnership with Yates, ascends the managerial throne. A new piece from his own pen is announced for to-morrow (Sept. 28), and the son of our popular favourite appears before the public in a varied character. As architect, he can build theatres; as artist, he can paint the scenery; as author, he can write the pieces—if he choose; as actor, could perform them."

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* In a short piece written by himself, and in a drama, prepared for the occasion, called "The Old and Young Stager." I was present at this débût.

CORRESPONDENCE OF C. J. MATHEWS, ESQ. WITH COUNT D'ORSAY.

[*Extracts from statement of Mr. Mathews, of an affair with Count D'Orsay.*]

"SATURDAY, JULY 31. This evening the carriage was ordered for a drive to Posilipo, and Lady Blessington, Miss Power, Count D'Orsay, and myself, were to form the party. While they were dressing, and I was waiting their return, with my hat in my hand, Lord B., (who, after taking a little wine, was inclined to be quarrelsome) said to me, 'So, Mr. Charles, I understand that there are sad complaints against you on the score of idleness; Count D'Orsay tells me that you always take your sketch-book with you, but not always to make sketches.'

"'In that there must be some mistake, since the Count is perfectly aware I have been during that period engaged on my Pæstum drawing, which he has almost constantly superintended.' I entered the carriage, galled with the *piquant* manner in which Lord B. had mentioned it. We had not gone many yards before I, in a half-laughing way, said: 'I have to thank you, Count D'Orsay, for the high character you have given me to Lord Blessington, with regard to my diligence.'

"'Comment?' said the Count.

"I saw the fire flashing in his eyes and changed my tone; 'I should have been more gratified had you mentioned to me, instead of to his lordship, any thing you might have ......'

"'Vous êtes un MAUVAIS BLAGUEUR, par Dieu, la plus GRANDE BETE, et BLAGUEUR que j'ai jamais rencontré, et la premiere fois que vous me parlez comme ça, je vous CASSERAI LA TETE, et je vous JETTEREZ PAR LA FENETRE.'

"Such words as these, before two ladies and the servants, I did not conceive were answerable, and remained silent. Lady Blessington, in order to end the affair, said: 'Count

D'Orsay, I beg you to remember I am present, and that such language is not exactly what I should have expected before me.' 'Pardieu,' . . . . said the Count, and I regret to say, proceeded to lengths in reply to her ladyship passing all I had believed possible. After walking in the garden with Lady Blessington a short time, we entered the house, and each retired to his own room. In my room I received the following note from the Count.

"Si vous aviez une ideé du Monde—vous sauriez qu'il est indispensable d'y connoitre sa place—ainsi donc c'est une chose qu'avant tout, vous devriez apprendee, vous vous eviteriez par ce moyen la peine d'apprendre que l'amitié qu'on a pour vous n'est pas une excuse pour prendre un ton qu'on est obligé de rabaisser surtout lorsqu'il s'adresse à une personne qui n'oublie pas ce qu'il est.

"Avec un ton, comme il faut vous eussiez appris qu'en conversation avec Milady devant Milord—nous fimes l'observation que vous aviez laissé echapper l'occasion de faire des esquisses à Caprée—et qui plus est, qu'il étoit dommage que vous ne pratiquiez pas davantage le dessin. Si dans ces mots vous trouvez de quoi ètre offensé, je ne m'y connois plus, et comme ces mots n'avoient été dits qu'en conversation par Milady a moi, jétois loin de penser que vous en seriez faché. Au surplus sur aucun point, vous n'avez le droit de prendee un air d'arrogance en me reprochant mes paroles sur un ton inconvenant, vous m'avez mis dans la cruelle nécessité, de vous remettre trop fortement à votre place, mais vous auriez tout evité, en sachant à qui vous parliez."

"This note I thought best to leave unanswered till the morning, fearing that I might, from the feeling of the moment, act against my sober judgment. In the morning I dispatched the note in answer, which I received back again enclosed in an envelope, with the letter that follows mine.

To Count D'Orsay.

"August 1, 1824.

"M. Le Conte,

"J'ai dormi et reflechi sur votre lettre et sur les paroles dont vous m'avez honoré hier, et comme il me semble que ni la noblesse, ni la force superieur vous donne le droit de m'insulter aussi fortement devant des dames, et surtout devant des domestiques, j'espere que vous ne me refuserez pas la satisfaction que je me trouve forcé a vous demander,

"M. Le Comte, j'ai l'honneur d'être
"Votre serviteur,
"C. J. M."

From Count D'Orsay.

"Votre lettre prouve encore le peu de connoissance que vous avez du monde, car vous saurez qu'on ne finit pas une lettre sur un ton aussi léger, et comme j'espere que toute cette querelle sera bon a quelqe chose, profitez dejà de cet avis.

"Pour la satisfaction que vous desirez, je vous la donnerai tout qu'il vous plaira, designez le lieu, les armes, enfin tout ce que vous croirez le plus convenable à votre satisfaction personnelle. Je vous renvoye votre lettre parcequ'elle n'est pas sur un ton qui m'engage à la garder.

"J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer,
"Cte. D'Orsay."

"I immediately set off to Naples, on receipt of this letter, to the house of Mr. Madden, who promised, before I made known the affair, or mentioned any names, to act as my second on the occasion. I then stated the circumstances, and he advised me, in order that nothing might be suspected from the rest of the family, to return to Belvedere, while he conducted the business. On arriving, I found this precaution useless, for in my absence, Count D'Orsay had written to Lord B. to ask him to become his second. This Lord B. informed me of, saying, of course, that he could have nothing of the sort to do with two of his guests, and all he could feel was sorrow, that the occurrence should have taken place. Finding the object of my return frustrated, and thinking it not quite agreeable to sit at table with the Count, I determined to stay in town till the affair was concluded. Almost as soon as I got there, I received the following note from Lord Blessington.

"Sunday.

"MY DEAR MATHEWS,

"I considered it proper to state to Count D'Orsay, that I could not take any part in the very disagreeable affair that has taken place, except that of a mediator. I assured Count D'Orsay that you had no intention of speaking to him in an improper tone, or questioning him in an impetuous or disrespectful manner. The Count had imagined the contrary, and meant to express that if you did not change your tone towards him, that he would have recourse to violence; for the use of any words beyond the expression of such intention, he says as follows, 'Si j'ai employè plus de paroles qu'il etoit sufficant pour lui exprimer mes intentions j'en suis fache.' The Count says also, 'Je n'ai pas eu l'idée de le rebaisser dans ses propres yeux.' The Count acknowledges to me his regret for the quarrel, and the violence of his temper. That violence has not yet sufficiently subsided to make him perceive fully to what improper lengths his violence has carried him, but as you declared to me that you had no intention of speaking improperly, and the Count declares he spoke from misconception, and is sorry for language used in anger, and without intention of lowering you in your personal esteem, I should wish you to speak further on the subject to your friend before you take any steps which must make the breach wider. Having consulted Mr. ——— , I am sure he will give you the best advice, and you can this evening let me know his sentiments.

"I cannot conclude without repeating that you were highly to blame in speaking on the subject at all, however deeply I regret the consequences that have arisen from your ill-timed and injudicious appeal.

"I wish I had sufficient influence over the Count to persuade him to say everything consoling to you, but his having denied the intention of wounding your feelings, must be so far satisfactory, and 'evil words hurt only the speaker.'

"Believe me, yours very sincerely,
"BLESSINGTON."

"Excuse the haste of this scrawl; you may guess why I hasten it."

"Having handed this letter over to Madden, he told me that the note was all very well for Lord Blessington to write, but that he could not receive it as any thing regular from the Count, and that he did not consider my honour would be satisfied by it; as therefore, he did not imagine that it at all interfered with a letter he had written to the Count, he dispatched the following instantly to him."

From R. R. Madden to the Count D'Orsay.

"Naples, August 1824.

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,

"On a subject of importance, I can hardly trust to my bad French, I therefore have recourse to the only language I can distinctly make myself understood in.

"If I felt less embarrassed in addressing you on the subject of a late unhappy misunderstanding between you and Mr. Mathews, I should hope to be able to convince you that the character of an officious man cannot be more disagreeable in your eyes than it is in mine, and that I have undertaken the office of mediator on the present occasion (though not without reluctance) not less from my friendship for Mr. M. than from *my high respect for you.* I should have done so indeed even had I not stood committed to Mr. M. by promise, before I was made acquainted with the name of his antagonist, when I considered that the *exposé* to a stranger of this misunderstanding, might be prevented by the interference of a mutual *acquaintance.*

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Comte, if I presume to offer a few words in the way of counsel and observation. I have too high an opinion of your understanding, to fear you will be offended by receiving them when honestly given, even from an humbler individual than myself.

"I can very well conceive some momentary annoyance (the cause of which might not be apparent to Mr. M.) extorting from you those expressions, which no gentleman should hear in the presence of a lady, although in a cooler moment, in all probability, by you forgotten or regretted. I can very well understand, in your observation about Mr. M.'s neglect with respect to drawing, &c., the friendliness of your intention, but permit me to add, *if what followed had been suppressed, the feelings of Mr. M. had been spared a severe trial!*

"Depend upon it, Monsieur le Comte, that persons of inferior rank are ever tremblingly alive, even to an imaginary slight or insult from a superior; and when you reflect that the epithets that stand for limits of separation between *noble* and *plebeian*, are but arbitrary distinctions between man and man, you will best consult the nobility of your nature, by practising the honourable condescension of a brave man, by making a trifling atonement for a hasty injury.

"It is with a full knowledge of your manly spirit, that I demand an acknowledgment, on the part of Mr. M., of your having been betrayed by anger into those hasty expressions, which only those who do not know you, could think of attributing to intentional incivility.

"I have the honour to be, Monsieur le Comte, with the highest respect,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"R. R. Madden."

"Madden's letter I thought very coolly written, and if any thing could bring the Count to a sense of his being wrong, it was *that*; though, to own the truth, I considered him of so hot and violent a temper, and so accustomed to swords and pistols from his quarrels in his regiment, that I was perfectly prepared for the event. In the evening came his answer, as follows:

"Mon cher Mr. Madden,

"Je suis trés loin d'être fâché que Mr. Mathews vous ait choisi pour son temoin, ma seule crainte eut été qu'il en choisisse un autre.

"Je suis aussi trés loin d'etre offensé d'un de vos avis, lorsque j'estime quelqu'un, son opinion est toujours bien reçue.

"L'affaire comme vous savez est trés simple dans le principe; on me fit la question si Mathews avait dessiné à Capreè, je dis que non, mais qu'il importoit toujours ses crayons et son album pour ne rien faire, que cela etoit dommage avec ses grandes dispositions, Lord Blessington n'a pas eu le courage de lui representer sans y meler mon nom—et Mathews a pris la chose avec moi sur un ton si haut que j'ai été obligé de le rabaisser, apres lui avoir exprimé que ce n'etoit, que par interet pour lui, que j'avois fait cette representation,—il a continué sur le même ton, je lui dis alors que la première fois qu'il prendroit un ton semblable avec moi je le jetterois hors de la voiture et lui casserois la tête—je vous repete mot pour mot cette altercation, la seule difference que j'ai faite entre lui et un autre, c'est que je n'ai fait que dire, que ce que j'aurois fait certainement vis-a-vis d'un autre qui prendroit ce ton avec moi si; j'ai accompagné mon projet d'avenir, de mots offensants et inconvenants j'en suis aussi faché pour lui que pour moi, car c'est me manquer à moi-même que d'user des mots trop violents.

"Pour votre observation sur la difference des rangs, elle est inutile, car jamais je n'attache d'importance au rang qui se trouve souvent compromis par tant de bêtes, je juge les personnes pour ce qu'ils sont, sans m'informer que c'etoient leurs ancêtres, et si mon superieur eut employé la même maniere de me reprocher qu'a pris Mathews j'aurois surement fait, ce que je n'ai fait que dire à Mathews que j'aime beaucoup trop, pour le rabaisser à ses propres yeux et vous sentoit qu'il seroit ridicule à moi de ne pas avouer que j'ai tort de lui avoir dit des paroles trop fortes, mais en meme temps je ne veux pas nier mes paroles c'est a dire mon projet de voiture &c. Si Mathews veut satisfaction je lui donneroi tant qu'il lui plaira, tout en lui sachant bon grè de vous avoir choisi pour son temoin.

"Cette affaire est aussi desagreable pour vous, que pour nous tous mais au moins elle n'altera pas l'amitié de

"Votre tout devoué
"CTE. D'ORSAY."

"This cleverly worded note, Madden handed to me, and I

returned it to him without a word. I was determined that I would leave every thing to Madden, who I was convinced, would not compromise me in any way. When he had read it again, he wrote a fitting answer to the Count.*

" In the evening, Madden advised me to return to the Belvidere, and give my hand to Count D'Orsay. After thanking him for his friendship, I went home, but finding the letter had not been delivered then, I waited in my own room till twelve o'clock, when seeing that there was no chance of the Count's getting it till morning, I went to bed.

" Aug. 1.—This morning I went as usual to the drawing-room, and, in a few minutes, the Count came in. I rose and gave him my hand, which he received very cordially, and said, ' J'espere mon cher Mathews, que vous êtes satisfait. Je suis bien fachè pour ce que je vous ai dis, mais j' etais in colere et.' . . . . ' Mon cher Comte,' said I, ' n'en parlons plus, ji vous en prie, je l'ai tout-a-fait oubliè.' He then put his arm round my neck, and I felt as happy at the noble manner in which he acknowledged his fault, as at the reconciliation.

"Aug. 4.—This morning, every thing having gone on as usual, I entered the drawing-room, where Lady B. was lying on the sofa, very unwell. Miss Power was there, and Count D'Orsay near her. As I entered, I perceived the Count in tears, and as I approached, he said to me, ' Mon cher Mathews, je vous demande encore bien pardon, devant milady, pour ce que je vous ai dis l'autre jour, et je vous prie seulement une chose, c'est ce que vous l'oublierez tout-à-fait. Vous me le promettez n'est ce pas.' I was quite affected at his manner, and assured him over and over again, that it had long been banished from my thoughts.

" Thus ended this unhappy business, for which no one could

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* The copy of this letter has been lost.—R. R. M.

be more sorry than myself, though I am quite convinced that Count D'Orsay, whenever he reflects upon it, will perfectly exculpate me from the charge of having taken one step beyond what was necessary, or what he would himself have done under similar circumstances.—C. J. M."

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQUIRE.

"Capo de Monte, 31 December, 1824.

"MON CHER CHARLES,

"Il est inutile que je vous repete combiens nous vous avons regretté, vous vous en doutez bien. Au surplus qu'il vous suffice de savoir qu'il y a un grand viude à votre place que personne ne peut remplir.

"Depuis votre depart Naples est a peu près le même, a l'exception que l'ardeur des curieux est un peu calmé par l'horrible evenement arrivé a Pæstum. Vous aurez sans doute appris par les Journaux que Mr. and Mme. Hunt y ont été assassinés, bientot l'on sera obligé d'avoir une escorte pour aller a Pompeia. Il n'y a que les artistes qui sont à l'abri de ces attaques, car les brigands savent qu'ils sont armés de *Pied en cap*, canifs, compas, &c. Enfin malgré ces armes, je suis content de vous voir de retour de Pæstum, car votre maison, ne me faisoit pas l'effet d'etre bien assuré. Dans ce moment il y'a à Naples, le Peintre du cabinet de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, cela ne veut pas dire grand chose. Mais malgré cela, cet homme est arrivé gouflé de pretention, et enflé de presomption. Le brave Gell, protecteur General des *Humbugs* s'est cru obligé de l'adopter. Il nous l'a presenté ainsi que ces dessins. Cette homme a passé deux mois dans l'interieur du Museé de Portici, et a *calqué* toutes les Peintures, et malgré son grand desir de les manquer, cela lui etoit impossible, car rien n'est aussi facile que de *calquer* avec du Papier de soie. Eh bien, Gell, est enthousiasmè, il pretend que c'est un prophete qui arrive dans ce pays pour sauver les arts, et si certainement l'homme etait reelement superieur, il diroit, oh, *nasty boy* vous voyez que Sir Willy, est toujours de même. Le description de votre voyage nous a beaucoup amusé, et si j'ai un conseil a vous donner pour imiter un Prefet Francais, c'est de faire tout ce qu'il y a de plus ridicule, vous etes bien sur de ne pas manquer le role.

"J'oubliois de vous parler du Capitaine S. qui est encore plus bete si cela etoit possible. Il a dans ce moment une peine de cœur depuis que je lui ai dit que ces cheveux etoient de la premiere qualité pour faire un coussin. En outre il a une peine de jambes en se rappelant que vous courrez mieux que lui, il ny a pas deux jours qu'il me rappellait, que vous etiez plus jeune que lui, qui etait la seule raison.

"Strangways est parti pour Smyrne, Baily est ici, et va probablement le suivre, je suppose qu'il le rencontrera en Turquie, dans tous les cas il trouveroit sa tete au dessus de la porte de serail du Grand Seigneur, car dans ce pays ils vous coupent la tete sans grande ceremonie.

"Nous parlons souvent de vous, et plus souvent nous pensons à vous, et si vous n'etes pas un ingrat vous devez faire de meme.

"Adieu, mon cher Charles, ecrivez moi, car je vous assure que l'amitié que je vous porte est trop sincere pour la laisser passer sans silence.

"For ever your devoted,

"COMTE D'ORSAY."

"25 February, 1825.

"'God bless our souls,'—My dear *Matthias*, S——[*] is gone, et se trouve probablement deja sur cette route de Kent (d'heureuse mémoire) son depart nous a tous attristè—pour un quart d'heure car il avoit assaisonné son adieu d'une abondance de larmes qu'il avoit conservé dans son réservoir pour cette heureuse circonstance. Enfin il est parti le cœur gros, et les poches pleines, nous lui avons tous fait un cadeau et j'ai decidé Lord Blessington de lui donner cet infortuné *Cachet Marin* que Smith a reçu avec autant du plaisir que le commandement d'une frigate de second classe—Nous avons tous la même sensation qu'un malade au quel on a retiré son Emplâtre.

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[*] Lieut. S——, a retired naval officer, who had the command of Lord Blessington's yacht, the Bolivar.—R. R. M.

"Je vous conseille de craindre plus les faux pas de votre jument grise, (si du vit encore par consequence si elle tombe encore) que ceux que vous pretendez faire dans la langue française. Votre lettre etait trop bien, pour ne pas continuer, et vous savez combien nous vous aimons et que l'absence ne diminue rien ainsi de temps en temps envoyez une epitre française elle sera tres bien reçu.

"Je suis faché d'etre obligé de vous parler d'un sujet tres triste mais il faut que vous sachiez qu' Elisabeth vient de manquer la robe rouge de sweet Mary. A dater de ce moment la guerre civile a été déclaré et ce n'est qu'en sacrifiant Elisabeth pour reprendre Vincenza que les hostilités ont cessés. Vous voyez donc que Mary se porte mieux, puis quil s'agit de combat de robes, rouges, &c. j'oubliois de vous dire qu'il est definitivement connu que Vincenza porte perruque Mary en a eu la preuve en main dans un combat singulier. Je vous donne ces petits details pour que vous n'oubliez pas si vite notre interieur de famille. Ne parlez pas de cela à personne, car sweet Mary seroit tres fachée. Il paroit que Williams et Blayney conservent partout leurs traits caracteristiques, je paree que le dernier regardoit Polichinel pour savoir s'il etoit plus ridicule que lui. J'ai reçu une lettre de Millingen qui *souffle* a Paris plus que jamais, et je pense que ses voisins l'ont fait deloger, à cause de son souflement poulmonique, car il a été obligé d'aller du bruit de Paris où son asthme sera confondu avec les voitures que passent continuellement, rue neuve des Petits Champs où il loge maintenant je crains que ce cher Antiquaire ne casse pas ses vieux os, et surtout, s'il apprend qu'il y a une conspiration formee contre lui, par un jeune temeraire que arrive sur l'horizon pour prouver que tout ce que James a ecrit ne signifie rien. Vous pensez bien sans doute que Gell protégé cet homme mais malgré tout, je pense que Millengen sortira victorieux de sa lutte Etrusque. Et quoiqu'il soit d'un petit calibre ses boulets feront plus de bréches que les bombes des autres qui eclatent sans rien dedans. Au surplus s'il meurt je le ferais reduire en cendres et mettre dans notre lacrymatoire Etrusque il y a plus des places qu'il en fant et c'est reellement un tombeau digne d'un maigre Antiquaire : j'espere que vous n'avez pas oubliè un complimenteur (cela veut dire un flatteur français, son nom est Durand que vous avez vu au Belvedere bien decidé à ne jamais quitter celle qui fait son bonheur, qui le console de toutes ses pechés et le dedommage de tous ses chagrin dans ce monde ici bas—c'est à dire sa collection. Eh bien M. Durand n'a rien eu de plus pressé en arrivant à Paris que de la vendre au Roi de France, pour une somme bien capable de le consoler d'une perte si cheri à son triste cœur—le voila donc veuf et decidé d'epouser des momies cas il va se donner dans cette branche d'instruction ou pour mieux dire de commerce.

" B——, B——, and Co. ont fait banqueronte. Adieu medailles cigarres et autres agrements de societé L'Abbè perd par cette faillitte, 700 guinées, mais il est bien decidé de les regagner par une route quelle conque Medici, visera son passeport et Circelle le contresignera. P—— pretend que c'est un grand comfort que de ne pas faire banqueronte. D'abord il n'a jamais eu grande idée de la maison B—— il pense tres peu de F——— et encore moins de Rotschild, mais en revanche il pense beaucoup de D—— et de P——. Dans ce moment M. G. se fait faire des pantalons probablement sur le modèle des miens, mais c'est un coup de politique c'est pour prouver aux tailleurs de la ville que sa maison tient bon, malgré que M—— ne met jamais le pied dans le bureau il me l'a encore certifie sur parole d'honneur la plus sacrée foi de gentilhomme de Jersey et autres lieux, on a decouvrie dans Pompeii des choses qui sont magnifiques et belles, si on ne les veut pas trop vanter nous devons aller les voir quand cette fureur d'etrangers sera calmée—vous concevez qu'il est inutile d'aller a Pompeia pour voir tous les associès de Day and Martin, et de Barclay, Perkins. Vous n'avez pas d'idée de la figure des Anglais qui sont dans ce moment à Naples —ce sont reelement les Anglais pour vire—Je vous assure que si le Baron Stültz, de Clifford Street, arriva dans ce moment il fera une grande figure parmi ceux ci.

" Je commence à m'apperçevoir que ma settee avance il me reste juste la place de vous souhaiter beaucoup d'instruction et de plaisir dans le bureau où vous allez entrer. J'espere un jour voir votre merite mis a execution ne croyez pas que cela soit a batir des *chateaux en Espagne* car il y en a plus qu'il n'en faut. Enfin, mon cher Charles, si tout le bonheur que je vous souhaite vous arrive vous ne pouvez manquer d'etre heureux. Lady B. vous envoye un million d'amitiès, Lord B— eterne dans ce moment sans cela je suis persuadé qu'il vous enverioit au moins 1500 choses aimables — pour Mary — elle vous dit tant de choses que je n'ai plus assez de place de les mettre—pour moi je vous assure de mon amitiè inalterable et vous prie de presenter mes hommage à Madame votre mere et mes compts a votre père.

"Lady B. se rappele au souvenir de votre mère qu'elle aime de tout son cœur.

"Adieu, et pour toujours votre,

"Tres devoué,

"D'ORSAY."

"17th November, 1831.

"MON CHER CHARLES,

"J'etois bien loin de penser lorsque je vous ecrivois a Brighton, que vous seriez frappé aussi tot, du coup deplorable qui fait souffrir toute votre famille ainsi que vos amis. Mon style eut été moins gai, car la perte que vous venez d'eprouver me fait un reel chagrin, ce fidele serviteur (Nanini) etoit tellement audessus de sa classe qu'on ne pouvoit le voir sans s'y attacher, et je conçois que dans votre vie, un evenement aussi imprevu, devient une epoque bien sensible.

"Je sais, mon cher Charles, ce qu'il en est de perdre quelqu'un qu'on estime, ne regrettez pas de n'avoir pas assisté aux derniers moments du pauvre Nanini; c'eut été une source intarissable de souvenirs encore plus penibles, et son image defaite se representeroit continuellement à votre imagination, sans que ce souvenir puisse vous etre d'aucune consolation positive. J'ai perdu mon pauvre ami Blessington et ma mère dans l'espace de deux mois; ils sont morts dans mes bras, et lorsqu'ils m'entrent dans l'idée c'est toujours leur derniers moments qui se presente de preference. Je voudrois me les representer dans d'autres situations de la vie, mais cela me devient difficile. Conservez donc du pauvre Nanini, tout le souvenir de son attachement pour vous, tout le beau naturelle de son excellente nature, et vous sentirez malgré vos regrets, que votre souvenir de lui apportera toujours quelque chose d'agreable dans votre imagination. Il y a peu de consolation à apporter à quelqu'un qui vient de faire une perte irréparable, mais enfin il est du devoir d'un ami sincere, de montrer sa simpathie, c'est ce qui m'a engagé à vous ecrire.

'Votre affectionné,
"Alfred D'Orsay."

"Londres, 1 September.

"Mon cher Charles,

"J'etois trop lié avec votre bon père, et trop ami aussi avec vous, pour faire ce qu'on appele une visite de condolence, ainsi vous m'excusez pour n'etre pas allé m'attrister, plus que je ne l'etois par la perte que nous avons faite. J'etois encore l'autre jour a Goodwood, et je puis avouer en vertu de ma sincerité, que j'avois le cœur bien ulceré, en etant sur le même spot, ou l'année avant je plaisantoit avec votre cher père. Vous ne doutez pas mon cher Charles de tout l'interet que j'eprouve pour tout ce que vous concerne, et si j'ai commencé par une preface si longue de mes sentiments, c'est pour en venir a un sujet du quel depend la necessitè de l'entreprise que vous avez sur les mains. Depuis le moment que j'ai su que vous avez pris l'Adelphi j'ai decidé avec Lord Worcester que nous ferions tout notre possible pour entrainér la societé, en votre faveur, a force d'y penser, et d'en parler. Je m'apperçois, que premièrement le plan de Y———, est de vous faire succomber, il vous abandonne personellement, pour tacher de vous faire sentir qu'il est indispensable, cette saison est un *trial* qu'il vous donne, esperant qu'en cas de *failure* vous rejettiez tout eutre ses maims. Il faut donc y remedier bon gré malgré. Reeves, aussi part pour l'Amérique. Mme. Honey est engagé ailleurs, enfin la plupart des vieilles associations de ce theatre se retirent. Je viens donc vous conseiller d'éntrer en arrangement avec le proprietaire du Queen's Theatre, qui transporteroit sa troupe avec la votre, l'union feroit la forçe, et grace a vos talents vous triompherez completement du piege que Y—— vous a tendu. Le Queen's Theatre a été très *successful* cette saison ; encore hier ils avoient £90 de recette, c'est extraordinaire pour la saison. Chesterfield, Worcester et moi, y avons une loge, et nous avons envie d'en avoir une à l'Adelphi, et hier au soir en parlant de ce sujet à Bond, il m'a dit qu'il seroit enchanté de reunir sa troupe à la votre, et de fermer par consequence le Queen's Theatre. Pensez à cela, voyez si vous pouvez y trouver votre avantage, et dites le moi.

"Soyez mon interprete pres de votre mère, de tous mes sentiments les plus affectionnés et croyez moi.

"Votre ami sincere,
"CTE. D'ORSAY."

"MON CHER CHARLES,

"J'ai un tres bel habit tout brodé du quel j'ai un peu *grown out* j'ai pensé que vous seriez bien aise de l'avoir car un clever tailleur pourra arranger de maniere que vous etonniez et l'Olympic avec, venez le chercher car je vous le donne—il est tout neuf.

"Votre affectionné,
"D'ORSAY.

"My best love to the dear mother."

"MON CHER CHARLES,

"J'aime beaucoup votre nouvelle piece, et vous l'avez tres bien joué, il fant prier l'orchestre de vous accompagner un peu plus bas, car le Tintamare qu'ils ont fait ont empeché que l'on puisse comprendre le quart de votre grand Aria. Vous ferez bien aussi selon moi, de retrancher deux couplets du Welsh song. Votre French lady est parfaite, c'est la meilleure qu'on ait encore representè sur un Theatre Anglais. Usez de votre influence pour faire mettre de suite une Perruque noire à Oxberry il sera l'image de George Wombwell il en à le costume et les manieres dans la perfection et cela fera un effet complet, Wombwell n'en sera pas faché au *contraire* et je pense que Liston ayant profité de moi on peut tres bien prendre cette petité liberté qui profitera beaucoup. Donc etablissez une petite perruque moire bien *curlé* avec deux petits favoris sur les cotès du bout du menton d' Ecco,

"Au revoir, cher Charles,
"Votre affectionné,
"D'ORSAY."

No. II.

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO DR. FREDERICK FORSTER QUIN.

"8 Aout, 1831, 8, Seamore Place, May Fair.

"Cher et estimable Quin, Regenerateur de l'humanité souffrante! Nouveau Prophete dont les disciples s'essouflent à chanter les louanges, et qui finiront par triompher comme la civilization regnante; comment se fait il que vous oubliez entierement votre disciple Alfred, n'attendez pas en vain l' arrive d' un ange de ciel pour m'eclairer mais deroulez vos Papyrus pour y graver les progres de la marche gigantesque de cette *methodus medendi,* qui jointe a votre intelligence vous assure pour votre vieillesse un ombrage de Lauriers dont l'epaisseur permettroit a peine que vous soyez encore plus eclairé par le rayon de gloire que le Ciel dirigera sur vous—Maintenant que je vous ai dit ma façon de penser a votre egard, parlons de moi dans un style *moins laconique.*

"Depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays il etoit difficile de pouvoir donner un *Fair Trial,* à la methode, etant toujours obligé à diner de boire un verre de vin, avec tous ceux qui ont soif. Ainsi je l'ai abandonné trop tot pour me guerir mais toujours à temps, pour me penetrer, que jusqu'a ce jour le genre humain a vegeté au lieu de vivre—Il faut donc que je recommence malgré que je souffre moins; repenetrez vous de ma santé, consultez vos oracles, et voyez a me reprendre en main comme vous l'aviez fait. Je suivrai ponctuellement vos avis, et vous aurez au moins la gloire d'avoir gueri un des trompettes de la renommée de la methode, et un ami sincer. Detaillez bien la maniere de prendre, les remedes, et prescrivez non pas en *paraboles,* mais dans votre style persuasif. Notre ami Baillie est parti pour la Pologne il veut voir de près, ces victoires dont ont parle beaucoup, et qui n'arrivent jamais; il sera probablement arreté dans sa route par les troupes de votre ancien ami et maitre le Roi des Belges. Que dites vous de son idée d'avoir, accepté le trone la Belgique. Comme son ancien medecin vous avez sans doute prescrit quelque remède pour le faire defendre et apprécier par 'les braves

Belges.' Adieu, brave Quin. Je vous serre la main non pas de toutes mes forces, mais de tout mon cœur.

"Votre devouè et sincere ami,
"ALFRED D'ORSAY."

"CHER QUIN,
"Crockford, Minuit.

"Je passe ma vie a votre porte, et si le Diable vous emportait, il ne pourroit le faire mieux que vous ne le faites. Aujourdhui j'ai etè de bonne heure chez vous pensant vous attrapper, mais c'est en vain. Je voulais savoir quelques details de votre entrevue avec Lord ———; car quoique j'ai moins d'amitiè pour lui depuis sa conduite à mon egard, il faut pourtant que je cause, encore de lui avec vous. Vous avez beau le defendre, c'est l'homme le plus froid que la mèr du nord, ait pu jeter sur les cotes d'Angleterre. Son indifference le rend complêt sous ce rapport. Vous m'echauffez la bile en le defendant commes vous le faites. Je vous repête qu'il n'a plus d'amitié pour moi et qu'il a transferè son attachment sur mes parens en France, dont il a recemment fait la connaissance. Je l'ai recontrè l'autre jour en sortant de chez vous et il m'a recu d'une manniere si refroidissante, que le vent d'Est ne m'a pas rechauffér depuis plusieurs jours. Je l'ai vu à l'opera l'autre soir, ou il n'a pas daigné tourner la tête pour me regarder. Je l'ai rencontré chez le peintre C———, où il m'a rççu si comiquement que Bouffé auroit etè jalous de ce rôle. Je l'ai vu chez notre ami le Duc de B———, ou il m'a donné une main morte, et lorsque je l'ai regardé (tres peu à la verité), j'avois peine a conçevoir que c'etoit le même bon camarade avec lequel vous et moi avons passé de si bonnes soirées, et eu de si agreables et spirituelles conversations. Vous me dites que c'est ma faute que nous ne sommes plus amis, et vous me grondez de *my thin skin,* et bien, pour me conformer à vos desires j'ai été trois fois á sa maison. Il etait sorti avec son polichinelle de ———. Enfin au milieu de tout cela je suis assuré de bonne part qu'il se donne les airs d'imaginer que je me suis conduit mal pour lui. Conçevez vous cela, bon Quin, vous qui savez ce qu'il en est, et combien j'avois de l'amitié pour lui. Je desire donc que vous lui parliez : tachez de le voir—cela sera pourtant une chose assez difficile—car il se croit maintenant homme d'état, destiné à tenir le gouvernail des affaires de la Grande Bretagne; de sorte qu'il est toujours entouré d'un tas de courtisans lesquels flattent son amour propre et l'empechent di se servir de son bon sens. Comme il se leve a 8 heures du matin pour aller dejeuner avec le Premier et qu'il se couche a 1 heure la nuit pour rever politique, choisìssez adroitement un entre-acte, le fait est bon Quin, que je suis assuré qu'il a beaucoup plus d'amitié pour vous que pour moi maintenant, chose qui incontestablement prouve son esprit et son jugement éclairé; mais qui est neanmoins peu flatteur pour

"Votre ami affectionné,
"ALFRED D'ORSAY."

"P.S.—Vous avez mon cher une manie insupportable, celle de toujours, defendre les absens. Ne savez vous pas qu'il y a un proverbe français qui dit '*que les absens ont toujours tort.*' Cette mode dure toujours, et que diable! vous qui êtes le *pink of fashion*, devez suivre la mode."

"MON BON QUIN, "Mercredi.

"Viens donc, *drop in* à 7½ heurs, nous comprendrons alors, ce que Ces Dames ne peuvent pas comprendre. Il est etonnant que l'homme que nous aimons le mieux au monde, soit a peu pres celui que nous voyons le moins. Eh bien! T. F. a rencontré mes parens à Paris et les a tellement blaguè sur son amitie et admiration pour moi qu'ils se sont imaginés que cetoit un attachement d'enfance, que je les avois caché c'est pourtant à toi que je dois ce succes parmi toutes les choses que je te dois. Scélerat d' homme,

"Je t'embrasse,
"ton Meilleur ami,
"D'ORSAY."

"MON CHER AMI, "Paris, Mardi.

"Je puis bien dire que dans toute ma vie je n'ai jamais ressenti un aussi grand chagrin que celui de perdre, pour un instant mème, l'illusion que vous etiez mon plus sincere ami, vous! un ami d'enfance presque, Car Quin nous sommes ami depuis 1815, vous à qui je dois tant meme plus que la vie et moi qui ne rêve qu'aprés le jour ou je pourrai vous donner les preuves d'une affection plus que fraternelle. Le monde est bien méchant et bien envieux pour aller jusqu'a vouloir faire croire que vous etez infidel à lamitié, je pense, et mème j'insiste pour que vous alliez voir D—— et que vous lui demandiez de ma part qui à eu l'impudence de lui parler ainsi de vous. Vous direz a D—— que je n'ai pas pris la peine d'ecrire à l'egard de L———, car je n'y attache pas d'importance. Vous c'est un cas tout particulier. D—— m'ecrivoit ne comptez pas trop sur tes amis d'Angleterre. Il me mettoit mème en garde contre A—— précisement dans le moment que je recevois deux lettres de lui dans la méme semaine. Je n'ai pas pris la peine de relever ancune de ces insinuations mais pour vous c'etoit trop fort, celá m'alloit droit au cœur, Voyez le donc je vous en prie.*

"Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur,

"Votre affectionné,

"ALFRED."

"P.S.—J'ai obtenu pour Mr. de C——— une des meilleurs places que l'on puisse obtenir en France, 16000 francs par an, qu'on ne peut jamais lui oter; et retraite pour lui et sa veuve. Donc le marriage se fera le 22 de ce mois."

"Samedi, 1849.

"Quin! Blagueur imperturbable! depuis que tu vis dans un espèce de Vatican, en Mount Street, tu te donnes des airs comme le successeur des Cæsars ne s'en donnent pas; et tu ecris que je ne fais que m'amuser lorsque je travaille 8 heures par jour. Pense donc, qu'en m'arretant a ta porte c'est mon cœur qui m'arrète 'malgré' bon, gré (comme dit la celebre Step ——), et que c'est une chance de hasard que je cherche pour te voir puisque tu a la petitesse de nous abandonner. Oh Quin! *l'eusse* tu cru!! Oui je te plains comme *un œuf*, de n'avoir pas vu ces dames depuis si long temps et je te felicite de ne m'avoir pas rencontrè, car entre mon amitié si demonstrative et mon courroux si intempestif je t' aurois remodellè, ce que auroit pu produire peutètre une belle statuette pour la galerie de ton Palais Quirinale.

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* D'Orsay was labouring under an erroneous impression when he wrote this letter. Of all men, Dr. Quin is the last person who would be likely to prove forgetful of the obligations of friendship, either towards the absent or those present.—R. R. M.

"La Comtesse chaque jour dit comme refrain, comme c'est drole que Quin ne vient pas et qu'il donne pour excuse qu'il est obligé d'aller voir des malades à Kensington.

"Relis cette lettre souvent elle te poignardera à l'endroit sensible, car to as du cœur Quin mais je crains qu'il engraisse

"Ton vieux Pupille,
"D'Orsay."

"Octobre 6, 1846.

"Cher Quin, aimable ami ne m'ecris pas *si souvent,* car rèellement je n'ai pas le temps de repondre à toutes tes lettres que tu ne m'envois pas. Ah ! tu ne trouves pas six heures de disponibles pour faire une partie de campagne avec nous, et tu te sauves pour des semaines, plantant tous tes choleras, et tous tes malades, et amis inconsolables : aurois tu suivi l'exemple de L———, et serois—tu parti pour te marier. S'il en etoit ainsi je te souhaite heures et Bonheur—sacre vilain humbug.

"Ton ami malgrè tout,
"Alfred."

"Gallant Uomo,

"Non Cognosco Io il cuoco. C'est, Galeotto Capece de Duci di Regina chi m'a detto ché era un Stupendo Ripostiere cuocissimo. Ainsi addressez vous à Regina et ne me compromettez pas. Car je ne recommande les gens qu'à coup sur ; et si vous voulez absolument, vous assurer du merite de ce cuisinier, vous pouvez en donuant un diner chez vous, et m'invitant etre assuré que je vous dirai exactement ce qu'il en est.

"Reponse s'il vous plait et tout a vous.

"Votre ami affectioné,
"D'Orsay."

"Ce Vendredis, 30 Juillet,
"de l' année trente quatre de l'Homœopathie.

"L'Ami Quin,

"C'est sans doute parceque Je me porte comme le Pont neuf que tu ne passe plus chez moi — Je t'en prie, fais moi la grace de penser moins à *l'Homœopathie* et un peu plus à *l'amitie*—Jy gagnerai—sans quoi, Je serai obligé de retomber malade expres pour avoir le plaisir de te voir—ce n'est, certes, pas une raison parceque tes doses sout si reduites que tes visites doivent se ressentir de la methode. Adieu, brave Quin.

"Est ce que tu as juré de ne jamais plus diner chez nous, il ya si long tems qu'on ne te voit plus que ma fois je commence a le croire

"Tout a toi,
"ALFRED."

"Le 2 d'Avril, Kensington Gore.

"MAUVAIS FARCEUR DE QUIN,

"Comme tu té moqués de moi hier à C——— H———! et me fais avaler des betises et fais rire tout le monde à mes depens. Je ne sais diable comment tu fais, mais pas un dans tout le grande Bretagne a le talent de me mettre dedans comme toi, avec tes sacreés histoires et ta mine si Comiquement serieuse. J'ávoue J'etois fairly sold mauvais plaisant que tu es. Mais mon bon Quin je t'én prie ne vas pas dire comme tu as fait hier,—eu riant c'est vrai—que je commence à baisser c'est à dire que je nai plus autant d'esprit qu'autrefois,—vois tu, si on repete cela dans le monde comme venant de toi, diable m'importe si on ne le croira pas et il ya un tas d'imbecilles qui seront enchantés de te citer comme l'ayant dit et badinage a part cela ne me couviendra pas de tout. Je veux conserver non seulement la reputation de l'esprit que j'ai, mais bien plus, tout l'esprit qu'on me prête—comprends tu cela? Sois donc don enfant sans quoi, Je dirai partout que l'homœopathie ne vaut rien.

"Cependant Ingratque tu es
"Je suis malgre tout aujourdhui comme,
"Toujours ton ami à la vie à la mort,
"ALFRED D'ORSAY."

"38, Rue de la Ville l'Eveque,
"Paris, Mardi (Avril, 1849).

"MON BON QUIN,

"J'ai eu un depart imprevu, heureusement, que je suis sage de ce coté. Il a fallu que je me decide de partir à 3^{h} de la nuit pour ne pas manquer le Dimanche. Ces dames vous raconteront qu'une de mes premieres pensées ici a eté pour vous. Vous le voyez par ce peu de mots—aimez moi toujours de loin, car je vous aimais bien de près.

" Votre meilleur ami,
" Alfred."

LETTRE DE M. ALFRED DE VIGNY AU COMTE D'ORSAY.

" Je partois pour Birmingham, cher ami, lorsque j'ai reçu livre et billet de ta part—me voici en pleine forge a present, observant les Cyclopes dans leur antre—et j'en ai deja les mains noires. J'oublie l'odeur du charbon en lisant le voyage de Lady Blessington et il me semble que Je respire un beau bouquet arrivé de Florence. Je vois passer bien des noms que je connois et je serai heureux d'en parler avec l'auteur de ce charmante livre et des gracieuses fantaisies.

" C'est une aimable chose que cette galerie de portraits qui commence par celui de la voyageuse. J'ai et le peintre et les tableaux avec moi, cela me fait bien plaisir et je y reviendrai tous les jours.

" Comme la patrie nous fait toujours, Lady Blessington au milieu de Venise, n'a pas resisté au plaisir de peindre une Campagne Anglaise—c'est un paysage, c'est un tableau de genre d'une verité charmante et dont l'etendu montre le plaisir qu'elle prend à cette promenade ideale qu'elle prefere bien au reel voyage. Et ce pauvre Byron je le retrouve partout grace a elle, que je la remercie d'en parler encore et en vers si melancholiques. Je crois en verité qu'il se promene et s'asseoit entre elle et toi. Gore House est son Westminster Abbey. Que c'est bien, que c'est rare de savoir se souvenir ainsi—que l'on merile d'être aimé pour cela. Gards ce souvenir de bonheur toute ta vie.

" N'oublie pas ton ami,
" Alfred de Vigny."

No. III.

LETTERS OF COUNT D'ORSAY TO R. R. MADDEN, AND SOME CORRESPONDENCE IN RELATION TO HIS STATUETTES, &C.

"You must have seen by the newspapers that I have completed a great work, which creates a revolution in the Duke of Wellington's own mind, and that of his family. It is a statuette on horseback of himself, in the costume and at the age of the Peninsular war. They say that it will be a fortune for me, as every regiment in the service will have one, as the Duke says publicly, that it is the only work by which he desires to be known, physically, by portraits. They say that he is very popular in Portugal and Spain. I thought possibly that you could sell for me the copyright at Lisbon, to some speculator, to whom I would send the mould. What do you think of it? Enquire.

"D'Orsay."

"Gore House, May 9, 1845.

"My dear Madden,

"I wish that you would protect, with all your strength, power, and eloquence, the contemplated project of a rail-road between Lisbon and Madrid. The name is Vaughan et Cie; my nephew, the Duke de Guiche, is one of the directors, and Tom Duncombe and General B——— will be the active men with the Portuguese government, as that government owes him a great deal of gratitude for his services, and Palmella and M——— are of opinion that he will succeed in obtaining the concession, because governments are very generous when they can oblige without putting their hands into their own pockets. B—— is going very soon to Lisbon; he will see you, and you must aid him, and I am sure that you will be glad to do it. We have received the Portuguese papers that you sent me, and what is very curious is, that without knowing one word of that language, or Spanish, I could understand them perfectly well.

"Lord H—— is a great friend of B——; in fact, he is a great favourite at Lisbon, which will aid the undertaking. The old Instituteur of the King, and who is his Chamberlain, is devoted to B—— ; Mr. Deutz, I think, his name is.

" Lady Blessington sends you her kindest regards.*

" Believe me always,
" Yours most faithfully,
" COUNT D'ORSAY."

" Gore House, Thursday.

" I was far to believe that you had bolted at once to Ireland, particularly without saying adieu.

" I hope that you wont find a ship direct for Havre.

" Miss Power has communicated your letter to me. It was precisely about Tojal† that I wanted to speak to you. I know his man of business in the city, who deals largely for him in the funds. He has, I think, £200,000 in the Portuguese, and never gave the slightest hint as to any chance of *discomfiture* in that market. Certainly he must be wide awake as to his own interests, and must be in a good position as to feel the pulse of the administration. Does he see only one side of the question; or is he one of those men who like to be blind? Let me have a resumè of the letter you showed me.

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* Count D'Orsay, in the difficulties of his position in 1845, vainly looked to various visionary speculations for the means of extricating himself from embarrassments that were, in fact, overwhelming and insurmountable. A schedule of his liabilities, which I have seen, was prepared by him in 1845, with a view to some arrangement with his creditors, whose claims then amounted to £107,000 (and these claims did not comprise many debts to private friends, which were not likely to be pressed, or which could not be enforced, probably amounting to about £13,000 more). In the event of such expected arrangement being made, an idea was entertained of procuring for him " the benefit of the act"—in plain terms, of declaring him a bankrupt; but there were difficulties in the way of identifying him with some legitimate commercial or agricultural pursuit. One of the most remarkable illusions at the period above referred to, which took possession of his mind, was the hope of making a vast and rapid fortune, by succeeding in the attempt of the alchemists of old, of converting the baser metals into gold! Some foreign schemers and impostors had persuaded the Count they had discovered the great arcana of alchemy, and all that was wanted was the necessary funds to set to work. The poor Count lived to see the folly of this speculation; like that of many other schemes suddenly adopted in his difficulties, they began brilliantly, and ended in a bubble.—R. R. M.

† The Minister of Finance in Portugal, in 1845.

"Believe me,
"Yours most faithfully,
"COUNT D'ORSAY."

"Paris, May —, 1852.

"MY DEAR MADDEN,

"You go to St. Germain by the half-past twelve o'clock train from the Rue St. Lazare. You find a carriage at the station at St. Germain, which will take you for three francs to Chambourcy and back.

"Go to the curate, Mr. Penon, and say you come from me. Send for the beadle, who will take you to *the tomb.*

"Yours ever,
"D'ORSAY."*

No. IV.

LETTERS FROM R. R. MADDEN TO COUNT D'ORSAY.

"(1841), Sloane Square.

"MY DEAR COUNT,

"I suppose a man like your classical friend, who had made the grand tour, and had sojourned a long time especially in southern Italy—finding himself alone in a spunging house in London, might thus soliloquize: 'I have been all over Italy, travelled in vetturinos, swam in gondolas, sailed in feluccas, rode on cuccias, performed divers pedestrian feats in Romagna and Liguria. I have seen St. Peter's, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, sauntered through the Vatican, made pilgrimages to lovers' tombs, and the sites of poets' birth-places: I have wandered among ruins of shrines and temples, lost myself in gorgeous palaces and great Gothic wildernesses of cathedral churches. I have been dazzled with the glories of the rising and the setting sun, on the bay of Naples, the Lago Magiore, the Gulf of Spezzio, the sea of the Mediterranean. I have drank in odours, without stint or measure, of sweet and fragrant flowers. I have been inebriated in orange groves with the perfumed air of those trellised walks, with the interwoven branches of the vine, and mingling rose-buds. I have lived in the sweet south, and felt some influences thereof in waking dreams and reveries, feeling as if my senses were overpowered with the ecstacy of their enjoyments, and my soul gave itself up to the illusions of this Italian life, as if it would never awaken to encounter its realities in a gloomy spunging house, in a narrow street in London, redolent with vapours of stale porter and English gin, with fumes of tobacco, with which the dingy red curtains are throughly saturated, presenting from every dirty window a boundless contiguity of shade afforded by the surrounding brick walls, surmounted by chimney pots in various degrees of dilapidation: a sombre sky, in which some demon has upset his inkstand, and a sanded floor, an utter stranger to the great moral influence of soap and water.'

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* The above note, the last I received, was written to me while on a visit to Paris, in the latter part of May, 1852, a few weeks only before the death of poor D'Orsay: with it I received the key of the inner door of that tomb, in which the remains of Lady Blessington were deposited.

"Yours, sincerely and truly,
"R. R. Madden."

"My dear Count,

"The announcement of your completion of a statuette of the Emperor of Russia, gave me no pleasure. The tendencies of art towards hero worship are rather too strong already.

"I would have been better pleased to have heard you had been devoting your fine talents to the representation of some living philosopher, if there be one alive, or some nobleman of nature of a literary turn, or some hero of humanity, if any such are left amongst us, than chiselling the poor innocent marble into the hard traits and facial angles of any great fighting fellow. It would be a small ambition to swell the throng of the hero worshippers of our times, the idolators of the war principle, the glorifiers of the work of Waterloo or Warsaw. Don't be angry, my dear Count.

"Yours,
"R. R. M."

No. V.

WORKS OF ART OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

The three works of art which D'Orsay prided himself on most, were the statuettes of the Emperor of Russia, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, upon which the following critical observations, made at the time of their appearance, may be interesting:

COUNT D'ORSAY'S STATUETTE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"The peculiar merits of the accomplished and versatile artist are displayed to great advantage in the dignified air and carriage, soldierlike attitude, of the Emperor; and the strong resemblance to the original, despite the smallness of the scale, and the difficulties of the material. Great skill is manifested in concealing the disproportion so manifest in the living figure, the excessive length of the lower extremity in relation to the trunk. The bright colour of the bronze, approaching to the fine faintly obscured golden hues of the old Florentine bronze castings, adds not a little to the effect of this admirable statuette."

COUNT D'ORSAY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF NAPOLEON.

"The taste of Count D'Orsay has long been recognised in the most polished circles of English society. In dress he has led the fashion, whilst, as an artist, he has evidenced a degree of talent very seldom met with in an amateur. Of late he has surprised the world by a farther manifestation of talent. He has become a sculptor; and by a series of brilliant statuettes of well-known characters, has given still another proof of the diversity of his genius. The statuette of Wellington was illustrated some time since—we are now enabled, by his kind permission, to engrave the companion work of art, the statuette of Bonaparte, from a sketch furnished by Count D'Orsay himself. It has been drawn upon the wood by Gilbert, and engraved by Mr. W. G. Mason. The original is now at the birth-place of the conqueror. The Prince Demidoff having presented to the town of Ajaccio this statuette of Napoleon, it has been placed in the grand salle of the Hotel de Ville. The following account of the ceremony observed on the occasion, is quoted from 'The Journal de la Corse,' of the 14th of September :—'The equestrian statuette of the Emperor, by the Count D'Orsay, completes the small Napoleon Museum, which we owe to the munificence of Cardinal Fesch, which excites the admiration of all foreigners.' "*

COUNT D'ORSAY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"It seems as if the veritable war-horse of Job's exclamation stood before us, 'pawing the earth with his foot, and snuffing the battle afar off.' But still he obtrudes not himself into the subject-matter of the testimonial, except as an effective foil, impressing more strongly the ideas to be conveyed by the whole. Cool, reflecting, and observant, the Duke sits like a general who perceives the game already in his hand; but how much more sagacious calmness does the action of his restive horse convey, by the comparison of very opposite characters thus forced upon the attention of the spectator. Neither must it escape observation, how much the depressed head and arching neck of the animal assist in producing that classic unity of effect, which is produced in a grouped scene, where a pyramidal outline has been successfully preserved. In features and form the Duke is represented as he was a quarter of a century ago. The costume also is adapted to the time to which the statuette refers, and which may naturally be presumed to be the year of Waterloo. The two greatest generals of the day had not previously been actually opposed in personal command; and as Napoleon's statuette, it is to be hoped, will always accompany our present subject, it is but right and proper, therefore, that these rival heroes should be represented as they contemporaneously appeared on that occasion, especially as, in future history, they will ever be mutually suggestive of each other's career. The costume chosen strongly indicates the simplicity and truth of exalted genius. No blanket-like toga, or stirrupless lower limbs, detract from the dignity or the feeling of what ought to be the appointments and dress of an English field-marshal on active service; and we defy all comparison, for real classical effect, with all or any of the many sculptured absurdities in Greek or Roman attire, which a wretchedly snobbish taste has succeeded in erecting in some of the finest situations in the metropolis. We admire exceedingly the character of the friezed cocked hat of the rank Count D'Orsay has chosen for his Wellington."*

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* The Pictorial Times.

" One of the last of the late lamented Count D'Orsay's studies was a statuette of the Duke on horseback, the first copy of which, in bronze, was carefully retouched and polished by the artist. The work is remarkable for its mingled grace and sprightliness. The Duke, sitting firmly back in his saddle, is reining in a pawing charger, charmingly modelled, and a peculiar effect is obtained by the rider dividing the reins, and stretching that on the left side completely back over the thigh. The portrait is good, particularly that of the full face, and very carefully finished, and the costume is a characteristically closely-fitting military undress, with hanging cavalry sabre.* Altogether, indeed, the statuette forms a most agreeable memorial, not only of the Duke, but, in some degree, of the gifted artist."†

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* The Pictorial Times.

No. VI.

DEDICATORY LETTER OF SIR E. B. LYTTON TO COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

"My dear Count D'Orsay,

"When the parentage of Godolphin was still unconfessed and unknown, you were pleased to encourage his first struggles with the world. Now, will you permit the father he has just discovered to re-introduce him to your notice? I am sorry to say, however, that my unfilial offspring, having been so long disowned, is not sufficiently grateful for being acknowledged at last: he says, that he belongs to a very numerous family, and, wishing to be distinguished from his brothers, desires not only to reclaim your acquaintance, but to borrow your name. Nothing less will content his ambition than the most public opportunity, in his power, of parading his obligations to the most accomplished gentleman of our time. Will you then, allow him to make his new appearance in the world under your wing, and thus suffer the son, as well as the father, to attest the kindness of your heart, and to boast the honour of your friendship?

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* Mr. Walesby, of 5, Waterloo Place, London, has published Count D'Orsay's smaller and last equestrian statuette of the Duke of Wellington, in bronze. The statuette is sixteen inches in height, on a black marble pedestal, eighteen inches in height by twenty in width at the base, surrounding the edges of which are reposing lions, and a richly foliated wreath in bronze.

† Morning Chronicle, Dec. 23, 1852.

"Believe me, my dear Count D'Orsay,
"With the sincerest regard,
"Yours, very faithfully and truly,
"E. L. B."

No. VII.

MEMORANDUM OF LADY BLESSINGTON RESPECTING THE EXPECTED APPOINTMENT OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

In 1841, an effort was made to have Count D'Orsay appointed to the office of secretary of the French embassy in London. All the influence of Lady Blessington was brought to bear on those persons with whom the appointment rested, especially on the Count St. Aulaire, the French ambassador at the Court of St. James's. In opposition to these views, it was believed by Lady Blessington, that parties had represented to the British sovereign, the Count D'Orsay in so unfavourable a light, that her Majesty had *rayè* the Count's name, when a list of invitations to a ball had been presented to her.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington, there is a memorandum of hers, embodying the objections which had been raised to the proposed appointment, and her views in relation to them.

"With regard to the inventions relative to our Count, there is not even a shadow of truth in them. Alfred never was presented here at Court, and never would, though I, as well as his other friends, urged it; his motive (for declining) being, never having left his name at any of the French ambassadors of Louis Philippe, (not even at Count Sebastiani's, a connection of his own), or at Marshal Soult's, also nearly connected with his family, he could not ask to be presented at Court by the French ambassador, and did not think it right to be presented by any one else. Prince Ernest he never knew, and consequently could not be presented by him; and the etiquette of not having been engaged to meet the Queen unless previously presented at Court, is too well known to admit of any mistake. The Countess ———, the daughter of Nesselrode, could not be invited to a ball given by the Beauforts, because she had not previously been presented at Court. I enter into these details merely to shew the utter falsehoods which have been listened to against Alfred. Now with regard to his creditors, his embarrassments have been greatly exaggerated; and when the sale of the northern estates in Ireland shall have been effected, which must be within a year, he will be released from all his difficulties. In the mean time he has arranged matters, by getting time from his creditors. So that all the fuss made by the nomination being only sought as a protection from them, falls to the ground. There has been much hypocritical prudery in the affair. When the Duc de D—— fled London, and was lodged in a spunging house, my old friend, the *Duc de Laval Montmorency*, paid the debt, 100,000 francs, and released him. He then, after this public exposure of his embarrassment, got himself named as *attaché* here, to protect himself; and Lord Aberdeen, then, as now, at the Foreign Office, when appealed to on the subject, said he would do all in his power to save him from annoyance. I mention all these facts to shew how ill Alfred has been treated. If the appointment in London is still deemed impracticable, why should not they offer him the Secretaryship at Madrid, which is vacant?

" Alfred entrusted the affair (of the appointment) to M—— and W——. He received positive assurances from both that he would receive an appointment in the French Embassy here, and that it was only necessary, as a mere matter of etiquette, that St. Aulaire was to ask for his nomination to have it granted. The assurances were so positive that he could not doubt them, and he accordingly acted on them. The highest eulogies on Alfred's abilities, and power of rendering service to the French government, were voluntarily pronounced to St. Aulaire by Lord B———, the Duke of B———, and other persons of distinction. M. St. Aulaire, not satisfied with these honourable testimonies, consulted a *coterie* of foolish women, and listening to their malicious gossipping, he concluded that the nomination would not be popular in London, and so was afraid to ask for it.

"It now appears that the Foreign Office at Paris is an inquisition into the private affairs of those who have the misfortune to have any reference to it; a bad plan when clever men are so scarce in France, and particularly those well born and well connected: a government like the present should be glad to catch any such that could be had.

"MARGT. BLESSINGTON."

No. VIII.

COUNT D'ORSAY AND RICHARD J. LANE.

The most eminent of English lithographic artists, Richard J. Lane, Esq., was a very intimate friend of the Count. The portrait drawings by the late Count D'Orsay, to the extent of one hundred and forty representations of the celebrities of the Villa Belvidere, the Palazzo Negroni, the Hotel Ney, Seamore Place, and Gore House, were lithographed by Mr. Lane, and published by Mr. Mitchell of Bond Street. This collection is so remarkable, and includes so many portraits of eminent persons which are in vain to be sought for elsewhere, that it would appear desirable to have a correct list of those admirably executed portraits laid before the public.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S PORTRAITS.

Mr. Mitchell of Bond Street has published a series of the portrait drawings, by the late Count D'Orsay, hitherto limited to private circulation: the entire series, with the exception of about twenty, is now given to the public, and has been received with general admiration.

Lord Byron.
La Comtesse Guiccioli.
Marquess of Conyngham.
Earl of Durham.
Rt. Hon. B. D'Israeli, M.P.
Colonel Stanhope.
Viscount Enfield.
Count Matoushevitz. (2)*
Lord Allen.
Sir William Massey Stanley.
Theodore E. Hook, Esq.
Thomas Carlyle, Esq.
William Jerdan, Esq.
Lord Dudley Stuart.
R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.
Tyrone Power, Esq.
Sir C. Cunningham Fairlie.
Sheridan Knowles, Esq.
Albany Fonblanque, Esq.
Alfred Montgomery, Esq.
Lord Alfred Paget. (2)
Captain Lock.
Dr. Ferguson.
Captain Home Purves.
Countess of Chesterfield.
Hon. Mrs. G. Anson.
G. J. Guthrie, Esq.
Earl of Malmesbury.
Count Alfred Vidil.
M Liszt.
Ambrose Isted, Esq.
Colonel John Lyster.
Charles Standish, Esq.
Sir Harry Goodricke.
George Herbert, Esq.
Little Gilmour, Esq.
Earl of Lichfield.
The Count D'Orsay. (3)
Marquess of Normanby.
Earl of Chesterfield.
Duke of Beaufort.
Marquess of Worcester. (2)
Duke of Wellington.
Lord Anglesey.
Earl of Erroll.
Viscount Maidstone.
Hon. C. Stuart Wortley.
Hon. C. W. Forester.
C. C. Greville, Esq.
Sir G. Wombwell.
Marquess of Hastings.
Earl of Wilton.
Earl of Pembroke. (2)
Sir Henry Mildmay.
Captain Mildmay.
Viscount Cantilupe.

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* The number after the portrait denotes more than one drawing of the same person.

Lord Fredk. Fitz-Clarence.
Colonel Tyrwhitt.
Viscount Powerscourt.
Sir Philip Crampton.
Sir Willoughby Cotton.
Hon. William Cowper, M.P.
Hon. James Macdonald.
Hon. Major-Gen. Anson.
Emperor Napoleon III. (2)
The late Lord Canterbury.
Lord Lyndhurst.
Sir Edw. Lytton Bulwer, Bt.
Lord Elphinstone.
Lord Jocelyn.
—— Trelawney, Esq.
Walter Savage Landor, Esq.
Major F. Mountjoy Martyn.
Count Kielmansegge. (2)
Charles Dickens, Esq.
Mr. Dowton.
Hon. A. Villiers.
Viscount Ossulston.
Comte de Grammont.
Duc de Guiche.
Comte Valentine Esterhazy.
Miss Marguerite Power.
Countess of Blessington.
Marquess Wellesley.
Dwarkanauth Tagore.
The Hon. Captain Rous.
Hon. John Spalding.
Comte de Noailles.
Dr. Quin.
Dr. Currie.
Vicomte D'Arlincourt.
Baroness Calabrella.
Earl of Bessborough.
M. Eugene Sué.
M. Berryer.
Hon. Charles Gore.
F. Sheridan, Esq.
C. Sheridan, Esq.
Countess of Tankerville.
Duc de Grammont.
R. Knightley, Esq.
Colonel Gurwood.
Hon. Spencer Cowper.
Sir Henry L. Bulwer.
A. B. Cochrane, Esq.
Mr. W. Anderson.
M. J. Higgins, Esq.
Ralph Osborne, Esq.
Prince Moskowa.
M. Sulemein.
Count Bjornstjerna.
H. Luttrell, Esq.
John Bushe, Esq.
Lord Clanricarde.
John Liston, Esq.
Hon. Frederick Byng.
B. Lumley, Esq.
Mrs. Romer.
George Jones, Esq.
Captain Marryat.
Colonel Hunter Blair.
S. Ball Hughes, Esq.
Mrs. Maberly.
Lord George Bentinck. (2)
Hon. G. Barrington.
M. Girardin.
Hon. Colonel C. B. Phipps.
Sir Edwin Landseer.

Each portrait may be had separately, price 5*s*., but the work complete, at 4*s*. each. Size—14 inches high, 10½ inches wide.

Knowing the great esteem and respect in which Mr. Lane was deservedly held by Count D'Orsay, on account of his worth and probity, no less than on account of his great merit as an artist and lithographer; I addressed a note to him, stating I was aware how intimately acquainted he had long been with Count D'Orsay, and requesting such aid and information as might help to enable me to set D'Orsay before the English public in a better light than that of a mere man of fashion, an *arbiter elegantiarum* of modish circles, a wit even, or a quasi artist, feeling he could jump into art with as much ease and elegance as he could vault into his saddle. And as the world had plenty of evidence of that sort of eminence and agility, I sought such testimony rather as might shew him to have been something more and better than an exquisite or a *dillettanti*;—of his being an original thinking man, of some noble qualities, of a large heart, and a kindly, generous disposition.

LETTER FROM RICHARD J. LANE, ESQ. TO R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

"3, Osnaburgh Terrace, October 27, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,

"The request that you have made, imposes on me a duty, which I will endeavour to fulfil in a manner to do justice to the memory of Count D'Orsay, on those points on which you have asked my opinion.

"As a patron, his kind consideration for my interest, and prompt fulfilment of every engagement, never failed me for the more than twenty years of my association with him; and the friendship that arose out of our intercourse, (and which I attest with gratitude), proceeded at a steady pace, without the smallest check, during the same period; and remained unbroken, when on his final departure from England, he continued to give me such evidence of the constancy of his regard, as will be found conveyed in his letters.

"In the sketches of the celebrities of Lady Blessington's salons, which he brought to me, (amounting to some hundred and fifty or more), there was generally an appropriate expression and character, that I found difficult to retain in the process of elaboration; and although I may have improved upon them in the qualities for which I was trained, I often found that the final touches of his own hand alone made the work satisfactory.

"Of the amount and character of the assistance of which the Count availed himself, in the production of his pictures and models, I have a clear notion; and I rejoice to think that you will make evident before your readers, what I believe I have already impressed on you.

"When a gentleman would rush into the practice of that which, in its mechanism, demands experience and instruction, he avails himself of the help of a craftsman, whose services are sought for painting-in the subordinate parts, and working out his rude beginnings. In the first rank of art, at this day, are others who, like the Count D'Orsay, have been unprepared, excepting by the possession of taste and genius, for the practice of art, and whose merits are in no way obscured by the assistance which they *also* freely seek in the manipulation of their works; and it is no less easy to detect, in the pictures of the Count, the precise amount of mechanical aid which he has received from another hand, than the graces of character and feeling that are superadded by his own. I have seen a rough model, executed entirely by himself, of such extraordinary power and simplicity of design, that I begged him to have it *moulded,* and not to proceed to the details of the work, until he could place this first model side by side with the cast in clay, to be worked up. He took my advice, and his equestrian statue of the first Napoleon may fairly justify my opinion.

"For art, he had a heartfelt sympathy, a searching eye, and a critical taste, fostered by habitual intercourse with some of our first artists.

"I cheerfully place at your disposal one letter of his, especially valued by me, of the 21st Feb. 1850, and another very remarkable letter, written from Paris, soon after the elevation of the Prince Napoleon Louis to the Presidency of the French Republic.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Dear Sir,
"Your very faithful servant,
"Richard J. Lane."

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO RICHARD J. LANE, ESQ.

"I rejoice to read your opinions of the Prince. I well remember the circumstance you mention,[*] and his visits to you when you did my two lithographs of him.[†]....

"....The last election was even more wonderful than the first, for *then* he had the whole army with him. *Rely upon it, he will do more for France than any Sovereign has done for the last two centuries, if only they give him time.*"[‡]

"Paris, 21 February, 1850.

"MY DEAR LANE,

"I cannot really express to you the extent of my sorrow about your dear and good family. You know that my heart is quite open to sympathy with the sorrows of others. But judge therefore, how it must be, when so great a calamity strikes a family like yours, which family I always considered one of the best I ever had the good fortune to know. What a trial for dear Mrs. Lane, after so many cares, losing a son like yours, just at the moment that he was to derive the benefit of the good education you gave him. Poor Miss Power is very much affected, I assure you. There is no consolation to offer. The only one that I can imagine, is to think continually of the person lost, and to make oneself more miserable *by* thinking. It is, morally speaking, an homœopathic treatment, and the only one which can give some relief. You cannot form an idea of the *soulagement* that I found, in occupying myself in the country (at Chambourcy) in building the monument which I have erected to dear Lady Blessington's memory. I made it so solid and so fine, that I felt all the time that death was the reality, and life only the dream of all around me. When I hear any one making projects for the future, I laugh, feeling as I do now, that we may to-morrow, without five minutes' notice, have to follow those we regret. I am prepared for that, with a satisfactory resignation. I am sure that you have those feelings. Give my most affectionate regards to your dear family, and believe me always—far or near,

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[*] I reminded him that, on the morning of the day of the first election of the President, he came to my house before church time, and diverted me from graver duties, to listen to his confident anticipations of the result of that memorable day. "Think," said he, "what is the ordinary November weather in Paris: and here is a beautiful day. I have watched the mercury in my garden. I have seen where is the wind, and I tell you, that on Paris is what they will call the sun of Austerlitz. To-morrow you shall hear that, while we are now talking, they vote for him with almost one mind, and that he has the absolute majority."—R. J. L.

[†] October, 1839.

[‡] D'Orsay's efforts to gain over public opinion in England for Louis Napoleon were as unceasing as his endeavours to inspire private friends with favourable sentiments in relation to the Prince and his pretensions. I have a letter of his now before me, dated the 18th of June, 1846, addressed to a literary man of great eminence, connected with one of the leading London newspapers, earnestly entreating of him to use his influence with some of the principal writers in the London journals, and editors of them, to get them to abstain from writing against Louis Napoleon. "Do you think," (he says) "you could prevent ——— to write these atrocious, false nonsenses against Prince Napoleon? The fact is, that ——— is the *ame damnè* de Guizot and Louis Philippe, and the articles upon France are a great deal more than ridiculous."—R. R. M.

"Your sincere friend,
"D'Orsay."

No. IX.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The Count Marcellus, who was French Chargè d'Affaires at the Court of London, during the ministry of Chateaubriand, in his work "Politique de la Restauration en 1822 et 1823" (Paris, 1853), makes mention of a ball he gave in London, at the period of the invasion of Spain by the legitimists, when the London mob had made an attack on the hotel of the French minister. The ball, he says, was attended by the Duke of Wellington, various representatives of the Congress of Verona—all the world of fashion were there—and "lastly, D'Orsay brought in his train the ordinary circle of dandies who made his escort."

This is the earliest mention I have seen in any published work, of D'Orsay's sojourn in London previously to the return of Lady Blessington from the continent in 1831. At the time of his visit to England, his brother-in-law the Duke de Grammont (then Duc de Guiche), who, during his exile from France, had served in the English army (in the tenth dragoons), was sojourning in London, and D'Orsay's visit on that occasion was to his sister and her husband.

At the period of Count D'Orsay's second visit to London, some months after the French revolution of 1830, the Marshal Sebastiani (who had married a sister of the present Duc de Grammont) was ambassador at the court of St. James's, and his being there was one of the inducements which had led D'Orsay to take up his abode in London at that time.

No. X.

THE DUKE DE GRAMMONT.

The titles to nobility of the house of Grammont go as far back as the year 865, the period at which this family, originally from Arragon, made, at the time of the election of the King Sancho Garcia Eneco, its first appearance in the public affairs of the kingdom of Navarre, under the title of Ricos Hombres De Natura, or first grand Barons, equivalent in these days to the title of Grandee of Spain of the first class.

The family of Grammont are allied by marriage to the royal blood of Arragon, of Navarre, to the ancient Counts of Foix, of Bearn, and to the Orleans family. It belongs to the small number of the houses of sovereigns which form a part of the French nobility, and exercised its right of sovereignty in its principality of Bidache and Barnache, in Lower Navarre, until the year 1789.*

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* Annuaire Biographique, Ed. 1843, p. 63.

Comte Philibert de Grammont, of notoriety in England in the time of Charles the Second, was one of the latest celebrities of this distinguished family; he died in 1707, aged eighty-six.

Count Anthony Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Chevalier de Grammont, and the writer of the Count's Memoirs, was born in Ireland, about 1646, and died at St. Germaine-en-Laye, in 1720, aged seventy-four. Count Hamilton was specially qualified for the task imposed on him by his brother-in-law. He was to Grammont what Boswell was to Johnson.

No. XI.

ANTOINE GENEVIEVE HERACLIUS AGENORDE GRAMMONT, PRESENT DUC DE GRAMMONT, PRINCE DE BIDACHE, &c. &c.

The Duke de Grammont, born in 1789, married July 23, 1818, Anne Quintina Albertini Ida, nèe Comtesse D'Orsay, and had issue:

1. Antoine Alfred Agenor Grammont, Duc de Guiche, born August 14, 1819, an eleve de l'ecole Polytechnique, and officer of artillery, married Emma Mary, daughter of W. A. MacKinnon, Esq., M.P.
2. Antoine Phillibert Leon Count de Grammont, Duc de Lesparre, born July 1, 1820 (an eleve of the ecole militaire de St. Cyr, and an officer of cavalry), married June 4, 1844, Marie, daughter of Vicomte de Segur.
3. Antoine Alfred Onerius Theophile de Grammont, Comte de Grammont, born June 2, 1823 (an officer of infantry), married November 21, 1848, Louisa de Choiseul Praslin.
4. Antonia Armandine Aglae de Grammont, born October 5, 1826, married November 26, 1850, Theodore, Duke de Prat.

5. Antonia Gabrielle Leontine de Grammont, born March 2, 1829.*

The Duke de Grammont had two sisters.

1. Armandine Sophie Leonice Corisande de Grammont, married, in 1806, Viscount Ossuldon, present Earl of Tankerville.

2. Aglae Angelique Gabrielle de Grammont, married, firstly, at St. Petersburgh, General Demidoff, a Corsican by birth, and a connection of Napoleon Buonaparte; and secondly, the Marshal Count Sebastiani, a native of Corsica, and connected likewise with the Buonaparte family.

The family de Grammont is now divided into two branches.†

No. XII.

MARSHAL COUNT SEBASTIANI.

The Marshal was a native of Corsica, of an ancient family, connected with the Buonapartes. He entered the French army at an early age, and took a distinguished part in the Italian campaigns and Peninsular war. He married a sister of the present Duc de Grammont—the widow of an eminent Corsican in the service of Russia—General Demidoff.

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* Almanack de Gotha, Paris, 1854, p. 114.

† La branche cadette est représentée par :—

Antoine Eugène Amable Stanislas Agénor de Gramont, Comte de Gramont D'Aster, ou comte Agénor de Gramont, pair de France, fils d'Antoine Louis Raymond Geneviève de Gramont, Comte de Gramont D'Aster et d'Amable de Catelan décédés.

Les sœurs sont :

Antoinette Claire Amélie Gabrielle Corisande de Gramont D'Aster, mariée à Roger Gabéléon, Comte de Salmour en Piémont.

Thérèse de Gramont D'Aster, mariée au Marquis D'Aversand de Toulouse.

Antoinette Marie Madeleine Amable Amédée de Gramont, mariée au comte Gravier de Vergennes.—*Ann. Biog.*

In the Peninsular war, Marshal Sebastiani distinguished himself particularly in the reformation of ecclesiastical abuses connected with the possession of property.

"In Spain he was notorious for ransacking convents with merciless avarice, and for mutilating or destroying the airy tracery in the time-honoured halls of the Alhambra. The glorious building was converted by Sebastiani into stables for his horses, and barracks for his debauched dragoons."*

He was the unfortunate father of the ill-fated Duchess de Praslin.

"Infelicis patris—infelix proles."

The Marshal died at Paris, in July, 1851, in his eightieth year. The Comtesse de Sebastiani had died in 1842. The funeral rites of the Marshal were performed with extraordinary pomp at the Church of the Invalids, and were attended by the President of the Republic, the Marshals of France, all the principal generals, the corps diplomatique, and a great number of the principal inhabitants of Paris.

"When the solemn service was proceeding in the church, one of the wax tapers placed round the catafalque fell against the black cloth drapery, and, in a moment, the whole of the decorations were in a blaze. Great fears were entertained for the building, and more immediately for the military trophies suspended in it: but eventually only a few of the latter were destroyed."†

No. XIII.

LORD MOUNTJOY AND LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

An imaginary conversation by Walter Savage Landor, between Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, addressed to the Rev. Julius Hare, Trinity College, Cambridge, by the author. Post-mark of letter enclosing a copy of it to Lady Blessington—Firenza, February 12, 1829.

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* Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1851, p. 537.

† Ibid. p. 538.

There are two notes of Mr. Landor appended to this conversation, in which the character of the son and heir of Lord Mountjoy (the late Earl of Blessington) are spoken of in very complimentary terms. In the second note, the recent death of the Earl is referred to, and the fact mentioned that the "Imaginary Conversation" of Lord Mountjoy with Lord E. Fitzgerald had been only completed when the news had arrived of the sudden death of Lord Blessington.

[Lord Mountjoy, the staunch and early friend of the Irish Roman Catholics, was slain by the people in rebellion in 1798. Lord E. Fitzgerald perished at the hands of authority in the same rebellion, he the head and front of its offending.]

LORD EDWARD. "My dear Mountjoy, I wish I could entertain the flattering hope, that you have granted me admittance to you, as much from your old friendship as from your invariable politeness."

MOUNTJOY. "Such a wish is itself a proof to me that I was in the wrong, if I did not."

LORD EDWARD. "Neither my knowledge of your easy temper, nor of your warm and generous heart, gave me all that assurance which I now receive from the pressure of your hand; a diversity in politics, I need not tell you, has made several of my earliest friends, and nearest relations, turn their backs upon me."

MOUNTJOY. "I hope I shall never turn mine on a good soldier, friend, or enemy."

LORD EDWARD. "I will be sworn for you; if the last spark of honour and chivalry is to be extinguished on the earth, it will be in the breast of Mountjoy."

MOUNTJOY. "Lord Edward, let us leave off compliments, which, while they were in use, were used principally to display some grace in the person, or to conceal obliquity in the mind."

LORD EDWARD. "Faith! if that is the good of them, you have the best right of any man to vote them out of fashion: now to the business of my visit. The people, you have long been aware, my Lord, are highly exasperated against the government; I will not ask you whether you think they are so, with reason or without; certainly, there is danger of an open insurrection."

Mountjoy. "Lord Edward, when a dog is mad, I do not ask what drove him mad? I defend my own dogs and myself from his fury as well as I can."

Lord Edward. "Sometimes it is wiser to get out of his way."

Mountjoy. "I neither can nor would get out of the way, gladly as I should see every root of grievance torn up from a country but too fertile in them."

Lord Edward. "We were together in the association of Dublin volunteers, which, supported by others throughout the kingdom, was then strong enough to have set at defiance the battered and broken arms of our oppressor, and could have accomplished all that was wanting for the permanent good of Ireland. The English government no longer had money or credit; the English people, exhausted by the expenditure of the war, alienated by the misconduct of it, began at last to perceive and to acknowledge the justice of the American cause; ours was the same under much longer and much worse irritations; we had a larger and a better array to assert it; more within our reach to confiscate justly for the support of it; and we should have had the same allies. When we could have done every thing for our country, what did we? we sat down again contented with paltry concessions and empty promises: England thought herself generous for granting them; Ireland for her easy acceptance of the grant. In England every generosity is called a folly; in Ireland, every folly is called a generosity. We are now told that too much has been done for us, and truly, I believe it; since every thing is too much for us, which we do not for ourselves."

Mountjoy. "Lord Edward, our country endures no injury to which I am not as sensitive as you are; we differ only in the expediency of resistance; we have lost the only opportunity we ever had of being the confederates rather than the subjects of England, or, what is yet better than confederacy, a part. Britons, Saxons, Danes, Normans, have united; what hinders the Irish?"

Lord Edward. "English policy."

Mountjoy. "I see no reason why salt water, rather than fresh, should separate those whom affections and interests draw together."

Lord Edward. "Nor do I; but the wholesale butchers who have turned Ireland into their slaughter-house, have so ensanguined the knot, that it will hold no longer."

Mountjoy. "Nothing in the whole of our misfortunes is so deplorable, as that it should continue to be the policy of our rulers to bind us rather by restrictions than by generosity—a bad policy with any nation, but worse with the Irish than with any other, for, among the Irish, the very vilest and the most inconsiderate are brought over and attached to you by one kind action, and alienated by one effort of control. Who would imagine that the English aristocracy and the Irish democracy should be equally strenuous in producing the same result? Yet so it is; if you cannot lead the blind man, do not mock him, my dear Lord Edward. The trick may bring about the calamity. It now appears to be the intention of certain men, that we should throw ourselves into the arms of France, and thus render our country the arena for all the battles of the English with all their enemies."

Lord Edward. "How much better would it have been, as you remarked, to identify the two countries, and to render every man in each, the neighbour of his neighbour. It seems an absurdity, a contradiction, an impossibility, that it should not be so; yet, where all men, with equal wishes and knowledge, may not aspire to equal rank and estimation, where a thought on God is a crime in the eyes of him who has another thought on the same God; where a son, if he follow his father, is stripped of his civic rights for it, and interdicted his natural; what hope then, can we have of justice, or what desire of reconciliation?"

Mountjoy. "I will not discourse with you on open war."

Lord Edward. "But shew me, if you can, in all the records of history, a war of nation against nation more manifestly just."*

MOUNTJOY. "The cause of justice is but little forwarded by compromising the cause of humanity; we are hardly the people that can teach the English to be wiser, or that can compel them to be more equitable—I wish we were: we would then begin the first lesson to-morrow. As matters stand, by any attempt at resistance, we should only make the brutal more brutal, and the suffering more suffering; and the end of it would be, that every peaceable man would leave the kingdom by choice, and every brave man by proscription. I think it criminal to contend without a chance of success, unless it be where, by the sacrifice of our lives, as well as theirs, under us, we can give time for others to come on, who may continue or renew the contest with better hopes. In that case our bodies may well fill up the straits, and the idlest of strangers will never write *fool* above our epitaphs. I see clearly the expectations of the United Irishmen, and no less clearly the disappointment and delusion of them. The French and Irish can never cordially agree."

LORD EDWARD. "Why do you think so?"

MOUNTJOY. "Because the one will no longer be ruled by priests; the other will be ruled by none else."

LORD EDWARD. "It must, indeed be a tremendous curse, that can render them endurable. We may want them for a time."

MOUNTJOY. "Their time will be longer than ours; hopes, fears, consciences, are tost about, and distributed by their hands."

LORD EDWARD. "Too true; throw in likewise a moiety of the wives, present and future; they find spouses both for God and man, with good accommodation; and not only do they bring about marriages, but they can make heavy ones light, and light ones heavy, and can put other horns above the devil's, in any doorway they have once entered."

MOUNTJOY. "If England had the equity and wisdom to place Ireland by her side in the same level, and no lower; if she would grant to the Irish all the rights of citizens, as she hath done to the Canadians?"

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* That such is not the case at present is quite certain; on the authority of the Duke of Wellington, and of nearly all the principal men in the cabinet.—W. S. L.

Lord Edward. "Which renders it the more galling, the more iniquitous, the more intolerable."

Mountjoy. "Then, indeed, the priesthood could make no further appeals to the passions of the ignorant, and the contest for mastery would shortly lie between the people and it. Popery would lose her hold on the latter's ignorance; for among the Irish, if the acutest sense is that of injustice, the quickest is that of ridicule; the expression of which two feelings can never exist together. Ireland will grow more Catholic every day she continues to be oppressed; less Catholic, every day after she is relieved from her oppression. Faction will cease within the first century of this real Reformation, which it seems wonderful that the Protestant clergy should be reluctant to bring about."

Lord Edward. "Not at all; the Protestant clergy leap from the goat-fold to the sheep-fold; from the sheep-fold to the ox-stall, and being there, grow too lazy to budge. Who among them would not abandon parishioners for a vicarage, for a deanery, a bishopric for an archbishopric, and the house of God for the house of Lords? The government—be the party what it may—Whig or Tory, never wished our pacification; a state of discontent, of discord, and of turbulence, kept up artificially and sedulously by them, is necessary as a plea to keep up likewise a large establishment here, both military and civil, and the people of England are induced to pay taxes for it, on which many hundred dependants of every administration rear their families. Were Ireland flourishing, as she must be under any other system, the rival oligarchies would lose a large portion of their patronage; England wavers perpetually, in every branch of her policy, expecting this. The Horatii and Curatii, who contend for supremacy, instead of three, are about nine on a side, and in the families of these we are to look for the secret. Why, by their consent we are never to meliorate our condition: the people of England would gain some millions yearly by our freedom, by our mere equality with the French-Canadians. The means of keeping them in subjection to these ruling families would be lost, by leaving us unbound."

Mountjoy. "The English would benefit in wealth by it quite as much as we should, and greatly more in the reduction of taxes; all that they would lose would be the sentiment of contempt for the generality of us, and of hatred for the remainder."

Lord Edward. "If they persist, my life for it, they shall lose one of these sentiments, and very soon."

Mountjoy. "I see nothing but a divided people, and a corrupt parliament."

Lord Edward. "You shall see neither much longer. Those who separate themselves from the people are no part of it, and what is corrupt will drop off, or must be cut off, who could regret it. Was there ever an association, even an assemblage in any lane of the worst city, or in any forest of the wildest country, so profligate and shameless, so barbarous and rapacious as our Irish peers.

Mountjoy. "Little better, I confess it, than the Poles."

Lord Edward. "In Poland every thing is noble that is not a slave, in Ireland, every thing that is . . . "

Mountjoy. "Our peerage, with the exception of six or seven."

Lord Edward. "Take the six, give me the seventh, and I pay you down his weight in rubies, such scrapings from sugar-casks and tobacco wrappers, never was flung among the mussel shells and skate tails of Kelvoc slugs of Flushing, so disorderly a gang of cut-throats and cut-purses never sate on the same benches in any galley of Tripoli or Marseilles.* The poor are sent back to their parishes; it were greater equity to send back the rich, who, without some gross injustice, some intolerable grievance, ought not to live away. Have we no cart to carry, no constable to escort our packed pedlary: wonderful it must appear, that England, as a residence, is preferable to Ireland amongst those who, in the London gaming-houses, are liable to be mistaken for the candle-snuffers, whenever in the hurry of their rapacity, they forgot to put a star before them, for a light to steer by."

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* Lord Edward Fitzgerald may be imagined to have formed this erroneous opinion on the Irish peers, whom (equally erroneously), he deemed actuated by corruption in the business of the Union; he spoke unguardedly of all whom he thought rogues, and it would have been well for him, if he had been more suspicious than he was. W.S.L.

Mountjoy. "Your estimation of our peerage is pretty correct, and you are as little to be accused of envy as of ambition; you yourself are likely to be, one day, the first nobleman in the empire; for where there is only one duke, surely that one is above any, where there is fifteen or twenty."

Lord Edward. "I have never permitted the contingency to enter into my calculations. Were I a duke to-morrow, and everything went on well and prosperously, both with me and with our country, I declare, before you and before God, I could throw my dukedom off my back, if by so doing I could run the quicker, to raise up one honest and brave fellow from oppression."

Mountjoy. "I believe you, and you are the only man I could believe who should make me a similar protestation."

Lord Edward. "The better of the Lords are very hostile to me, not for what I think about the rest, but for what I would do in regard to all."

Mountjoy. "No wonder."

Lord Edward. "And yet, Mountjoy, such men as yourself, for instance, ought to rejoice at being no longer confounded with brokers and bankers, and bullock-drivers; ought to rejoice at that personal distinctness, which alone is true distinction; ought to rejoice at that superiority as gentleman, which is seen more advantageously, when people are not standing upon stilts about you. Is it not a shame to hold by favour, from another, what we can take to ourselves by right? Reason has a long time lain fermenting in the canker of society, and must soon cast off the froth. The generous juice, I swear by God and my country! shall be distributed by a hand both steady and unsparing."

Mountjoy. "I will not irritate you, nor myself, by discussing the views of a political body so universally hated and despised, yet I hope, Lord Edward, you do not believe the invidious and spiteful story raised about them by the factions, that Mr. Pitt intends an union of the two nations, by means of their giving each member of the peerage a thousand pounds a-year, and other indemnities for loss of privilege.

Lord Edward. "No, no, my lord, what I have said of them I think is pretty near enough the truth. The Irish would tear them in pieces, as betrayers; the English would feed the eels of the Thames with them, rather than endure such blood-suckers on their shoulders. I am no visionary in evil; I see enough of it. I know its proximty and magnitude; I distinguish its form and colour. I want neither telescope nor darkened glass."

MOUNTJOY. "Let us attempt to allay the passions of the multitude, and to enlighten the prejudices of the rest."

LORD EDWARD. "The only chance of assuaging the multitude, is in their being used to suffer. Weak as a hope, and weaker as an argument: and what are the prejudices of the rest? and where do they exist? Take from them the prospect of living on the plunder of their country, and what you call prejudices vanish. I came to your house, my dear Mountjoy, with intentions which I ardently wish may not be quite so fruitless. The people are more angry with those whom they know to be patriotic; and yet, who will not join them when they are with the old stagers on the king's high-way of oppression and peculation? Hence their love for you, which was unrivalled, is converted into acrimony!"

MOUNTJOY. "Whatever I could do, constitutionally and conscientiously, I have always done for them, and will do always. It would not become me to throw up my commission in the hour of danger; would you yourself commend me if I did? Your silence shows me that if anything were necessary to shew it, that my resolution is right."

LORD EDWARD. "There are questions that might involve my security, my life itself, which I could answer you at the first appeal; this I cannot. Let me guard as warmly as I wish, and as effectually as I can, the safety of a citizen and a soldier more widely and more worthily esteemed than any other in Ireland. I need not inform you of armed bands in every part of the kingdom, I have already told you of their exasperation against you. Let me now come to that point which now pains me, and warn you that I have heard your life threatened, should you appear in any array against them. Why do you laugh?"

MOUNTJOY. "What man's life is not threatened who appears in arms, and in the face of an enemy?"

LORD EDWARD. "Faith, I did not think about life or danger in the common accidents of war; but, in America, there began a custom which nothing short of national independence can ever authorize;—the custom of singling out officers!"

Mountjoy. "A high compliment, if hand to hand!"

Lord Edward. "But the rifleman is rude at compliments, and I should be grieved to the heart at your falling, be the cause what it may."

Mountjoy. "I have little inclination to die just at present, and less to desert my station. If you heard any threats against my life, individually, you ought to have seized the threatener by the collar, and to have delivered him over to the laws."

Lord Edward. "I chose to do what I believe to be more efficacious. The apprehension of one would excite a thousand to avenge him, by doing what he left undone. Should you be ordered to quell any disturbance, vain as I know it is to request you not to be the foremost, let me entreat you rather to be heard and known among your own men than by those opposite."

Mountjoy. "Lord Edward! both sides shall hear and know me. The service that is imposed on me is indeed most painful; and, for this very reason, the discharge of it shall be complete and prompt. We are lost when our affections glide in between us and our duties; and I perceive you do not like a moralizer, and look graver than one yourself."

Lord Edward. "If all moralizers were Mountjoys, I could listen in the thickest of a sermon. In general, men are given to moralizing when their most ravenous desires are crop full; and when they are determined to sit quiet and enjoy their sunny side of life, you take to it, for the first time, when you are resolved on more activity than ever, and are as ready to die as to live."

Mountjoy. "Lord Edward! in this I am confident we agree: that a glorious death is the best gift of heaven, and that an early one is not the heaviest of its dispensations."

Lord Edward. "True, true; God bless you, Mountjoy (going). I must not falter; .. but .... are all the rest in the kingdom worth this man?"

END OF VOL. II.

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